WEEK
ENDING
MAY 16, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everyb

OVER
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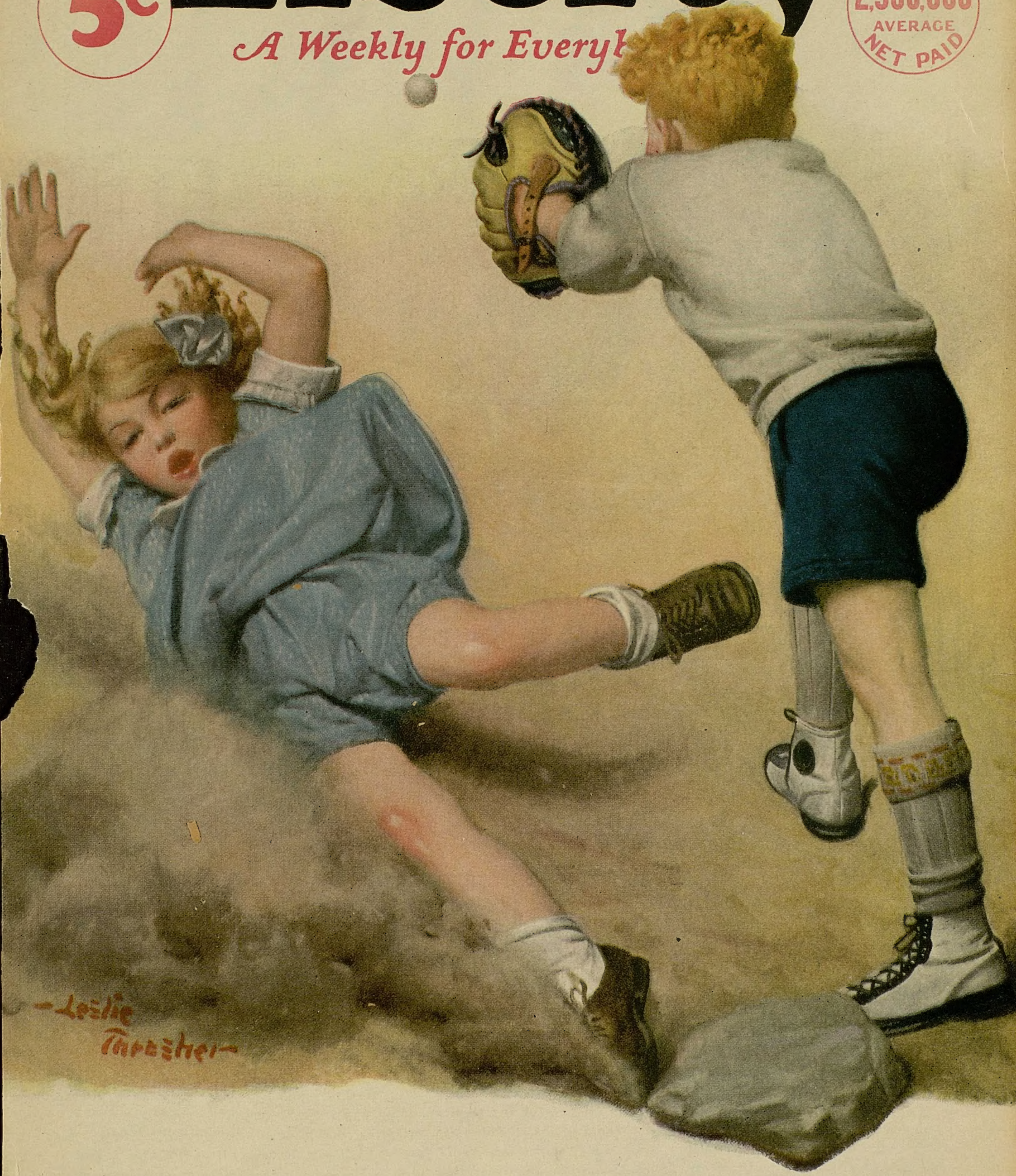
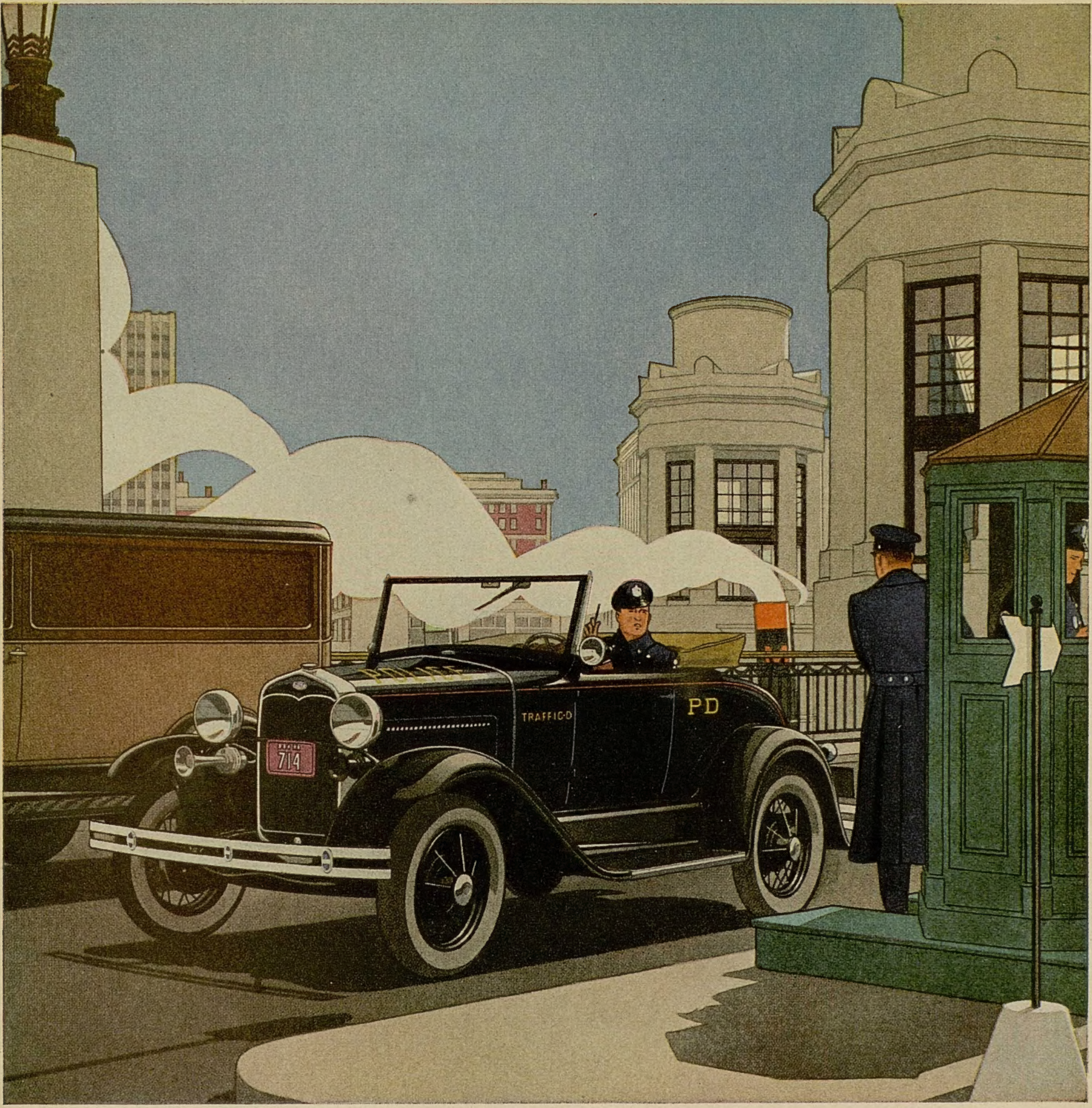


MICHAEL ARLEN ~ **ELSIE JANIS** ~ **ARTHUR T. MUNYAN** ~ **MAJ. GEN. FECHET** ~ **EDWARD DOHERTY**



Lengthening the Arm of the Law

THE substantial worth of the new Ford is reflected in its alert, capable performance and economy of operation and up-keep. Men and women everywhere have found it ideally suited to their business and social needs. Its many uses make it truly The Universal Car.

An interesting use of the Ford is by police departments for the detection and apprehension of criminals. In their ceaseless vigil, these cars are driven in all kinds of weather, virtually twenty-four hours a day.

A fleet of 42 Model A Fords in Louisville covered a total of 2,620,800 miles in twelve months, or the equivalent of 105 times around the world. Five new Fords on police duty in Niagara Falls have been driven more than 100,000 miles each. In Miami a police Ford has gone 120,000 miles.

The average for the eighteen Fords in Omaha is 35,000 miles per car for two years of police service. The superintendent of automotive equipment says the cost of repairs has been "very low."

The police departments of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco and other large cities use hundreds of Ford cars and trucks. In New York, the total exceeds four hundred and fifty.

Large industrial companies operating large fleets of Ford cars and trucks report the same reliability and good service. Long, hard usage emphasizes the value of simplicity of design, high quality of materials and unusual care in manufacturing and assembling.

The first cost of the new Ford is low, and you can purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

Ford

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
THE QUICK DEODORANT

DO YOU KNOW THAT LISTERINE

. . . removes loose dandruff?
. . . ends scalp irritation?
. . . sets a finger wave?
. . . combats oily condition?

If you are bothered with scalp irritation, itching, falling hair, loose dandruff, try Listerine as a part of the regular shampoo or independent of it. Douse it on full strength and massage the scalp vigorously. You will be delighted by results. Many thousands of men and women have ended minor scalp troubles by this pleasant treatment. We print below some of the many letters we have received from those whom Listerine has benefitted. Read them. They may suggest a solution for your trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

Ended Dandruff Permanently

I have thick, curly hair and have always been troubled with dandruff and dry, itching scalp. I disliked to wear dark gowns because the dandruff would fall on the neck and shoulders and I was embarrassed by having the loose particles show in my hair.

One day a friend and I were preparing for a party and she offered to shampoo my hair for me. I noticed a bottle of Listerine in her medicine cabinet, but when she took it out and started to pour some on my scalp I protested. And then she told me how much it had helped her. She explained that she not only used it when she shampooed her hair, but also when she did not have time for a thorough washing she would rub a little on her scalp with the finger-tips and, after a few minutes' massage and a brisk brushing, her hair would look lovely and glossy. I was skeptical, but decided that trying one more product could not make matters any worse.

Now I am one of Listerine's most enthusiastic boosters. It cannot, in my opinion, be duplicated by the use of any other so-called dandruff remover. It is not just a temporary cure; it *really destroys dandruff definitely.*

Sincerely yours,
Doris MacDonald,
Bywood, Pa.

Beauty Expert Likes It

For a number of years I worked in one of the best beauty shops in our city as an operator. We prided ourselves in our shampoos, and always used a lotion to loosen the dandruff and foreign matter before beginning a shampoo. Later I opened a shop of my own and wished to give the same kind of shampoos as I had in the other shop. I could not use the lotion as it was sold at wholesale prices to members of that particular organization only.

I overcame that obstacle as I remembered the sameness in the odor of that lotion and Listerine. Having seen your advertisements, I immediately stocked my shop with Listerine. I am ready to tell everyone that my shampoos were just as popular and effective as any expensive shampoo on the market.

I know from my experience that no one can go wrong by using Listerine before a shampoo for the correction of dandruff and that tingly, new feeling the scalp has after use.

Yours truly,
Mary Duke,
Wichita, Kansas

Restored Hair Beauty

I am a teacher and am constantly in chalk dust and imagine the state of health my scalp is—or was—in. My desk is directly under the ventilator, too, which means added dust. Listerine has been a boon to me, and has restored my hair to its former sheen and feeling of well-being.

Sincerely,
Helen E. Haight,
Austin, Pa.

MAY 16, 1931
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A Weekly for Everybody
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SERIOUS EDUCATIONAL DEFECTS

Education should be a training process that will prepare us to meet the emergencies of life. It should fit us to cope with the difficulties which beset us in the attainment of a worth-while career. It should be definitely practical and solve for us the important problems that we face every day.

Our educational procedure does not fulfill these requirements.

Health, for example, is supremely important. Regardless of your possessions, if you are lacking in this vital requisite there is nothing in life for you.

And the problems of health-building are given little or no attention in our schoolrooms.

We are not taught what to eat, how to eat, or when to eat. We are given practically no information as to the necessity for using vital building foods. We are not told the value of hunger. We fall into the habit of eating three meals a day whether we are hungry or not. If mealtime comes around and we are not hungry we are supposed to be sick. We take it for granted that the stomach is an organ that must be almost continuously active.

This is one of our most costly mistakes resulting from defective education. Many people sit down to a meal without an appetite, but they have acquired the impression that they should eat to keep up their strength.

Progressive physicians will tell you that food eaten without an appetite is but little more than refuse in the stomach. It cannot be assimilated. It is nothing more than waste.

We are not even taught how to breathe. Though correct breathing is usually automatic, there are many exceptions. Those who are very active muscularly, who take sufficient exercise to induce deep breathing, generally breathe correctly. But those who follow a sedentary life are often chest breathers. They do not use their lungs to their full capacity. And because of this neglect they are not vitally energetic.

And there are important physiological facts so necessary to constructive home building — the knowledge of the vital details of marriage — of fatherhood and motherhood — these are a few of the outstanding defects of our present educational régime.

It is the duty of every human unit to make life worth while to the very last degree, to make it profitable, successful, and happy.

And if youthful training does not properly point out the road to a splendid career one simply stumbles along, learning by difficult and sometimes costly experiences the lessons that should have been thoroughly absorbed in earlier years.

It has been stated by psychologists that the average individual uses from ten to twenty per cent of his available powers, that the other eighty to ninety per cent—which we might term sleeping talents—is wasted.

To get the most out of life we must develop mind, body, and soul. We must make ourselves a complete human entity, fully developing all our available powers.

And when education fails to give us the simplest facts of life essential for the attainment of that feeling of well-being that comes with splendid health, it has failed miserably in its most important essentials.

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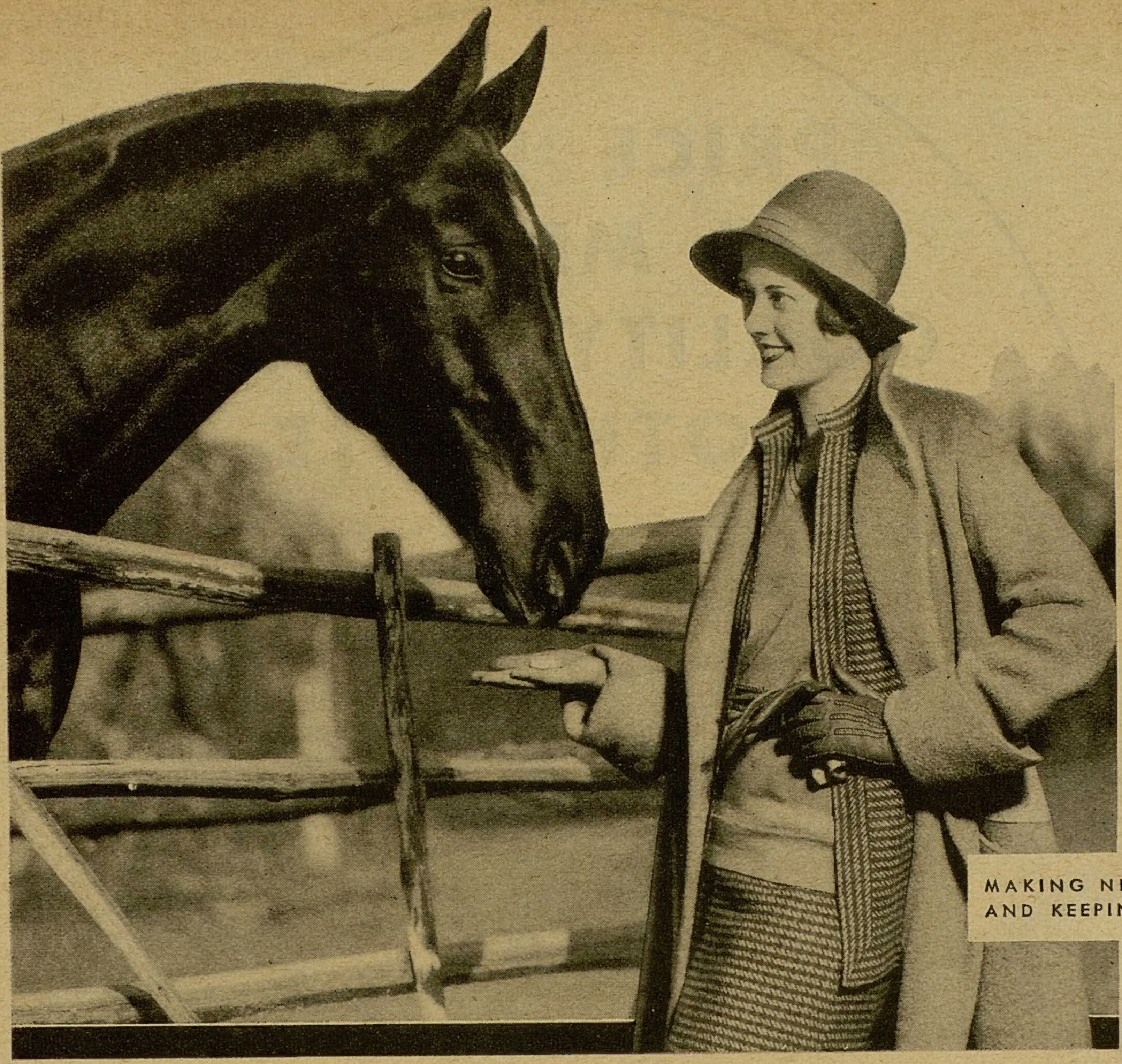
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

LITTLE THINGS, TOO, MAKE FRIENDS

"Perfection," goes the saying, "is made up of trifles." And in a thousand incidents of life we see how much these trifles mean. In social contacts and in the realm of business, too, little things make friends.

Sometimes we think it isn't the obvious things at all that are winning so much favor for the Oakland and the Pontiac. You can't see the qualities of the steels. But they make for dependability. You will hardly search out the extra quality in the upholstery. But that is what provides enduring good looks. You may not be aware of the felt padding which lines the floor-board and dash of the Fisher bodies. But it adds mightily to comfort on hot or cold days. You are not concerned with the hair's-breadth proportioning of one part or another. But this is just the thing that makes performance what it is.

Throughout chassis and body there are literally scores of points where better things lie hidden. All you will ever know about them is their results. These you can readily learn by talking with owners . . . and by seeing and driving the cars.

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

PRICE DOES NOT MEASURE QUALITY IN THIS TOOTHPASTE

Council on Dental Therapeutics
accepts

COLGATE'S

PRICE **25c**

COLGATE'S
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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ACCEPTED
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

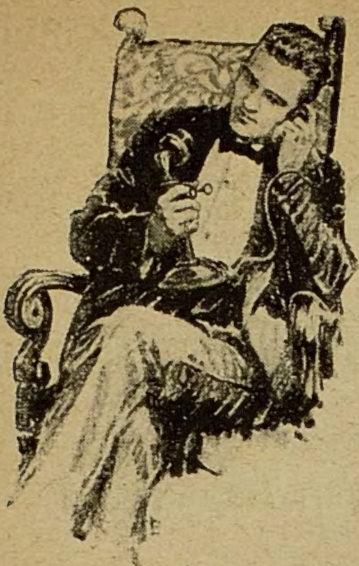
COLGATE'S is the biggest selling toothpaste on the market—and has been for 30 years.

Colgate's is more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

Colgate's now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

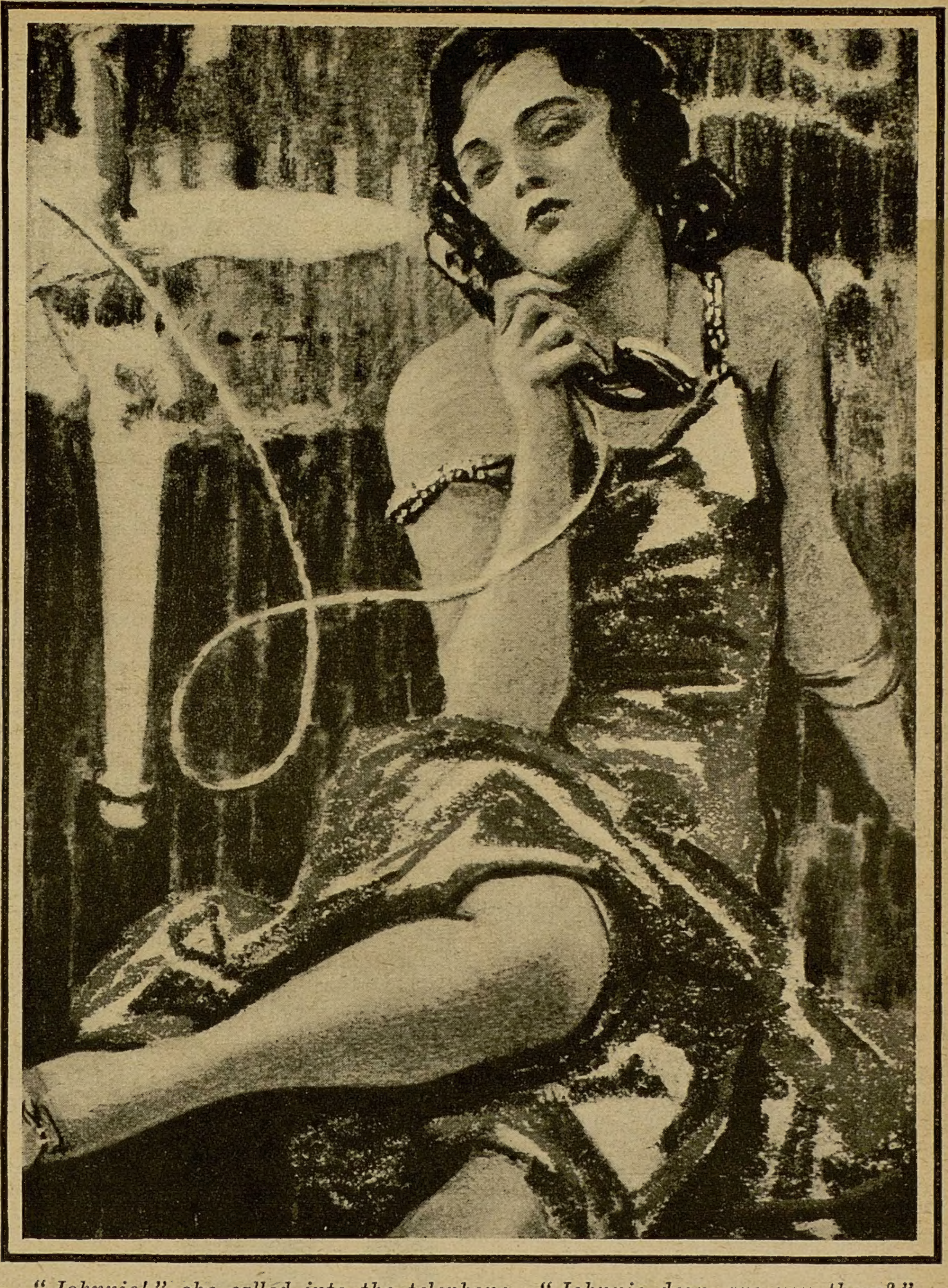
Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

R THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE



Pictures by
MAURICE L. BOWER

A Story of Love's Last Laugh



"Johnnie!" she called into the telephone. "Johnnie dear, are you there?"

Transatlantic

(Reading time: 18 min. 25 sec.)

By MICHAEL ARLEN

author of The Green Hat and as romantic as his stories suggest. He is the only Armenian so far as we know who has done best sellers in English. His real name is Dikran Kouyoumdjian. He changed it and his nationality as well when he bid for fame, and is now a subject of King George V.

HE stood with his back against the door, a very set expression on his thin, boyish face. He never had looked so young. Perhaps that was because he was trying to look as though he was doing a normal thing, trying not to look dramatic. And his poor effort at nonchalance, as he stood there with his back to the door of her house, was the last straw. Anger, like a dark rushing whirlpool, seemed to flood all her senses. The fool! The conceited, affected fool! She tried to calm herself before speaking. And what on earth did the fool think he was doing?

"What shall I do?" she thought desperately. "What shall I do?" Suddenly she wanted to burst out crying.

"You're such a fool," she said wearily, "that I can't even hate you."

Still he blocked the doorway of her house. His dark, gentle eyes, irritatingly full of beseeching youthful-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRANSATLANTIC
Continued from page seven]

ness, seemed to be trying to look into her. He had the most maddening trait of youth—the air of knowing something about a woman of which she herself is not fully conscious.

He said: "Ava, you weren't so eager to get rid of me—once."

Once! Dear heaven, once! She felt unutterably bored. Mercy, couldn't some men *ever* grow up? Once! What on earth did "once" *mean?*

"Did I ever," she said wearily, "tell you I loved you?"

He pondered on that. Basil always thought before speaking. Not that it made any difference.

"My darling," he said, "my sweet darling."

"Oh, yes?" she said.

"Ava," he said, "how lovely you are! I do worship you, dear."

"Oh, yes?" she said. "Then will you please go away? Please, Basil!"

"I'm only teasing you, dear," he said. "Do you think I could bring myself to make you miss your playboy millionaire's telephone call?"

And his mockery was so scornful that, unable to control herself, she ran up the short steps and wrenched and pulled at his arm. Oh, the helplessness of being a woman! Frantically she looked about her. They were alone in the quiet street of sleeping houses. From Sloane Street near by came the rush and rattle of busses speeding homeward.

A clock struck one.

Despairingly she pulled at his arm, her latchkey ready in one hand. She felt she was getting hysterical. She tried to laugh. How silly this was!

"Basil, you must let me pass—please be reasonable, dear!"

From within the house a bell pealed. Then again and again.

"There!" she sobbed. "Basil! Oh, don't you see you are breaking my heart?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. She felt she could gladly kill him. The peal of the telephone inside the house seemed to give her strength. She pulled frantically at his arm.

"You little beast!" he said. "Have you a heart to break? I thought you had given it to me for keeps. But perhaps you have got hold of another one since—made for you specially by Cartier."

SHE dashed her hand as hard as she could against his face. The effort seemed to empty her of all sensation. She felt she was going to fall. Eyes closed, head swimming, she heard the telephone bell shrilling within the house. Then she felt Basil's lips on her forehead, quick and cool and scornful. Then at last she was in the dark hall of her little house. Oh, she was tired, too tired to bother about the light switch. Basil's retreating steps down the street seemed to dominate the shrill bell. But only for a second. Good-by, Basil. She ran, almost stumbling, to the telephone.

"New York wants you. Is that Flaxman three-three-o-eight-nine? Hold the line. New York wants you."

The receiver at her ear, she had time to take hold of herself. Suppose, just suppose, Basil had made her miss this call! Perhaps Johnnie would never have telephoned again, never have come to England again, never have seen her again. Oh!

Gratitude welled up—oh, deliciously—within her. What a wonderful world it was! What a beautiful world! She had been unhappy, and now—bliss! The receiver at her ear, she gave herself up to a wave of thankfulness for her good luck. She didn't deserve it, nowhere near deserve it. Oh, she was so humbly glad of the gifts the gods had given her!

Wasn't it wonderful that Johnnie, her dear Johnnie, her darling, her playboy millionaire, as every evening he dressed for dinner in his great house in New York, should be able to speak to her at one o'clock in her little house in London?

"Johnnie, dear Johnnie!"

She loved his slow, low voice:

"How is London today, Ava?"

"So empty without you, Johnnie! Please come back soon, darling. How did the match at Meadowbrook go?"

"We won, angel."

Someone must have opened a window in his room over Park Avenue. She could not make out what he was saying. The roar of the New York late-afternoon traffic vibrated uncannily in the stillness of the London night.

"What is it, Johnnie? I can't hear. Shut that window."

She heard him asking his servant what the dickens he thought he was doing. Then he said:

"Ava, I shan't be calling you again."

And, as in the song, her heart stood still.

"Johnnie, what is it? You can't have heard anything. I've kept my promise—truly I have!"

He gave one of his slow, low chuckles that she loved.

"Of course you have, honey. I only meant I'm sailing tomorrow on the Berengaria, so I'll be with you Monday."

IN her short life Ava Richmond, like other young people, had had occasions to ask herself: "Is there such a thing as happiness?" Here was the full and lovely and wonderful answer. Oh, bliss!

She was too happy to think of going to bed at once. This was the time for a glass of champagne, to celebrate her happiness. But she had promised Johnnie, six months ago when he had returned to New York, not to touch a drink until he gave her permission. And he had been dead right, had dear Johnnie. After her husband's death three years before, in her wretchedness and loneliness and in the false companionship of people she did not care for, she had gotten into the habit of drinking too much. How grateful she was to Johnnie for having helped her to break herself of the beastly habit!

Why did she keep getting the feeling that her happiness was not complete? She realized that it was Basil who was worrying her, that Basil was on her conscience. She kept on seeing his thin, worn face, so finely drawn, so feverishly eager to serve his lady—oh, the lady of his dreams! Was there a woman in the world fine enough to match poor Basil's dreams? She saw again his scornful eyes dismissing her. Oh, poor Basil! Good-by, dear.

She took a sheet of paper and wrote:

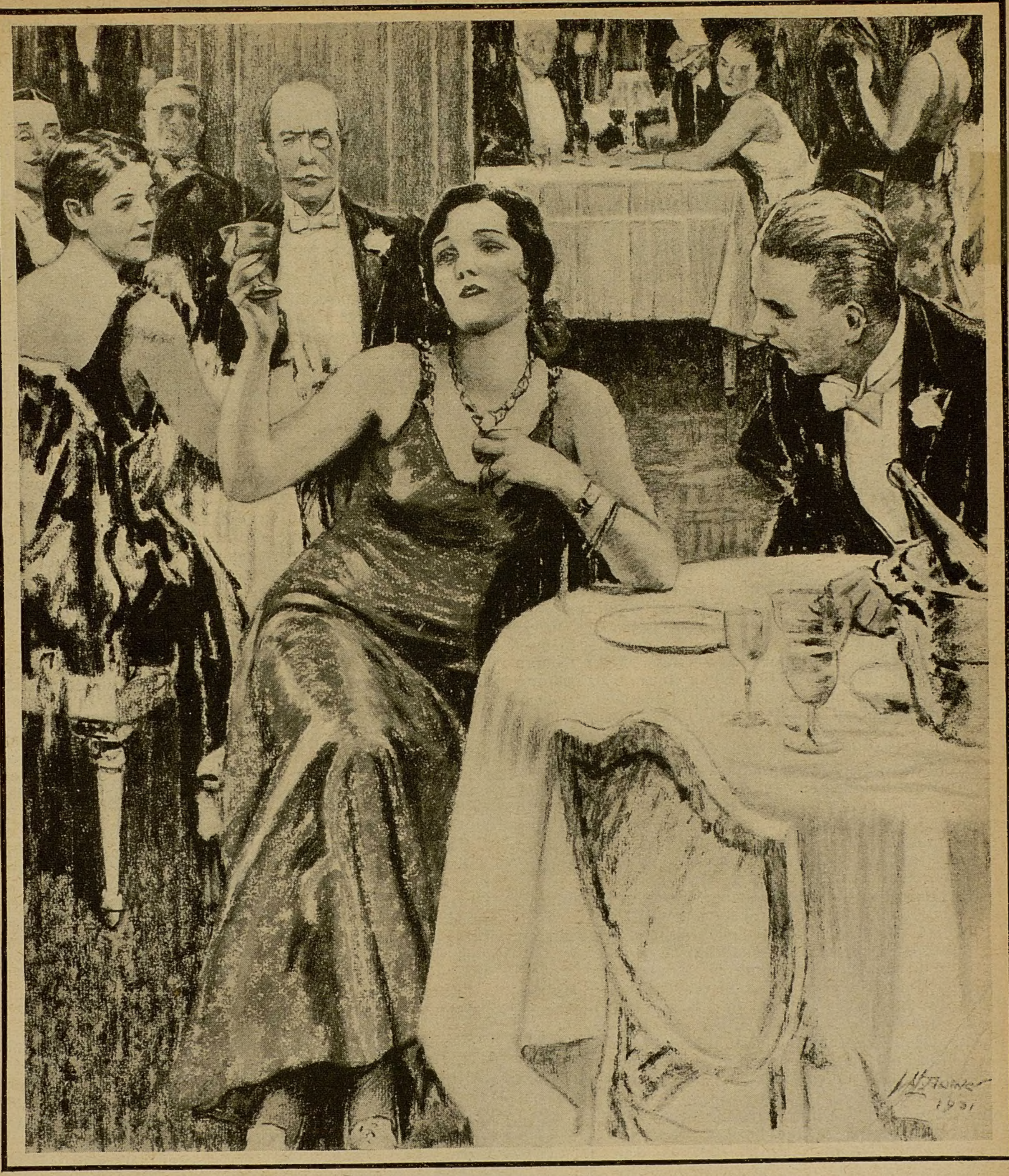
> Good-by, dear. It must be that, Basil. I make you too unhappy. But, Basil, won't you try to understand me just a little? Because Johnnie is rich, perhaps the richest young man in the world, is that really sufficient reason for you to be convinced that I prefer him to you only because he is rich and you are poor? Basil, please be fair, will you, in thinking of me? I love Johnnie as I never have loved anyone before. And if he were poor instead of rich you would be the first to understand why. Isn't he, at only twenty-four, as fine and as good and as generous a man as any you and I are ever likely to meet? I do so want you to understand, Basil, that a very rich young man, a playboy millionaire, can have qualities in him that a woman can love with all her heart. Did my affection for you, Basil, ever get me out of the beastly habit of drinking a shade too much every time we went out together? But Johnnie has only to say, "You shall not drink," and the thing is done, for I love him. Think kindly of me, Basil dear. If ever I want for a friend, I shall think of you, and I know that you will come.

Three days later Ava received this radio from the Berengaria:

DO NOT MEET SOUTHAMPTON STOPPING OFF CHERBOURG
ARRIVE LONDON WEDNESDAY LOVE JOHNNIE

Oh, Johnnie, she thought, don't you know how I long to see you—how impatient I am to see you?

Days and days before, she had everything arranged



He noticed people looking pityingly at the lovely girl beside him.

for the Wednesday of Johnnie's arrival. He would be arriving on the Golden Arrow at half past six in the evening. He would come straight to her from Victoria. From that time on, she had everything planned out to give Johnnie the best possible time for his first evening in London.

He liked musical plays, so with utmost difficulty she bought two good seats for the most successful revue of the moment. He liked the Embassy for supper, so she arranged that on Wednesday night there should be a corner table for them. He always had the same rooms at the Savoy, looking over the river, and he liked them to be gay. So on Wednesday afternoon, filling a taxi with glorious and most expensive blooms, she forced her way into his suite at the Savoy, and, after stampeding the whole floor staff in search of an adequate number of vases, took hours in arranging them for a welcome to her lover.

Then she went home and tried to wait patiently. As a rule, no evening passed but some of her friends came to have a cocktail with Ava, although she now did not have cocktails.

But this evening she had given instructions that no one should be admitted until Johnnie came. After that, people could drop in if they liked. Johnnie might like some company. Johnnie was always glad of company. How funny men were! Once a man was certain a woman loved him, he'd just as soon be in a crowd with her as alone with her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRANSATLANTIC
Continued from page nine]

When Johnnie came, she was so excited and happy and shy that she could only babble childishly.

"How brown you are, Johnnie! How well you look! Oo, it's so wonderful to see you again."

Laughing into his blue, boyish eyes . . .

"Shall you have a cocktail?" she asked.

"Shall you?" he smiled.

"I haven't, not for six months."

"I give you permission," he said grandly, "to have one cocktail."

How she loved his low, slow voice and his fair curly hair and his pale blue eyes, the eyes of a man who looked squarely into the wind and the sun, and how she loved the strength that was in his boyishly clumsy body. There was something thrilling about his slow-moving, clumsy strength.

"Could eat you," she said. "Shall eat you . . . but later. We are going to a play, Johnnie, and then to—"

When he spoke, she seemed to herself to be listening intently, but somehow she could not make out what he was saying.

"But we are going out together!" she said. "You and I—your first night!"

"Ava, I'm so sorry. I ought to have warned you. But this is a business dinner, and I simply can't get out of it. Maybe we'll join up later, but I don't think there'll be much chance. Jerry Hesketh is taking over my stables here, and we've got a whole lot to tell each other."

When he had gone, Ava had to tell herself not to be a fathead. Why should she think the world had crashed down on her head because Johnnie had a business engagement? What was the sense in exaggerating things so? Besides, that was no way to treat a man. A woman must have a sense of proportion. A man liked a woman to have a sense of proportion when it came to keeping business engagements. That thought made her laugh, and laughing helped to take the numbness out of her.

BUT what was she to do with the two tickets for the theater? What a shame to waste them! At that moment Dwight Hamilton was shown in, as usual grinning all over his round, babyish face. She was immensely surprised to see him. Dwight was a young New York broker, a friend of Johnnie, and he took yearly holidays in Europe. Then he would have to go back to New York to recuperate.

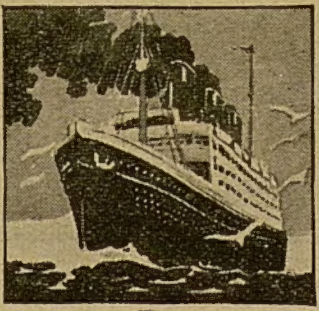
"Why, Dwight, when did you come across?"

"Came over with Johnnie, baby. Say, Ava, Johnnie's certainly letting himself in for something."

She gave him a cocktail, clenching her teeth in an effort to keep her hand from shaking.

"How do you mean, Dwight?"

"Why, that girl he's going to marry—Ethel Mayne. He's over here with her and her father and mother—whole bunch of the best families in Pittsburgh. Gosh! I wouldn't be Johnnie for all his millions, carting that bunch around. He's giving them all dinner tonight. . . ."



Ava smiled brightly. "Poor Johnnie!" she said. She couldn't think of anything at all. She was surprised to find herself standing. It seemed so strange, when she felt she was falling, falling. She felt the air rushing by her ears, screaming into them. A wave of terror swept over her. What was she to do? What would happen to her now? Johnnie, Johnnie! My darling, why do you hurt me so?

She found herself almost calmly taking stock of her position. She was lost—that was her position. Lost.

She gave Dwight another cocktail. And she took one herself.

"Dwight," she said, "what are you doing this evening?" Before he could answer, she went on quickly: "I've got two stalls at the Pavilion. Let's go, Dwight. But don't let's dine first. We can have supper at the Embassy later."

"Okay with me, Ava. Gosh, it's good to be in London again! Maybe we'll see Johnnie and his bunch at supper and make faces at them."

"Yes, won't we!" she said, and laughed.

Dwight started. He looked at Ava anxiously. He was a nice boy, and hated seeing people hurt. Gosh, he'd never thought that Ava liked Johnnie in any particular way. His boyish face puckered with embarrassment.

"Say, Ava," he began anxiously. "Look here. . . . You're not sore about this, are you? I mean, what I said about Johnnie and . . ."

Ava laughed. But this time her laugh seemed quite natural, and Dwight looked relieved.

"Surely you know me by now, Dwight. I never get 'sore' at anything. All I want is to be left alone and to have a good time. Now run along and dress, Dwight."

THEY had a good time. At supper they did not see Johnnie and his bunch. Dwight was glad of that, for Ava was not perhaps at her best. Ava was having an extraordinarily good time. She said so more than once. They danced a good deal, and would have danced more if Dwight had not noticed that Ava was getting unsteady on her legs. So they sat down and had another glass of champagne.

Ava began telling Dwight a long, complicated story about a woman who was destined to be unhappy, but she was so incoherent that he could make nothing of it. Then he noticed people looking pityingly at the lovely girl beside him. A profound sadness swept over him. She was so beautiful, so young. Oh, how lovely she was! Her little head was glorious, and the way her dark, rich hair arched back from her forehead in two deep waves of black silver somehow brought a lump to Dwight's throat.

"Ava," he said thickly, "it's a shame you drink so much."

She nodded wisely.

"But first time in six months," she said.

"Anyway," said Dwight, "it's a darn' shame. Hair like black silver, too. Now leave that bottle alone. It's time I saw you home."

"If," said Ava, "my husband hadn't died . . ."

"I *know*," said Dwight. "Same old story. Gosh, you're a lovely kid, Ava! I got to take care of you, I guess. I'm your elder brother for tonight, see? I'll see you home now. Take my arm, Ava, and hang on to big brother."

"What's time, Dwight?"

"Quarter of one."

Suddenly a flood of excitement swept over Ava, making her progress to the door almost steady. She felt she had to get home by one o'clock. She felt it was absolutely essential for her to get home by one. She felt that something terrible might happen if she did not get home by one. Down the passage from the restaurant to the street she pulled at Dwight's arm and almost fell.

"Quick, quick, Dwight—taxi!"

"Sure! But what's the hurry?"

"Must get home by one."

"Is that so?" said Dwight, nodding wisely. Once in the taxi, he fell asleep. . . .

"Good night, Dwight. Good night, dear."

He awoke to find the taxi at a standstill and Ava in a fever of movement. Her dark eyes gleamed strangely.

"What you crying for?" he asked suspiciously.

"You've been such a dear!" she said wildly, and clumsily kissed his rough cheek. Then she was gone. He wanted to see her safely indoors, but decided to let be. Besides, even in her unsteadiness, she was too quick for him.

She swayed for a moment before the door, fumbling with her key.

A clock near by struck one. As she feverishly opened and slammed her door he heard the pealing of a telephone bell from within.

"Aha, girl's got a date," Dwight thought, and as the taxi moved on fell asleep.

Closing the door of her house behind her, Ava let the peal of the telephone enchant the darkness around her. She laughed.

The bell of the telephone, embosomed in her little house, seemed to rebuke her for having such little faith, seemed to dare her to disbelieve in lovely dreams, seemed as though to give into her outstretched swaying arms the laughing image of her beloved.

There was a song in her heart. My love, my love! Johnnie boy! Did I have such little faith in love? Did I have such little faith in my dear one, my dear beloved? Did I have such little faith in the little god who smiles on lovers that I didn't realize this evening was but a nightmare and a nastiness to test me? Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie! How silly of me to think you were in London when all the time you are in New York, your glorious, rushing New York, calling me on the telephone because you love me.

The Bacchic darkness thrust the telephone into her hand. It seemed to her that her head had never been so clear. It seemed to her she was laughing softly, as Johnnie loved her to laugh.

Clutching the telephone, she sat down on the little chair that was always there. It amused her immensely that she somehow half missed the chair and fell to the floor.

SHE lay curled up on the floor, wonderfully comfortable, clutching the receiver so tightly that it hurt her breast. But she liked that. She clutched it tighter and laughed softly.

"Johnnie, Johnnie!"

"It's Basil," the telephone said.

"Oh, do get off the line, dear. I'm talking to New York." She made her elbow more comfortable on the floor. She mustn't be impatient with Basil, because he loved her just as she loved Johnnie. Suddenly she understood Basil, and tears rushed to her eyes. Dear, kind-hearted, unhappy Basil!

"Basil darling, don't think me rude. Ring me up in the morning. But you must go now. New York's calling me."

"My darling," the telephone said, "yes, I'll call you in the morning. I called you now because I thought you needed a friend. Now I know you need one. Dear silly little butterfly, I'll come in the morning and mend your broken wings."

"Go away," she said sleepily. "New York wants me."

She felt deliciously sleepy. She tried her hardest to hold the telephone so that it should hurt her breastbone and keep her awake, but it seemed to want to slip away from her.

"Johnnie!" she called into the telephone. "Johnnie dear, are you there?"

A voice made a dim, shapeless noise in her ears. Frantically she tried to keep the telephone in her hands, but it would slip away from her.

"Johnnie dear," she said dreamily, "how's New York today? And did you win your match at Meadowbrook?"

"What number do you want?" the telephone snapped.

UNABLE to master her drowsiness, she let the receiver slip to the floor. It was so comfortable on the floor. Faintly she heard a latchkey turn in the hall door. She smiled dreamily. The door opened. Only Johnnie, besides herself, had a latchkey. How stupid of her to have thought he was in New York when all the time he was in London and coming to say good night to her and ask her forgiveness for having hurt her so.

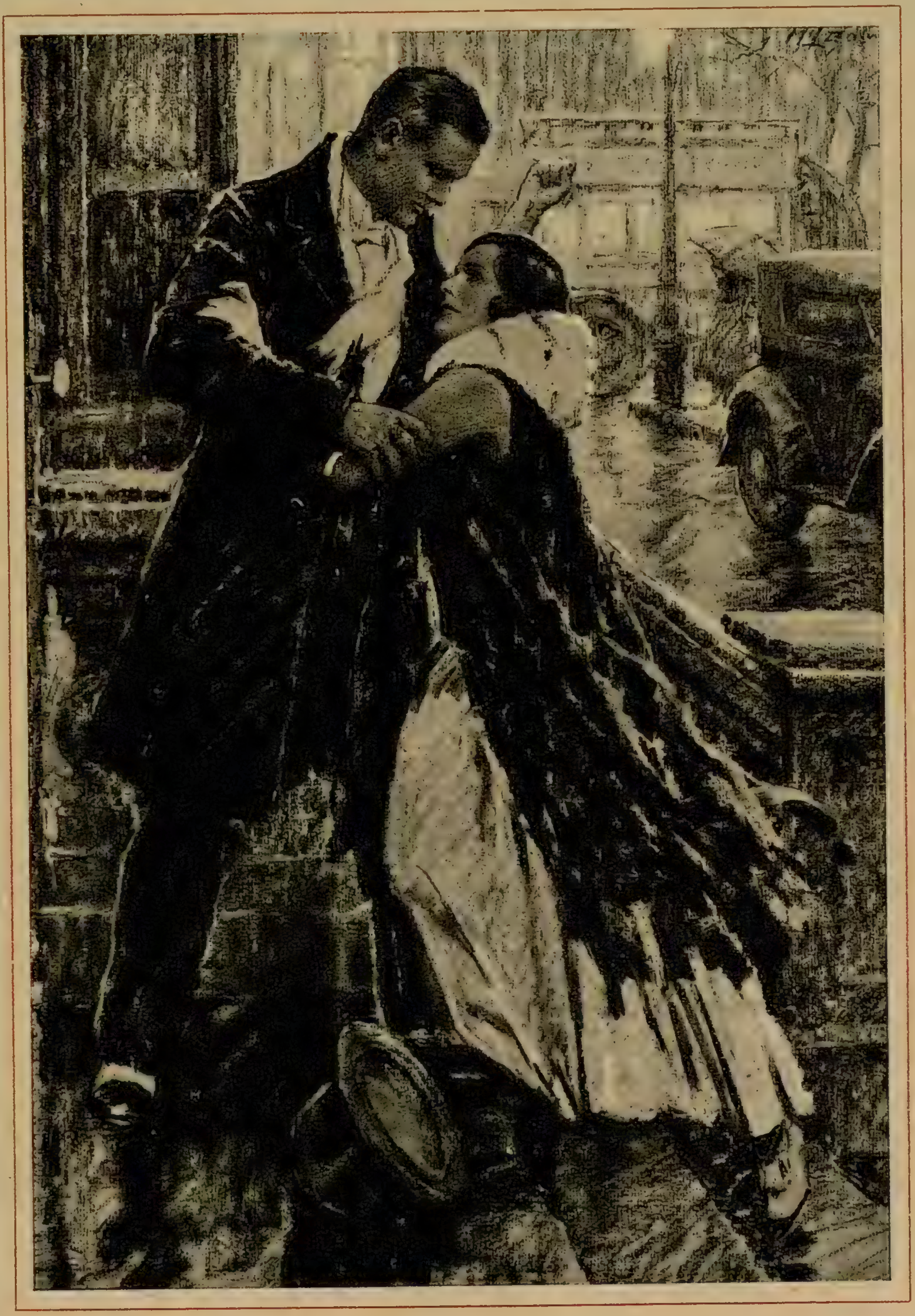
"Johnnie boy!" she called out, but to her surprise she found she could not open her mouth, could not get up. Where was he? Where was Johnnie boy? Oh, Johnnie, I love you so! Come to my arms, my dear one.

"So you're there, are you?" a voice said. Was it Johnnie's voice? Oh, Johnnie boy!

"So drunk you can't speak!" the voice said. "Well, I suppose this is what you have been doing all the time I've been in New York. I'm through with you, Ava. I came tonight to ask you to marry me, because I don't think I could stand that Mayne girl for long; but now I'm through with you for good."

She tried to call out to him. All the love words in the world seemed to be fluttering and beating about in her head like blinded birds, poor blinded birds. At last she managed to get up from the floor. Johnnie boy! But she was alone.

THE END



She dashed her hand as hard as she could against his face.

Ex-Actress

Why I Said Farewell to the Footlights

(Reading time: 9 min. 10 sec.)

By

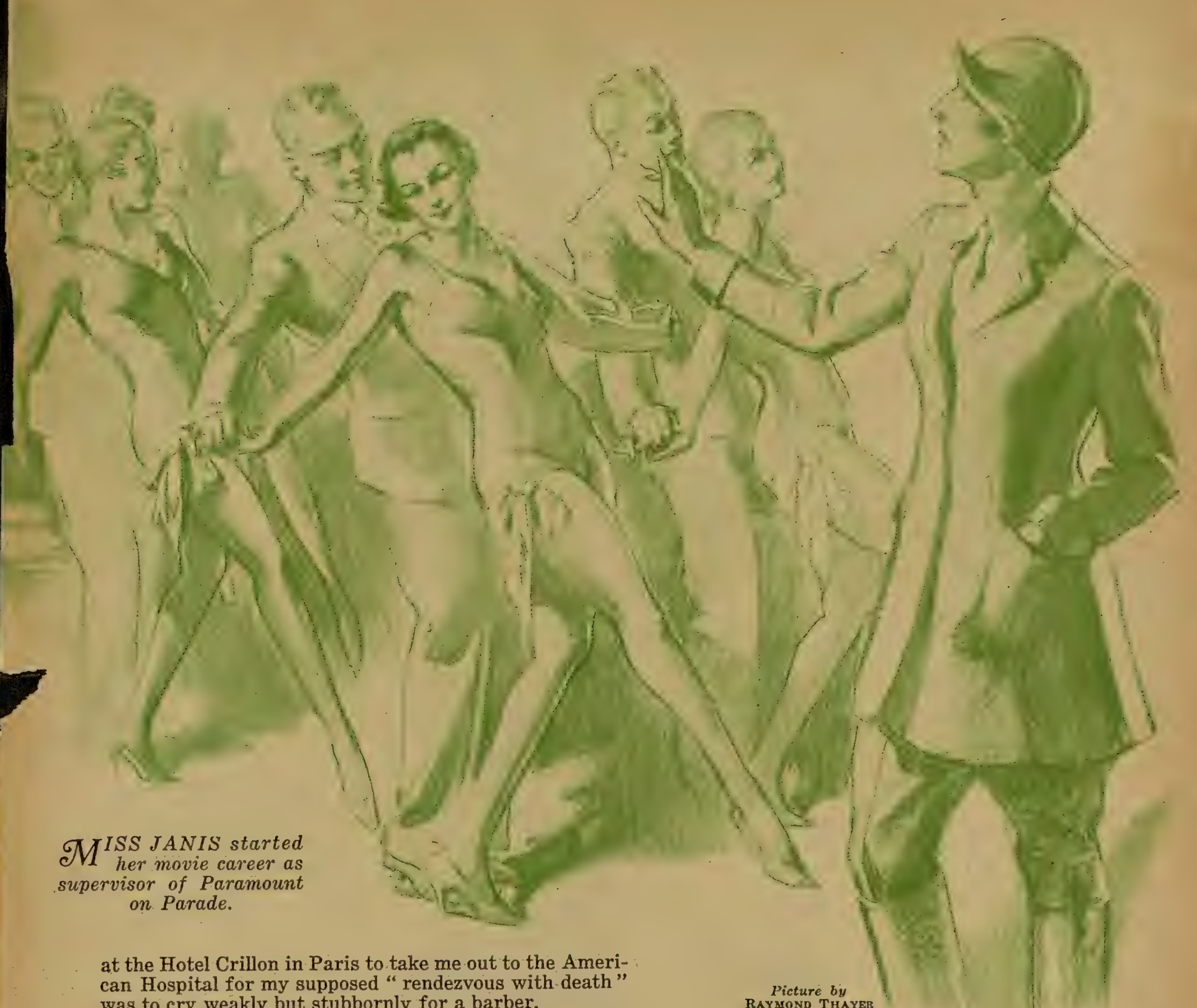
ELSIE JANIS

whose picture appears above. Her career includes a beginning in vaudeville, stardom on Broadway, service as an entertainer overseas, playwriting, and fiction. She was born and educated in Columbus, Ohio.

WHAT with Ex-Wife, Ex-Husband, Ex-Lover, Ex-Mistress, and Ex-It, all following one another through bookstore, library, and censorship, I thought it a good time to join the Ex-Odus. I know my " confessions " will only rate the news stand, but in these days I would rather be sold for a nickel and read, than start out at two-fifty in a swell bookstore and wind up in a cut-rate drug store between the cold cream and the hair tonic.

I know also that the two last-mentioned commodities are much more in demand than the details of my abandoned stage career, but I have had so many charming letters asking why I have left the footlights before my " beard " got singed by them, that I am hoping some of my correspondents will risk the nickel and learn the truth. I decided just two years ago this month that I would rather have my friends, or even my enemies, say, " Where is she? " than " Here she is again! "

Admitted that I had to face death before facing facts! My last conscious gesture before the ambulance arrived



MISS JANIS started her movie career as supervisor of Paramount on Parade.

Picture by RAYMOND THAYER

at the Hotel Crillon in Paris to take me out to the American Hospital for my supposed "rendezvous with death" was to cry weakly but stubbornly for a barber.

"I have always wanted my hair cut!" I murmured to the prospective mourners. "I never could because of Sarah Bernhardt and Jack Barrymore—"

My voice trailed off. Doctors are accustomed to madness. They smiled sympathetically, but my mother knew.

Years ago, when short hair first arrived and everyone was saying "To bob or not to bob?" I was the hirsute martyr. For others, hair might come and hair might go, but mine went on and on, because without it I couldn't do the imitations that got the billing, that drew the dollars, that bought the houses, cars, yachts, etc., that broke the bank account of Janis.

Pardon my plaint! I was thinking I was making out my income-tax declaration!

ANYWAY, mother sent for the barber. The ambulance claimed its hundred and fifteen pounds of flesh. I missed my date with death, but I got my haircut, and I've still got it! And that, my friends (or are you?), was the beginning of emancipation.

Read on, if you still care!

"But why not wait a bit? You still have years before you," my more optimistic friends say.

Years perhaps, but in which to make a new career, not to hang on to one that I have had longer than we should hope to have any one thing, with perhaps the exception of a birthmark!

My friends continue, undaunted by my slightly calloused truths, "One would think you were an old woman!"

"Lots of people do think so!," I counter, "but I know I'm not, and that's why I want new fields. I may not conquer them, but at least I'll see some other flowers, weeds, and thorns."

It isn't how long we have lived that matters, it's how long we have made our existence noticeable, and as my name has been hanging over unsuspecting theaters since I was an old crone of eight, I say, "Why be greedy?" The first hundred years are the luckiest.

At the overripe old age of twelve, with symmetricals on my legs, and ruffles covering the space that the vampire's "bossom" usually occupies, I played rôles which demanded that I lure the hero from the unsullied heroine. I did it, but I also had to do my imitations before the show was over in order to get by, not only the audience, but the hero.

High-school girls of the period who thought that in order to have reached my apparent state of abandon I must be at least two or three years older than they were, are quite justified today in doing a double-quick addition and remarking, "Now, let me see—I was twenty-two when Letty was born. I married Henry two years before that. I saw her two years before that, and I was—er—Well, anyway, she must be at least fifty-odd!"

I started out to tell why I ended my career and here I am waxing retrospective! Heavens! I hope I haven't an acute attack of memoirs coming on.

Seriously, the real reason for my mental meanderings

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

is that I can't quite lure my ego into accepting the theory that people are interested in my whys and wherefores. Hence this hiding behind a barrage of facetiousness!

Just in case the editor is right, here are the bare facts without the barrage. If he is wrong, please put in the claim for your nickel directly to him, as I am saving my money for a "sunny day"!

The theater never seemed the same to me after the war. My experience in a fairly important rôle in the Big Show over there had taken the edge off of everything to follow. The high spot in my life had been reached and I gave up hope of ever even approaching it again. Success—monetary, artistic, or even international—paled in comparison with the feeling that I really meant something in the great scheme of life and death.

I had always written a great deal—songs, poetry, plays, etc.—but had never been willing to take the "bow or slap" that my efforts might bring forth.

However, on my return from France I decided that after Bombs, Beans, and Big Bertha the critics couldn't scare me, and so I wrote and produced a show for a cast made up entirely of ex-service men and called it "Elsie and Her Gang!"

People assured me that America was sick of the war and didn't want anything about soldiers. I answered that if that were so I was sick of America and didn't want even to appear here!

The show was an enormous success and we toured all over the United States. I was contented because, with my gang, I felt as if I were still in the army.

As the years passed I got more courage about writing and at last tried fiction. To a certain extent I got away with it, but I should not have cared about trying to live on the money I made, and so it became a side line which in time began to move closer and closer to center.

My mother was very proud of my writing, and we used to talk vaguely of some future day (it seemed so distant then) when I would retire and simply settle down to the pen, or even the pencil. I remember saying that I would have to be prepared to settle up first.

SUDDENLY, the distant day seemed to be sneaking up on me. I began to get more of a kick out of a short story published than from any successful opening night.

Then came California! And in case you don't know, please let me be the first to break the news—when California "she come een to your life," things happen!

For no apparent good reason, mother and I came out here (oh, yes, California!) and took a house for the summer. That was the beginning of the end of one life and the start of another.

I got the "Settle Down Blues." Seeing how possible it was to live, laugh, and even love without having to leave just when things were at their best, I decided that in some way I would browse and burn in the sunlight of California, even if I had to cringe and cuss under the sun arcs of some movie studio.

We bought a house and started to pay taxes before having any definite reason for doing so. Then Mr. Jesse Lasky, famed for cinema acumen and up to that time great intelligence, remarked in an unguarded moment that he thought I would make a good subtitle writer (the talkies were still unborn), and that any time I wanted it, he would give me a job!

Underwood & Underwood photo

Elsie Janis and her mother, who, she says, all her life was "just a little bit ahead of me."

"Of course," he added, "you have to start at the bottom."

What did I care? Had he said, "Start underseas," I would have reached for my diving helmet nonchalantly!

"Be sure you are right!" my marvelous mother said. "Don't threaten to leave the stage and then go into your series of farewells!"

I decided to give the stage one more year. I signed contracts for London and Paris, and away we went!

London was wonderful, as always, but I listened to the applause in the theater and above it I heard the song of the birds in my garden in California.

Mother was taken very ill and the doctors said she must "leave me" then. But she was not ready. Her work was not quite finished.

She had not personally placed my feet on the highway of a new life. She recovered miraculously, and we went to Paris. There I staged *my* tussle with death and won, or did I win?

We both laughingly said we had definitely decided to come back to California to die.

ON the ship coming home I learned that Jesse Lasky was on another ship going in the opposite direction. I wirelessed him a question:

"What about that job?"

He answered, "It's yours!" (Only he spent a lot more to say it, for he was enthusiastic and, as always, gracious.)

We came back to our garden. The talkies had arrived and were sweeping the world. I got in with the sweepings, only instead of starting at the bottom or underseas, it was decided that there was a definite place for me, and I started quite near the top of the well oiled ladder of production as supervisor, etc., of the revue, Paramount on Parade.

I had my hair cut a little shorter, and began waving my emancipation vigorously. My mother was prouder than proud. She saw me making my own business arrangements. She saw me riding off to work each morning, driving my own car, and returning to tell her all the news of the day's endeavors. She was proud, but for the first time she realized how tired she was.

She never asked me if I missed the stage. She knew I was happy, and as that knowledge was all she ever lived for, she looked ahead and, smiling contentedly, moved on. As always, she had to pave the way for me, brush the obstacles from my path, and lead me forward.

The theater is behind me. I loved it! It gave me everything, and I am grateful!

I was never in the theater without my mother. I am not without her now, only she is, as she always was in everything, "just a little bit ahead of me."

Despite all these truths, friends still say:

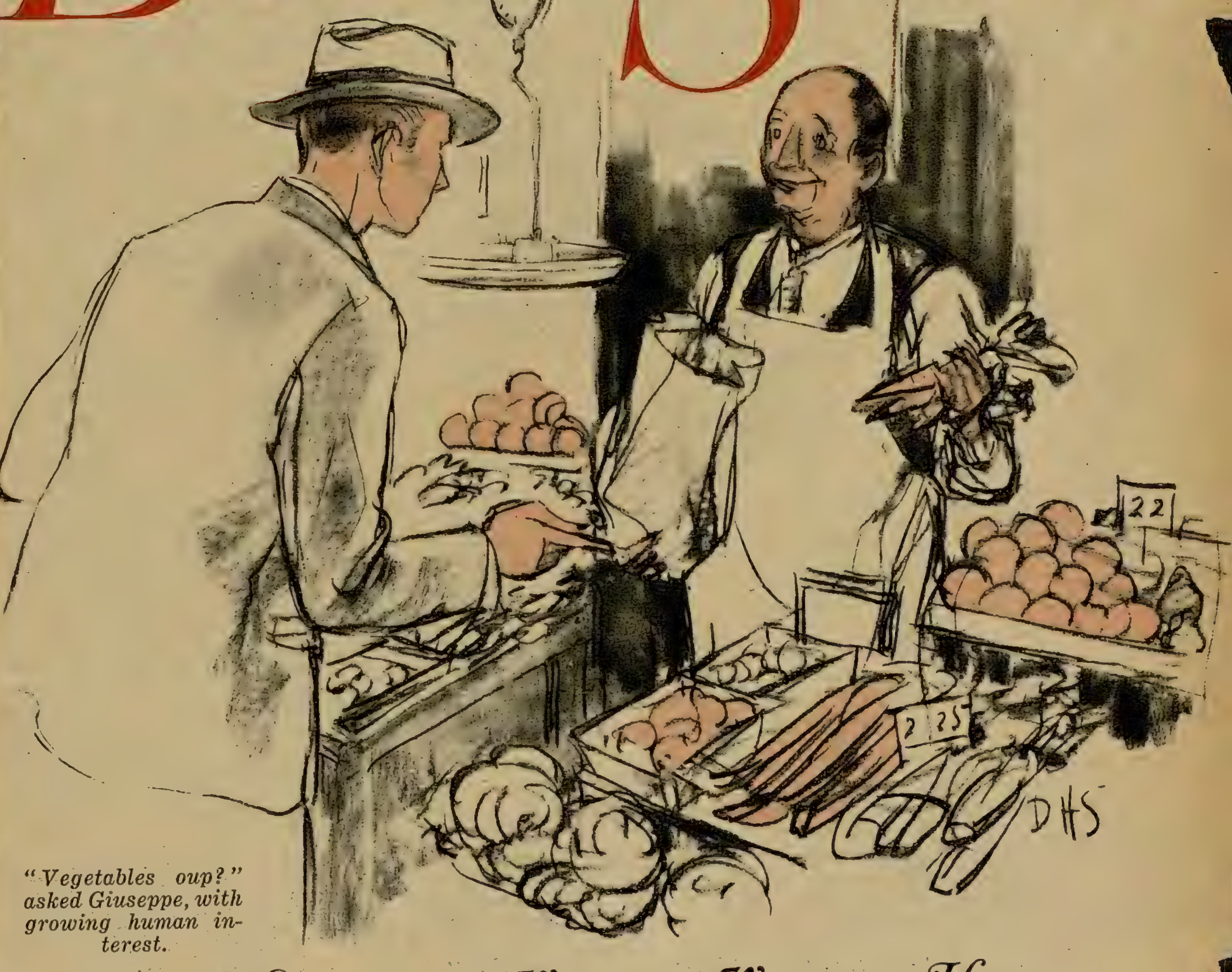
"You wait! You will long for the applause, the smell of the grease paint!"

The applause I hear when I see some idea of mine come to life in the personality of someone who is just beginning and to whom it means everything. As for the smell of the grease paint, as long as the orange tree, under which I am sitting as I write, continues to do its stuff and burst into blossom, I think I will be able to resist dragging out the old make-up box, which is resting peacefully in the storehouse with the hairpins, side combs, and kid curlers.

Long may they wave! But I'll take vanilla.

THE END

Beef Stew



"Vegetables oup?" asked Giuseppe, with growing human interest.

A Story of the Way to a Woman's Heart

(Reading time: 27 min. 7 sec.)

By

Arthur T. Munyan

who began writing stories in a stenographer's notebook to shorten the commuting hour between New York and Bound Brook, N. J. That was after he had studied chemical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. He now lives in Brooklyn.

Pictures by Dorothy Hope Smith Barlow

IN front of Bacigalupi's grocery store Pete Faulkner stopped his car and got out to survey the slant trays of vegetables in verdant and entrancing array beneath the awning. Giuseppe stood in the doorway, his face beaming darkly above a white expanse of apron.

"'Lo, Giuseppe," said Pete. "Say, grab a paper bag, will you? I want some miscellaneous vegetables, and you stick them in the bag as I call them off. Now let's see. . . . Got it? About nineteen of those string beans. . . ."

"Nine-tin string-a bean?"

"Yeah. You know, a handful. That's right. Fine!" Pete looked around. "What are those turnip-shaped things? Turnips? That's swell. Between three and four of those. And a green pepper."

"Vegetables oup?" asked Giuseppe, with growing

"Vegetables tew. With bif. Giuseppe, what else do I want?"

"Parsneep?"

"No. Ixnay to the parsneep. Parsneeps are my idea of nothing. And that goes for notmags, too. Now. . . . Oh, onions, my God! Give me about fourteen of those adolescent white ones."

Giuseppe counting onions: "A-wan—a-seex—a-hm—a-feeftin. Eh! Somt'eeng else? Car-*rots*? Cab-*bage*, she's a-verra good."

"Car-*rots* by all means. Cab-*bage?* No, I guess not. But I need some potatoes in this."

"Eating p'tat', eh?"

"Eating *peut-être* hell! Eating *régulièrement!* Oh. . . . What do you mean, eating potatoes? Sure! Well, that is, cooking potatoes, you know. Say, what are those things?" They looked like young green corn stalks pulled up by the roots, but they had white ends.

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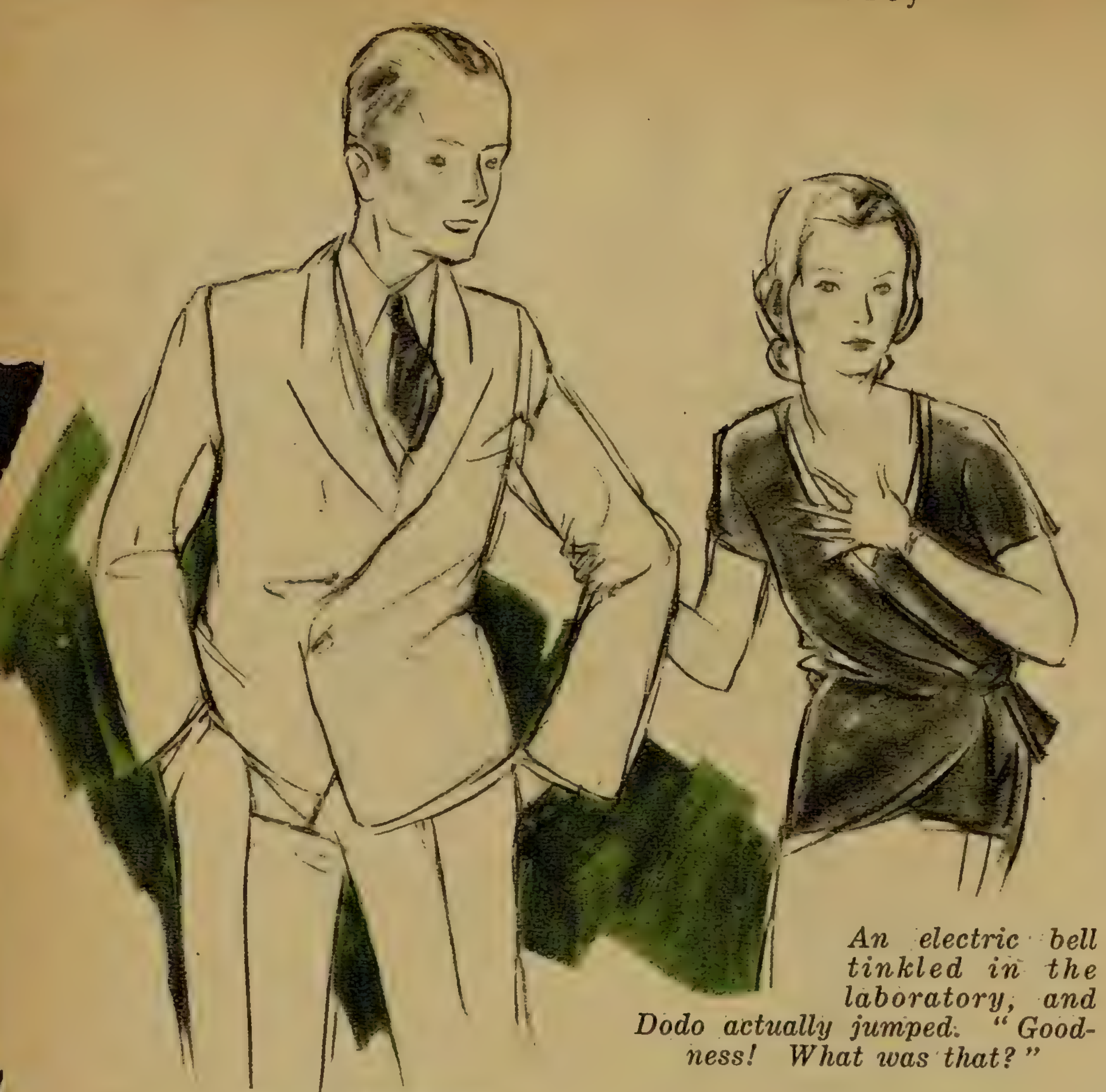

An electric bell tinkled in the laboratory, and Dodo actually jumped. "Goodness! What was that?"

BEEF STEW
Continued from page fifteen

"Them? A-licks! Verra good."

"Leeks, hm? First time I ever caught one outside a French grammar. What are they like, Giuseppe?"

"Like-a onions, only she's a-like-a scallions, only she's a-beegger, more better. Well, she's a-like-a licks. I dunno."

"Stick one in anyhow, and I guess that's enough. Now give me a figure on the whole job. How much?"

Giuseppe hunched his shoulders, spread his hands, and pushed out his lower lip. "Tutty cent," he said. Crossing the sidewalk, he deposited the bag in Pete's car.

"She's a verra good car you got there, Meester Faulk'."

"Swell car. Four cylinders, Giuseppe! Not every car that's got four cylinders, you know."

"My cozzin," said Giuseppe, "he's a-got a-wan a-like."

"One like this one? Is that so! Now there's a coincience! It's a small world, isn't it? Well . . . " Pete ad climbed in.

"Your a-wife," Giuseppe pursued this pleasant chat, he's verra good-a cook, I guess, eh?"

Pete's smile abruptly vanished, his jaw set. "Heh!" he ejaculated. And with that he gave a yank at the gear shift, let in the clutch, and was off.

THE scowl had not left his face when he reached the market in the next block. Here he bought a pound and a half of round beef cut in deft cubes, bringing the outlay on stew to an even smacker. But here again the talk took a bad turn.

"Would your wife want this bone?" inquired Mr. Wertheimer, the prop.

"No, my wife wouldn't want that bone," said Pete.

"Well, I just thought she might."

"Well, she wouldn't."

Pete stalked out to his car, stepped on the gas, and headed for home. Three or four minutes out from the center of town he left the motor road for a tree-arched lane, and presently turned in at a dusty drive and stopped before the front door of a small farmhouse. Here his frown faded out.

The house was white and had green shutters; there were elm trees around it, and a mountain ash, and some apple trees in back. There was only one step before the front door, and a fanlight over i there was an iron knocker on it, an a trumpet vine growing beside i It would have been sensible for Pet to have taken his groceries in b the other door, in the lean-to wher the kitchen would be; but he liked this door.

He opened it and looked around the living room as if he had been gone a long time. All the downstairs of the house proper was living room. At one end was a big fieldstone fireplace, with a row of Pete's pipes and other people's pipes on the oak mantel. At the other end was the old grand piano. There were bookshelves almost everywhere, an oak trestle table Pete had made, a Sleepy Hollow chair and other nameless ones, a window seat. Sunlight streamed in through scrim curtains a girl had made him—just *a* girl—and a shaft of it played redly on a coffee service of copper. At one side of the room, under a big Brangwyn poster, a staircase with an aged mahogany banister ran up to the bedroom floor.

Pete drew a slow, deep breath; his pulse picked up a beat or two. But he walked through the living room and down one step to the lean-to section of the house. And here, very oddly, were benches with soapstone tops, sinks with gooseneck water taps, shelves of shining glassware, rows of reagent bottles. This room was not a kitchen at all.

Pete set down his bundles. This place was his laboratory. Within its four walls he found a sort of happiness. Here he engaged in his researches, and here, while he was no cook, he could do cooking. And he could eat it.

"My wife," he muttered. "Heh!" And then, not quite aloud: "Good God! Can't I quit thinking about *her?*"

"I'm not thinking about her," he retorted. "I was just thinking about how I wasn't thinking about her at all."

AN expression of pain crossed his face. He paced slowly to the end of the room, his arms half upraised, his fists clenched till the knuckles were white. Turning, he paced slowly back again. Gradually his face became composed. In a very quiet and controlled manner he went about the business of a stew.

Taking a two-liter porcelain casserole, he cleaned it with chromic acid and distilled water, and put the meat in it. Then he poured in enough boiling distilled water to cover the meat, placed the casserole, with a square of wire gauze under it, on a three-legged iron ring stand, and put a lighted Bunsen burner—with an iron chimney around the flame—underneath.

Next, he cut up the string beans into inches, the turnips into half-moon-shaped thicknesses, the pepper into crinkled green loops, the car-*rots* and the stalk of the leek into round snips. The air was pervaded with the fresh, pungent essences of green things. He took the dry outer jackets off the onions. Then he slid the whole assortment into the casserole.

He hung three small U-bends of thin glass rod on the rim of the casserole at three points and laid a big "watch glass" across as a cover. With a thermometer he read the temperature of the simmering stew: 99° C. Thereupon he abandoned it to its own processes.

Two hours before it would require attention. He was free to resume his work. But today something had spoiled the idea of work. Pete wandered out to his living room, and presently sat down at the piano. Listless chords and arpeggios under his fingers modulated into the brooding key of C# minor.

Then his left hand found a melody, still in C# minor, wistful and haunted.

"God!" he muttered, and got up from the keyboard. Why must all the lovely things in the world, from cornflowers, and sunlight striking pure burnished copper, to the C# minor étude of Chopin, bring Dodo Haviland to him?

Even a motor horn, a rich and expensive and haughty sound from some car on the back road to the country club, made him think of her. Dodo's twelve-cylinder roadster had a horn like that.

Pete opened a drawer in the table and took out some papers. Not exactly clippings; tearings would be the word. Some were rotogravure pictures of a lovely oval face posed in the usual inane *moue* of sweetness and hauteur. Most of them were society notes, with a newsprint photo. All were about Dodo in the past three months.

Miss Dorothy Haviland was introduced at a dinner dance at Pierre's. She was on the committee for this, and at the débutantes' booth in that. She was taking part in, and present at, and wearing this here, and being seen there. She was everywhere, having a wonderful time. Everywhere she went, it seemed, a Hewitt Edgerley, 2d, and an R. Maitland Burr, Jr., and a Norris N. Norris, 3d, went too. If all three gave luncheons on the same day, Dodo went to all three. Quite often she was in three or four places at the same time, she was having so much fun. It was hardly likely that she ever thought of Pete at all, because she was having a wonderful time going everywhere, three or four places at once quite often.

THE clipping that made Pete burn was the one about old man Haviland telling some commencement how you got to be a big shot: "Keep a steady pressure on what you want till you get it. Never relax. A steady pressure. Don't put it all in one smash. Hit, and keep hitting."

"Yeh?" Pete addressed the old hammerhead's picture. "You big horse thief! What did you ever do? *I* never heard of you!"

He went morosely back to his laboratory, and decided that mixing the right amounts of this and that for biscuits might distract his mind. Afterward he could eat the biscuits, or something. So he swizzled flour and things up with a few grams of $NaHC_4H_4O_6$ from a bottle. You could call the stuff sodium acid tartrate or baking powder; it was all one to the biscuits. He rolled the dough with a tall glass graduate and cut it in circles with a crucible.

"Bing-it, bing-it," sounded the front-door knocker.

"Come in!" he called out. It was probably just somebody or other. Why the ceremony? The door stood open anyhow.

"Bing-it, bing-it," went the knocker again, rather diffidently.

Pete turned impatiently and strode into the other room, stopped and looked. A girl. Nobody he had seen lately.

Her eyes were a deeper blue than cornflowers—so deeply and steadily blue under their straight brows that their gaze was like a glimpse at sea horizons. Her hair had the color of polished old mahogany, but a shaft of sunlight transmuted it into pure copper.

"HELLO, Pete," she said, and her tone was matter-of-fact.

"Hello, Dodo." His imperceptible movement toward her was like a spring sharply checked. "How—how are you? Won't you come in?"

"I mustn't stop," she said rapidly. "I just thought—I was just going by on my way home from the club—we moved down for the summer the other day and I heard you were here—so I dropped in—"

Her quick glances studied him shyly and took in the details of the place as she entered. Dodo had high delicate insteps and slender straight legs, and her steps were silken flashes. She walked over to an Adam mirror Pete had for girls to put their hats on by, and looked in it to see if she was all right.

There had been a delirious time when he could have gone up behind her as she stood at the mirror, and she would have laughed and turned her head in a certain way and drawn his lips down to hers. But now Pete looked away, and went over to the table, where he carelessly turned over a book to hide the clippings he had left there.

"I—I couldn't imagine who was knocking," he remarked.

"Why?" asked Dodo. "Don't people come here? Or don't they knock?"

"Yes, lots of people. They knock, but they

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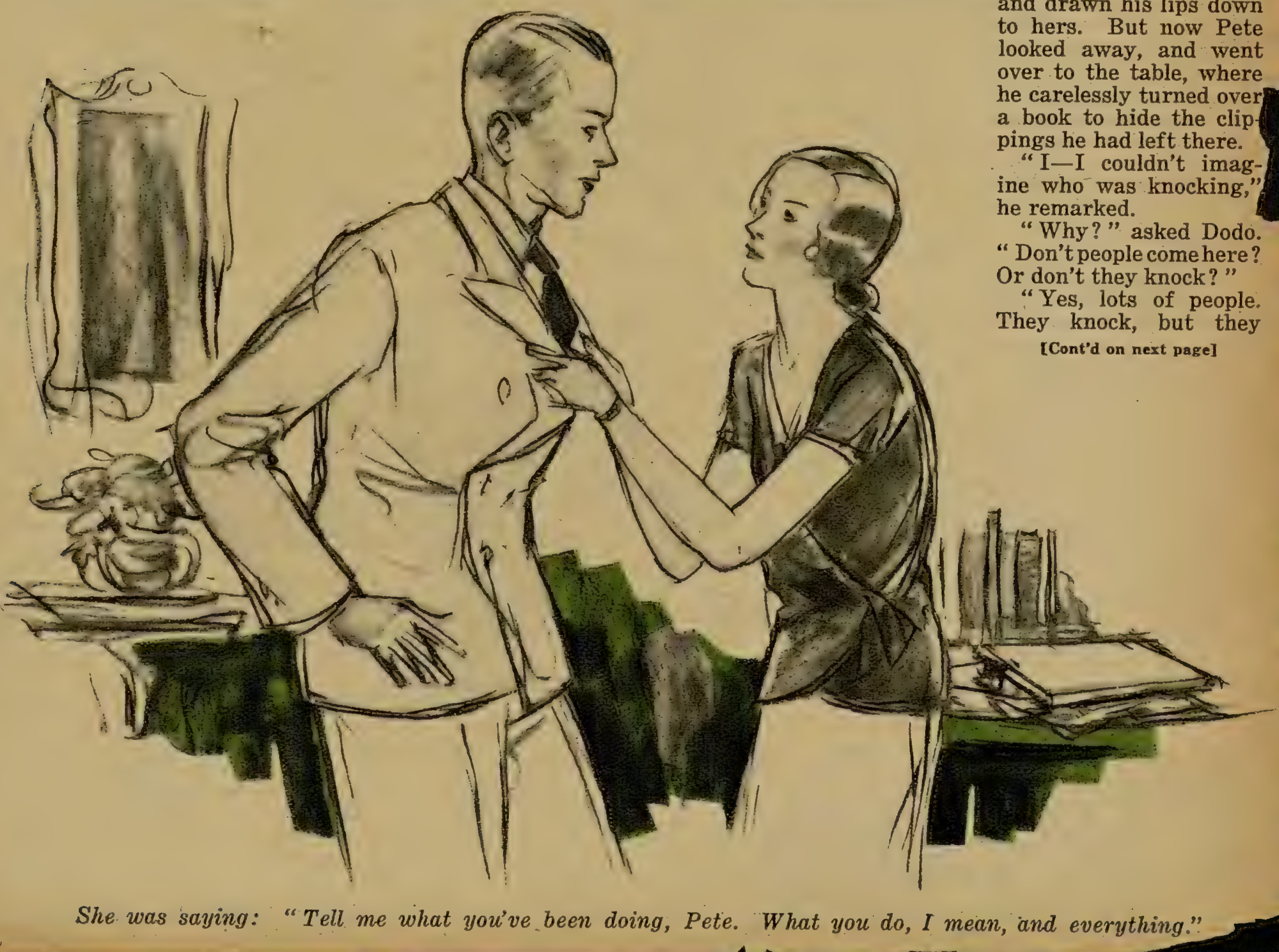


She was saying: "Tell me what you've been doing, Pete. What you do, I mean, and everything."

BEEF STEW
Continued from page seventeen

come in anyhow. If I'm out they let themselves in with the key on the nail behind the trumpet vine."

"It's a darling place," she said, turning. She said that, but probably it was just a quaint little hut to her. Dodo lived in a duplex apartment in Park Avenue, and the Havilands had a big summer place with a terra-cotta tile roof down here.

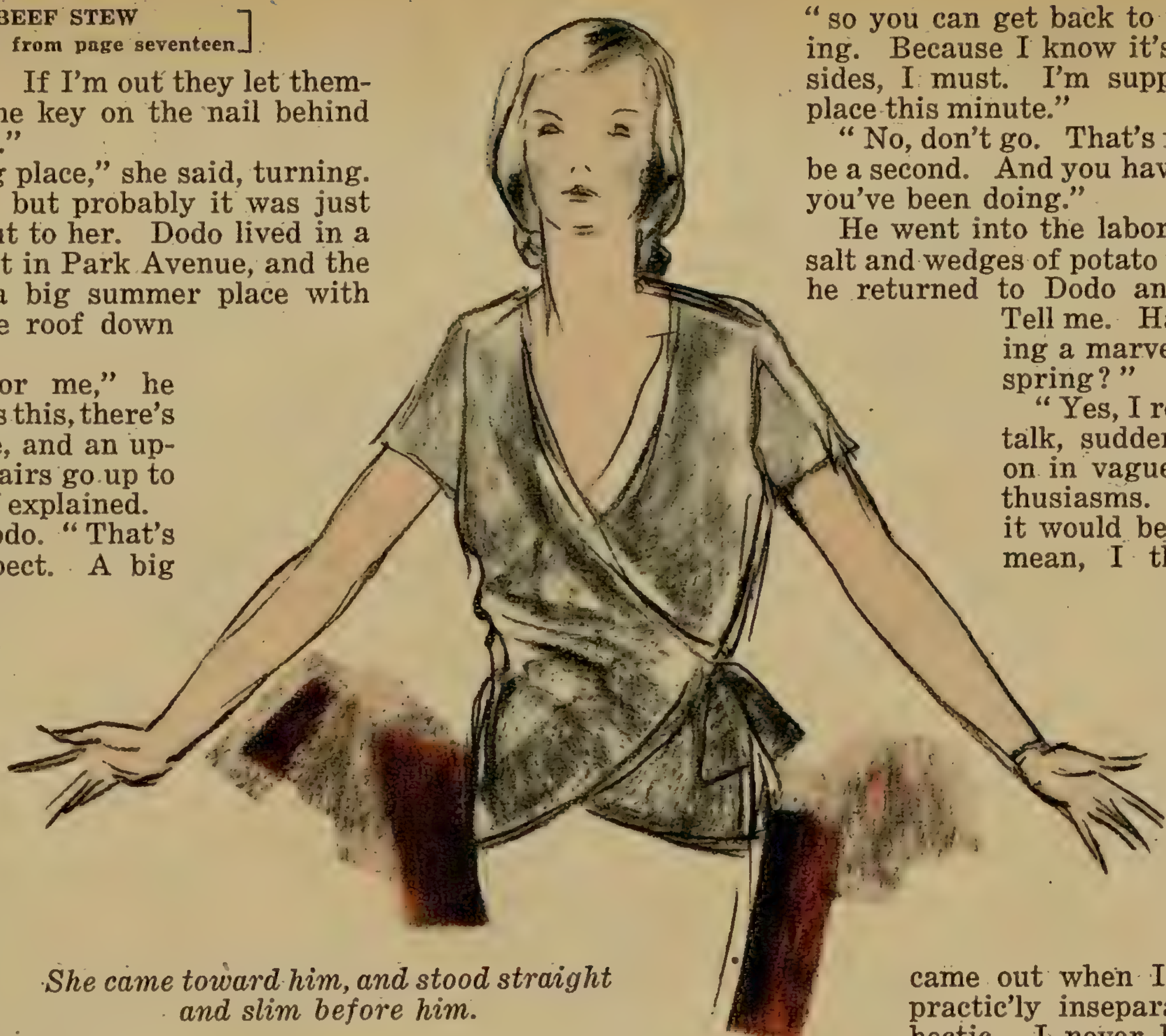
"I like it for me," he agreed. "Besides this, there's my lab out there, and an upstairs. Those stairs go up to the upstairs," he explained.

"Oh," said Dodo. "That's bedrooms, I expect. A big one that the sun comes in mornings. And some others."

"Yes. I haven't got everything all fixed up yet."

"Did you fix up those curtains, Pete?"

"No. A—a girl made them for me. She said it wasn't any trouble to. And she told me what kind of stuff to get. It's scrim," he added.



She came toward him, and stood straight and slim before him.

The conversation was not going very well.

"Oh," Dodo said. "I wondered what it was. It's nice." There was a little dangerous flame in her eyes. She made a gesture that appeared to include his surroundings and the facts of his life. "And it's all just what you wanted, isn't it?"

Pete smiled grimly. He had wanted Dodo. That was over and done with, because it had been too preposterous. So now, if there were times when this place seemed full of wraiths and empty echoes, and his work was rather a futile dithering, and all his friends with their laughter and talk could not drive out the loneliness, certainly he would not let this casually curious Dorothy guess that!

She was saying: "Tell me what you've been doing, Pete. What you do, I mean, and everything."

"Well," he said, "I came down here right after—I mean in March. The ice-boating was wonderful for a while, but pretty soon it got to be spring. Springtime was wonderful down here, Dodo! I can't tell you. You saw it and felt it everywhere. The air smelled of spring. It was wonderful to be where I could feel that."

BUT he got his lab going—he went on to say—and got a lot of work done because he could be in the lab any time, and he could keep things going there while he went outdoors and did anything he pleased. When the house was ready, some people thought he ought to have a housewarming, so they had one, and after that they all sort of kept dropping in. There was a glow in Pete's voice as he talked. It was partly to let Dodo know he could live without her.

"It's so quiet here!" she said, almost wistfully. He saw, now, that she looked a little tired and finely drawn, probably because she'd been having such a good time.

"Oh, it's quiet when you want it quiet, and it's noisy when you want noise," he explained. "You can make an awful racket and nobody minds, or you can be quiet if you want to think."

"But I don't want to think!"

An electric bell tinkled in the laboratory, and Dodo actually jumped. "Goodness? What was that?"

"Nothing. It just means I have to turn something on or off. It's just a thermostat."

"I'd better go," Dodo said, not really making the move, "so you can get back to your experimenting. Because I know it's important. Besides, I must. I'm supposed to be some place this minute."

"No, don't go. That's nothing. I'll only be a second. And you haven't told me what you've been doing."

He went into the laboratory, and added salt and wedges of potato to the stew. Then he returned to Dodo and said: "Now! Tell me. Have you been having a marvelous time all this spring?"

"Yes, I really have!" Her talk, suddenly artificial, ran on in vague and musical enthusiasms. "I never dreamed it would be so much fun. I mean, I thought it would probably be sort of hectic, if you know what I mean. But we had no end of fun. Norry Norris, I mean, and Snake Edgerley and Rollo Burr and my two best friends, who came out when I did, and I were practic'ly inseparable. It was too hectic. I never had a minute. I mean, we had loads of fun because we never did just the ordinary things the others did."

He saw Dodo laughing on her way from one unimaginable gayety to the next with sleek, superior gilded youths.

"I thought probably you'd be going to Europe this summer," he said.

"I thought I probably would, too, but I just didn't. It seemed sort of silly to go when I was having such a lot of fun here."

SHE gave him a defiant look and pensively fingered the book that was concealing his clippings. Presently she got the book pushed around until the top one showed. "Why, here's a picture of me here!" she exclaimed. "Out of a newspaper!"

"Is that so?" Peter came around the table to look. "Well, for heaven's sake! Isn't that funny! A crowd here the other night got to tearing up old newspapers—I forget why; it was somebody's idea—and this piece—!"

Dodo's slim fingers raced through the pile. "Every one of these is my picture or something about me! It just happened that way, I suppose. You didn't know about it?"

"Oh, well," Pete sighed. "Might's well tell the truth. It'll sound kind of snobbish, though. I tore them out and showed them to everybody. All my friends are simple souls; they were awfully impressed. To think I used to know a girl in the society notes!"

"Liar!"

"All right. You explain them, then."

"I will! You kept them because you didn't ever forget me, that's why. You couldn't. You were miserable, and your old laboratory and your curtains and your springtime didn't help a bit."

"Oh, I was curious, that's all."

"Curious!" she scoffed, her voice not very well under control. "You wanted to not think about me, and you couldn't! You're pretending you've been happy, but you haven't been. You hardly knew whether it was scrimtime or not—spring, I mean—and people, even your best friends, bored you; and every time you'd think you were too busy to remember me you'd go remembering me all over again! I know."

"How come you know so much about how somebody else feels?" he asked bitterly.

“I just do. It’s perfectly plain. Why? Do you imagine I know because *I* felt that way too? Heh! You’re quite mistaken. If I’d even thought of thinking about you, I couldn’t have. I never had a minute between parties. Three men wanted me to marry them, and they never let me alone a minute!”

“Norris N. Norris, 3d?”

“He was one of them.”

“He sounds like all three of them.” Almost lightheaded with misery, Pete was willing to say anything, however fantastic, so long as it sounded nonchalant. “I wonder if his middle name could possibly be Norris. Dodo, if you marry him, send me announcements; they’ll probably tell.”

“Is that all you care?” she asked.

“Oh, it doesn’t matter. If it turns out to be Napoleon or Nicodemus, I don’t exactly care. I’m just curious.”

“Oh!” she flared. “Don’t you care a bit if I do marry him?”

“But I don’t know the chap! He sounds just as good as Rollo and Edgerley Two, but I haven’t any preference among them.”

“You know what I mean,” declared Dodo in a low voice of utter wretchedness. Two hot tears amazingly grew and hung precariously on her lashes.

The sight of them made Pete feel as if his whole frame were made of thin spiral springs. He stared a moment, and then caved in a heap.

“DARLING, don’t!” he implored. “Of course I care. I never stopped. It’s been just as you said. I couldn’t forget you even a minute. I’ve had a rotten time!”

His own words rekindled his resentment at her. “But I was getting along somehow,” he added sullenly. “You couldn’t have left me alone, could you? You had to come and rub it in, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t come for that! I came because—because I’ve had a perfectly rotten time, too. I wondered if you had, and I don’t know *what* I hoped!”

She flung the tears off her lashes with a quick toss of her head that made her for an instant—with her straight brows and firm lips—seem like a boy. There was nothing boyish about Dodo, but she had odd little gallant ways not essentially feminine.

“Pete!” she cried softly. “Will it always have to go on hurting and doing things like this to us?”

She came toward him, and stood straight and slim before him with her head thrown back and her lips tilted up. And Pete, in a vertigo, reached out and lightly touched her shoulders; then, in sudden uncontrollable longing, crushed her in his arms.

HIS lips brushed across her hair that smelled like springtime; but his eyes glared at unseen things beyond Dodo, and he stepped back awkwardly at last without the kiss from her lips that would have scattered his last lucid thought.

“Dodo,” he begged, “let’s don’t go over the old argument. It only hurts us both. It never gets us anywhere.”

“But there isn’t any argument,” she wailed, “really.”

“That’s it,” he agreed; “there isn’t.” Even in that they meant two different things.

Probably they would have gone over all the old painful arguments again, however, if a sharp, exasperated blast on the horn of Dodo’s roadster had not interrupted. This was followed by a knock at the door.

“Bang-bing-it!” said the knocker this time. “Bang-bing-it!”

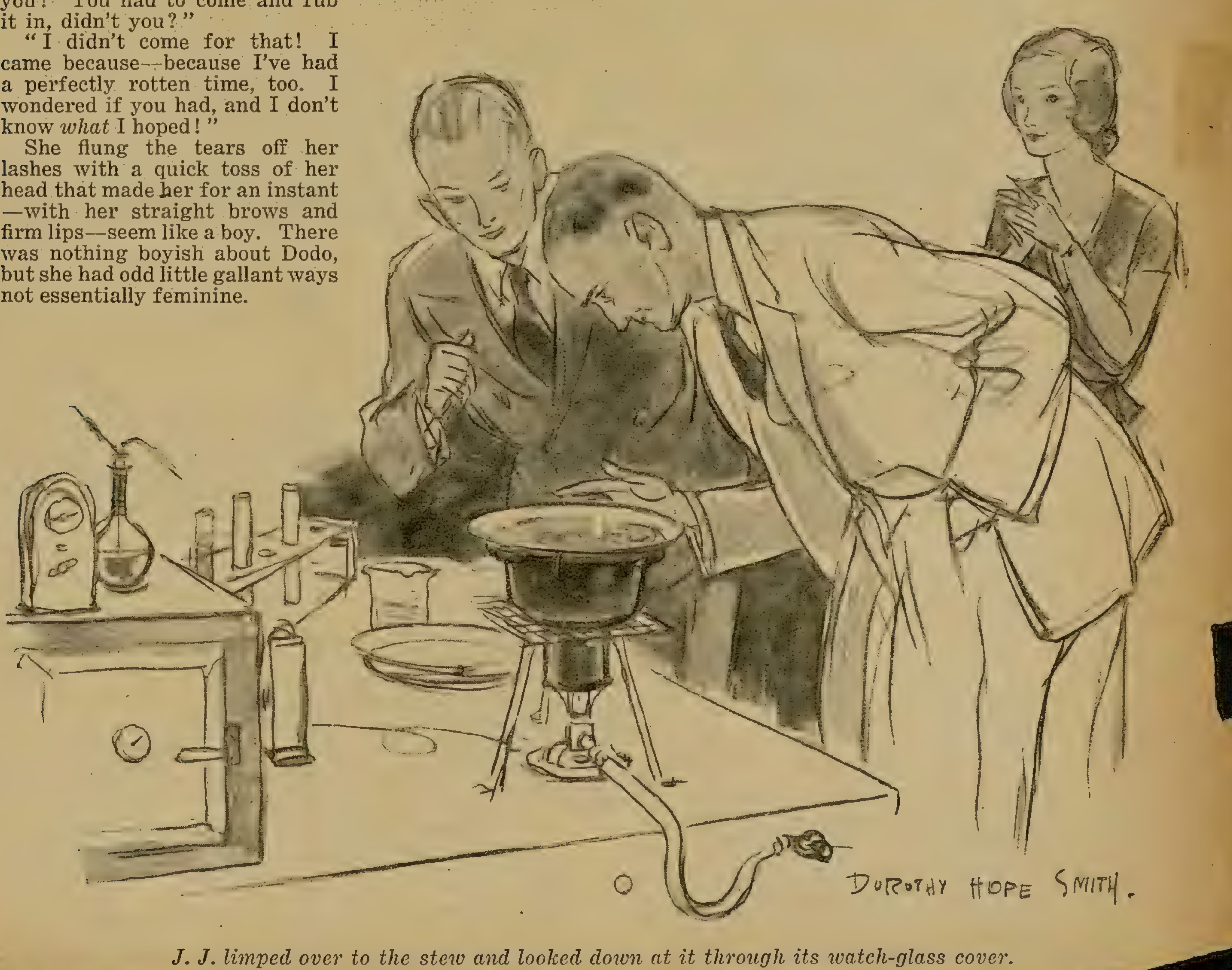
“I’ll bet it’s dad,” murmured Dodo.

“Come in!” Pete snapped.

J. J. Haviland stalked into the room, ignoring his host and fixing Dodo with a choleric blue eye. “This the way you come back to the club to pick me up?” he snorted.

He had fine gray hair and black straight eyebrows above a square-jowled face that, like an English bulldog’s, was so scenic in its ferocity that it became humorous and rather wistful.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


DOROTHY HOPE SMITH.

J. J. limped over to the stew and looked down at it through its watch-glass cover.

[BEEF STEW
Continued from page nineteen]

"Hello, J. J.," said Dodo, unawed. "Why, is it almost five?"

"Almost f—! It's a quarter to six! I had to *cadge* a lift. If I hadn't seen your car and had 'em drop me here I'd be—"

"Imagine!" she sighed, and turned. "Dad, you remember—"

J. J. wheeled on Pete. "Hmph! What are *you* doing here?"

"I live here," Pete told him. "What do you think of that?"

Strange to say, Pete now and always felt a lurking admiration for Dodo's parent. He himself was nothing like J. J., couldn't have been if he had wanted to, and wouldn't have been if he could have. Perhaps that was it. But his feeling never came to the surface, because J. J. never showed any similar regard for him. On the contrary, in fact. Indeed, that was the whole difficulty.

J. J. shook a forefinger at him as he spoke. "Faulkner," he said, "I made you terms, fair and square, cards on the table, take it or leave it. You left it. I told you to cut out the lollygagging and the dabbling and the monkey business, and get into a sound concern downtown and the right golf clubs and the right stag lines, and act like a son-in-law of J. J. Haviland's, and I'd consider it. You weren't having any. Well, you can't play it both ways and tag Dorothy around—"

"He isn't—he didn't!" Dodo put in indignantly. "*I* came *here*. And he told me to let him alone."

"Oh, he did, did he! Who does he think he is, to—"

"But I'm not going to," she went on firmly. "Because I love him, and he's in love with me, and we're never going to change. We found *that* out. And I'm going to marry him, no matter—no matter what happens!"

Her chin was lifted defiantly. She crossed over and interposed her own slim body between Pete and her parent. It was an absurd and dramatic action—because J. J. wasn't going to throw any stilettos or edged tools—yet it was somehow moving. Haviland's face looked suddenly drained and old. He knew Dodo meant it.

Defiance was alien to Dodo's nature. Conflict like this made her heartsick, and her own words had appalled her. In another moment her voice was low and sweet, pleading:

"Oh, dad, if you'd only try to understand him! He doesn't want to know just the right people; he wants to know the people he likes. And he's the kind of a man who *has* to do his own work in his own way, without being interfered with. He'll do wonderful things some day; he already has—"

THE electric bell in the lab sounded. Pete was not asking to be understood, not asking anything. "If you'll excuse me a minute—" he said, and left the living room. He heard Dodo explaining:

"It's a thermostat. It only takes him a second—"

It was the biscuits. He slid the tray of them into the hot laboratory oven and closed the copper door. They would need twelve minutes.

When he returned to his guests, he found himself being regarded by Haviland with an interest that was at least novel. Dodo must have said something.

"Now look here," began J. J. "You're not the Faulkner who got up this Faulkner Process!"

"Never heard of it," Pete assured him blandly.

"O-o-oh! That's a darn' lie!" Dodo stared accusingly. "I know! I found out. Maybe *you* never called it that—"

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded J. J., looking from one to the other. "Is it or isn't it? Did you or didn't you?"

"I'll tell you. I was dumbing around in the lab one day," Pete confessed, "stirring some—some stuff with a thermometer. Any frosh would know better than use a thermometer for a stirring rod, but I was thinking"—his glance met Dodo's for a thought shared in secret—"about something else. Anyhow, I broke the thing, and the mercury dropped into the stuff. And that started a reaction that nobody'd ever brought off before. The mercury did it." He shrugged. "The Faulkner Process: direct synthesis with mercury catalyst. Brilliant, huh?"

It was true, but unconscionably understated. He had been lucky. But luck came to those who deserved it; there was no luck for a scientist without the true curiosity. And Pete had made no mention of the weeks spent on development of the problem.

"So you're the fellow!" said J. J. ominously. "You sold it outright to the General crowd?"

Pete nodded. "For nine thousand. Three thousand down and the rest over two years. And, no, I don't want to know what Dodo spends on hats in six months."

"Then it must be a good process," Dodo pointed out to J. J.

"It's a swell process," said he, but with bitterness in his tone. "Do you know what it's going to cost one of my companies to meet its commitments for intermediate on account of it? Thirty thousand rats! Yes; this Faulkner and his process make a big hit with me."

"Thirty thousand!" she cried. "Pete, isn't it wonderful! I never dreamed it was so important!"

J. J. stamped over to the door of the lab and peered inside with aversion on his face. "So this is where you do it!" Then he sniffed. For three hours things had been going on in the casserole until the room was filled with an aroma, *esprit*, the blended and mellowed and indescribable fragrances of Giuseppe's vegetables, coupled with the less piquant but richer savor of beef cooked to the tenderness of chicken.

"ONIONS?" asked J. J., puzzled. "Turnips?"

"Well, beef stew," Pete told him.

"Some kind of an experiment?"

"It's an experiment so far as I'm concerned."

"Smells like a success. What are you going to do with it?"

"What the h— What I mean, I'm going to eat it, I hope!"

J. J. moistened his lips. "Now look here. Faulkner, you and I may have our honest differences. But I'm a man in his declining years. Faulkner, you wouldn't kid an old man about a matter like this, would you? You said beef stew?"

He turned dodderingly. "I haven't had a decent beef stew," he told Dodo, "since—since your grandmother died, child!" Then he swung fiercely back to Pete. "Onions and turnips?"

Pete nodded. "Car-*rots*, string beans, green pepper—"

"And I can't get a beef stew in my own house!" J. J. wailed. "Would you believe it, Faulkner? If they ever have one, it's made with an eighth of an onion in it! You didn't say onion, did you? You said onions-ss, didn't you?" His eyes were haunted with the dread that he might have been mistaken.

"Fifteen onions-ss."

"Fifteen onions," maundered J. J. His jowls worked.

"And a leek," added Pete inexorably.

"Listen," hoarsely. "Do you know what I get to eat? Did you ever see The Beggar on Horseback?"

"No. And if that's another crack at me—"

"No crack at you. Bordelaise à la bordelaise! *That's* what *I* get to eat! Bordelaise à la bordelaise à la bordelaise à la bordelaise. Faulkner, I know every head waiter in town. I belong to seventeen good clubs, and maybe more—I don't know. Last week when I tried to get a beef stew, do you know what the dirty dog of a chef had in it?"

Pete made a few mental conjectures. "Parsnips?"

"Ahrrr!"

"*Was* it parsnips the dirty dog had in it?" Dodo insisted.

"Yes-it-was-parsnips-the-dirty-dog-had-in-it," venomously. J. J. waved an eloquent arm. "And I defy any

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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PARIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

living man to name me a lower form of vegetable life than a parsnip!"

"A nutmeg—" Pete began tentatively.

"Nutmeg!" It was a shout. "Another loathsome fruit! You order a slab of apple pie, and what do you find? They're trying to poison you with the filthy sawdust of the things. . . . Faulkner, maybe I've had the wrong idea about you. I'm beginning to think you're pretty sound. I want to ask you something," he went on, "as a business man to a chemical engineer. Faulkner, will you sell me all rights to that stew? I mean *that* one. I could get it home in a vacuum jug—"

Pete shook his head. "Sorry—"

J. J. limped over to the stew and looked down at it through its watch-glass cover. He was no longer young; in fact, he was in his declining years. In fact, he was forty-seven. He sniffed lugubriously. It seemed unlikely that in the few short remaining years of this life he would have many pleasures. He was a very touching figure of an aged man.

"But I wondered," said Pete, "if you—I mean, I don't know, of course —you mustn't take offense in either case—I want you to feel perfectly free to—that is, I was wondering—"

"My God, get it said!"

"—if you and Dodo wouldn't stay to dinner, such as it is."

"Would I! Ho!"

Dodo gave a squeal of delight and skipped over to give Pete a temporary kiss on the cheek bone. "Let me set the table!" she cried. "I'm awfully domestic; I really am!"

"Linen and silver in the piano bench," Pete told her.

There was a sudden air of joyous confusion—Dodo flying about, J. J. growing garrulous in his relief, the electric bell going— Pete busied himself with last-minute trifles. He opened the oven and took out the biscuits, now flaky, and smoking hot, and golden brown.

"Did you see what he did then?" J. J. gasped. "Took biscuits out of that thing! Who put 'em there? How did he know? The man's a wizard!"

Pete could hear them talking together behind him.

"You bring him around to the house!" J. J. was urging.

"You come and see *us!*"

"Oh-ho! You're in earnest about this, aren't you?"

"Dad!" Dodo turned wide, limpid eyes to him, and J. J. looked into them.

"I guess you are," he said unsteadily.

Then: "If you two get married, will you bring him over and get him to make a stew like that for me? Think he could, with just coal, gas, and electric ranges, and a flock of pots and pans?"

Pete was fixing a coffee apparatus originally designed in part by Kjeldahl for nitrogen determination. "I don't know," he heard Dodo say. "I think maybe he *has* to do it here. Oh, watch him!"

He was giving the stew its final test. He dipped a thin glass tube in the liquor, closing the end of the tube with his finger. The thin column of liquor he ran out on a watch glass and tasted it. Shaking his head at the result, he added a small quantity of a mysterious chemical from a bottle labeled NaCl.

THE END

Next week, among other things, Liberty offers

4 REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES—

Twenty Cigarettes
By PHILIP WYLIE

Mrs. Jungle Smith
By GEORGE S. BROOKS

The Headsman
By GUY GILPATRIC

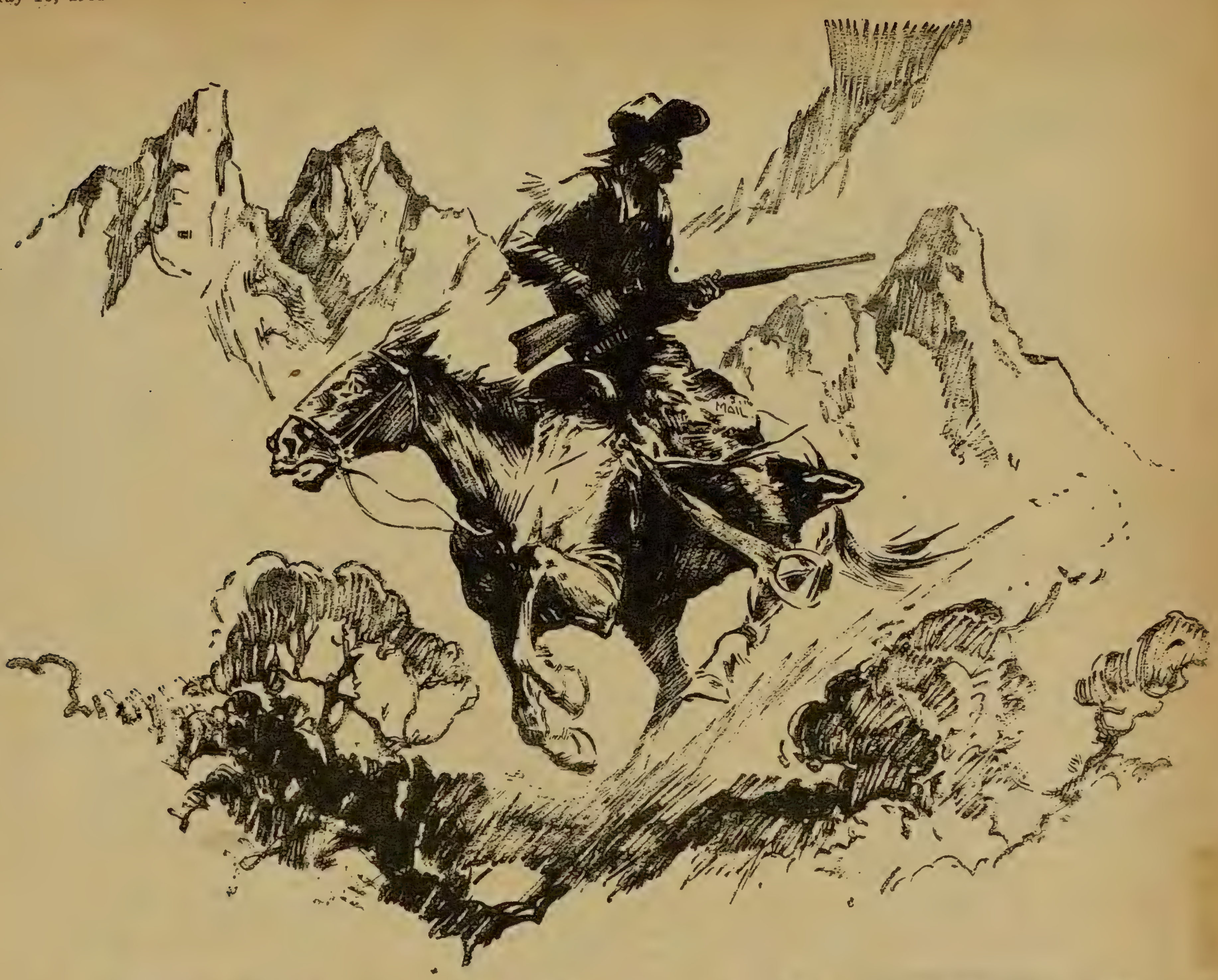
Meeting at Midnight
By URSULA PARROTT
(who wrote "Ex-Wife")

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for May?
2—What is an iconoclast?
3—What is a moratorium?
4—Where is the Gobi Desert?
5—What is an archipelago?
6—What is the capital of Honduras?
7—What is a quatrain?
8—What is the source of "A little learning is a dangerous thing"?
9—What is the monetary unit of India?
10—What is a charivari?
11—What is the distance between bases on a baseball diamond?
12—Where is Dartmouth College?
13—What state has only three counties?
14—What form of government has Poland?
15—What weapons are carried in a quiver?
16—What is the freezing point of water in the centigrade system?
17—What is a coryphée?
18—What is the name of the last book of the Old Testament?
19—What is a bicameral legislative body?
20—What is the official name of Holland?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-four)



Another Chance for You—A New First Test of Skill to Win $2,500.00

SIGHTS like the one above were not uncommon in the days of settling our great West. Pony express riders were courageous keen eyed Indian fighters who risked their lives daily in keeping the growing frontier out-posts in touch with civilization. It took a keen eye and great quickness of thought to keep from being slaughtered by blood thirsty redskins and plundered of the important packets in their charge.

Here is a test of what keen eyed observation might be necessary. The rider above has perceived an ambush, has goaded his horse into a frenzied dash for life and has wheeled in his saddle to cut down any pursuer who might get within rifle shot. There is no trace of an Indian in the picture to the casual observer, yet there are the faces of 5 Indians concealed in the picture. How sharp is your eye?

60 Grand Prizes including prizes of $2500.00, $1100.00, $1000.00, $900.00 and $500.00 in value will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize will be $1785.00 cash or a Studebaker Commander eight-cylinder Sedan and $715.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness making a total of $2500.00.

Four Liberty Winners Already

Mrs. Jane Pennington of Los Angeles, Calif., Hilma M. Melin of Moline, Ill., Mrs. Evelyn Underwood of Berkeley, Calif. and Mr. George W. Toeller of Battle Creek, Mich. have already solved our advertisements in Liberty and won prizes in our offers. You can win this time. It costs nothing to try.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

Can you find at least 4 of the 5 hidden faces in the drawing? That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Just think! A $2500.00 prize to you if you answer correctly and are prompt and win first prize.

Look carefully. If you can find at least 4 of the Indians' faces, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and mail it to me. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. BUT IF YOU CAN FIND AT LEAST 4 OF THE HIDDEN FACES RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO

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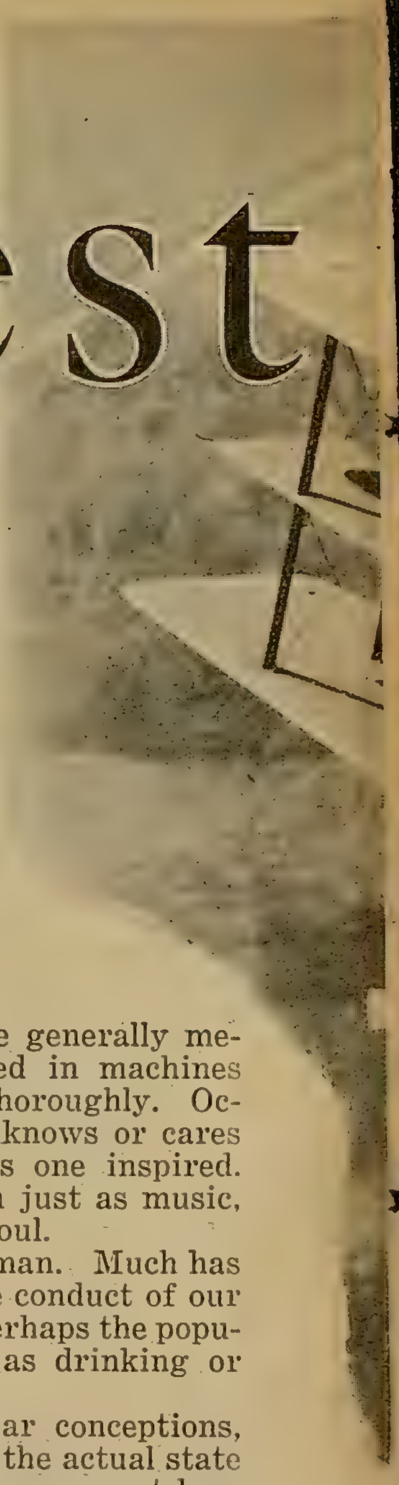
The Greatest



What He's Like—and Why

By Major General

J. E. FECHET

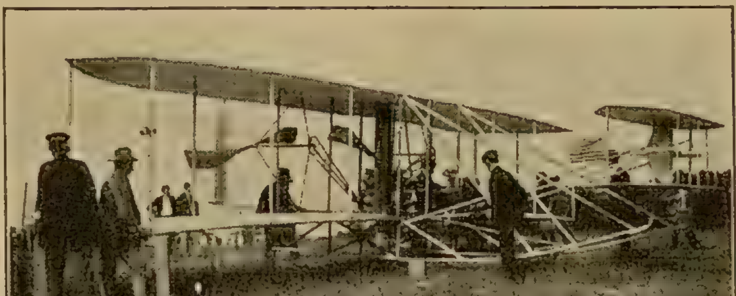
Chief of the Army Air Corps, who has supervised the training of more flyers than any other man in America. His observations of them cover a period of thirteen years. He is an active flyer himself, last year having put in more than an hour a day.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIRTY years ago there were no flyers. Today there are only a few thousand really capable ones. Yet we have already gained enough experience to know fairly well what kind of human being the mythical greatest airman is. Also we have taken the few great ones apart, analyzed their habits, mental traits, and physical characteristics, to see what makes them fly better than their fellows.

The army and the navy have spent millions of dollars in this work. They know that if war should stalk again among us, thousands upon thousands of flyers must be selected overnight and trained at once. They want to avoid the human slaughter flying training cost them in the last war. We must pick the right man. If we don't, the day we select him we give him a death sentence.

Last summer a great oil executive said to me, "General, I want to travel by air. It saves me time, and time is of the essence of modern, high-speed business. Besides, it bores me to spend four or five days aimlessly riding a train from New York to Los Angeles when I know I can do it in twenty hours with the right plane and the right pilot. I realize that care must be taken in getting the right plane. Yet the more doubtful equation is the pilot. How can I select the right pilot? I can't reconcile myself to riding in these great air vans driven by careless boys. I wouldn't cross the ocean with a skipper on the bridge twenty years old. I wouldn't feel safe on a train whose engineer was a stripling. Why should I expect to fly safely with a thrill-seeking youth at the controls?"



The army's first plane undergoing government trials at Fort Myer, Virginia, September 12, 1908.

That man was intelligent. Many such men are going to be asking such questions soon. If they read these pages they'll have my answer.

If I told you this potential flyer is a distinct type whom we can catalogue and easily pick from the multitude, you'd ask me what he has been doing these thousands of years when there were no airplanes to fly. Probably he was a misfit in some of the other trades and professions. But of this you may be sure: he was always an inquisitive, high-spirited, daring fellow.

As we find him today, as a type, he is physically of average height and weight; generally quite active; what might be called the athletic type. One of his outstanding characteristics is that his muscles respond promptly and rhythmically to his nervous stimuli. And well they do, for there is in this business of flying no place for hesitant, doubtful personalities; second guessers are not allowed. The good flyer must be keen of sight and alert and quick of mind.

For the most part, the best pilots are generally mechanically inclined. They are interested in machines and engines and know their equipment thoroughly. Occasionally we have a dreamer type who knows or cares nothing about engines, but who flies as one inspired. With him flying is a form of expression just as music, dancing, or painting is to another such soul.

Now, as to the habits of your ideal airman. Much has been said and written about the dissolute conduct of our flyers overseas. I am not unaware that perhaps the popular conception images your great flyer as drinking or gambling when not flying.

As a matter of fact, like most popular conceptions, it is almost 100 per cent at variance with the actual state of affairs. The real air fighters overseas were not barroom brawlers, but very serious youngsters tremendously impressed with their jobs. Since the war, whatever conception prevails among the flyers themselves as to correct conduct for long life in the air, it so happens that, of the first five flyers I have on my list as representing America's best, there is not a roustabout among them. They are very studious, industrious young men. They not only spend longer hours on their jobs than their fellows, but most of them have important side lines to improve themselves. To my knowledge several of them are taking college courses at night.

NOW as to his relations with his fellows. He is usually shy and rather retiring by nature. He is probably aware that there is more jealousy among flying men than in any other profession. Knowing this, he says little to reveal that he knows his prowess.

What kind of flying marks the great flyer? some will inquire. Again the popular conception is very misleading. Most laymen think the fellow who can loop the most, or roll the best, or who specializes in hair-raising stunts, excels. Not always is this belief confined to laymen, I am sorry to say. I was inspecting one of our flying fields a few years ago, when, as part of the ceremony, three acrobatic flyers went up to show their wares. At one point in this program one of them flew upside down past the reviewing stand. The field commander turned to me and said, "Isn't he a great flyer, general?"

Flyer *of them* All

THE largest plane yet built for the army. "A good flyer," says Gen. Fechet, "should be able to fly all of them—from the tiniest bug to this giant dragon fly."

"It depends on your point of view," I said. "Personally, I wouldn't fly with him across the street. Would you?" He looked rather sheepish, but shook his head in the negative.

Flying ability is a compound of flying skill plus flying experience. Most flyers acquire most of their skill, *i. e.*, their actual ability to handle the controls of an airplane, in their early training days. Most skill is acquired in the first few years—ninety per cent of it in the first year, perhaps. On the other hand, flying experience grows with the years, right on down to the grave. Experience is an accretion which gathers with time in the air. And let me emphasize these last words—with time in the air. This air experience can't be gained on the ground. Nobody else can gain it for the flyer.

There are many types or classes of flying—cross-country, acrobatic, racing, military (machine gunnery, bombing, photography), testing, night flying, blind flying, etc., each a specialty all its own requiring individual equipment and experience. No flyer excels in all of them. The best flyer excels in some and takes very high rank in all the others.

There are many types of flying machines, ranging from the single-seater for combat, possessed of high maneuverability, to the multi-engined giant capable of carrying more than two hundred passengers. In this country alone, the army, navy, and Department of Commerce list over two hundred types of planes—land, sea, and amphibian. Each has its own flight peculiarities.

THERE is an old pilot slogan: "If you can fly one plane well, you can fly them all." Translated, this corollary really means that any pilot who can fly one type of plane well can be taught to fly any other type well. Such being the case, therefore, the pilot who has had the most time in the largest number of types is the most experienced pilot, and, other things being equal, is the best pilot. Some years ago one of our excellent pilots made a miserable showing in a race of national importance. He was flying a plane much faster than any he had piloted before, and he had had little experience with racing planes.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Not long ago several pilots were assigned to test a new type of plane which had just been completed. One of them took off first. Before he had been up fifteen minutes, a pilot on the ground, watching, turned to another and remarked, " Well, there goes a good airplane giving a man a ride." It was apparent to these trained eyes that the plane was flying the pilot, not the pilot flying the plane. There is nothing which can take the place of experience.

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Now, there is one quality I have not mentioned before which is indispensable for the really great flyer. That is flying judgment. For lack of it I have been forced to disqualify some wonderful airplane pilots. Although they could handle the controls of a plane perfectly, although they possessed an amplitude of experience, I could not possibly include them in my list of the flying great and near great. I did not trust their judgment.

This thing called judgment demonstrates itself in peculiar ways. Last summer two of our old and experienced flyers took off from Mitchel Field, Long Island, for Washington. The weather en route grew bad. One of them landed on a Delaware farm. The other pushed on through the fog and finally landed at Bolling Field. Two hours later, the one who had landed en route took off when the ceiling lifted a little and came through. His fellow pilots, no doubt slightly jealous of his reputation, said, " You're etting to be a fair-weather yer. Why, Lieutenant Blank came rough all right and has already for Langley."

he chided pilot's only retort was, " Well, I never hope to be the army's best pilot, but I hope some day to be its oldest." This byplay had scarcely passed when the operations telephone rang. It was Lieutenant Blank who had come through and gone on to Langley. He had landed in the fog and washed out his plane.

I was flying one day with one of our youngsters. We hit a severe thunderstorm. Soon we could see nothing. We were surrounded by walls of water. Somehow, mostly by luck, we got through and landed at our destination. This fledgling felt that he had done a great piece of flying. He could not contain himself, and finally said, " Pretty hot work we did, eh, general? " I said, " To my mind, it would have been a lot hotter had we picked a friendly farmer's cow pasture and made ourselves a nice forced landing as soon as we hit that storm."

I have no doubt I hurt that youngster's feelings, but I probably prolonged his life. I flew with him many times after that and never saw him show such poor judgment again.

IT often takes more courage to land or turn back than to blunder through. But that kind of courage is an attribute which all really great flyers possess.

Selecting the leader in any profession or sport is always likely to be colored by the selector. For many years All-American football players came exclusively from eastern colleges. This was due to the fact that sports writers never saw the western players perform.

If I place an army flyer on my list of the best birdmen, it may be because I have had a better opportunity to know my men and see them under fire. To avoid this perfectly understandable unfairness, I have merely described in a rough way the sort of performer it takes to make a perfect pilot. I have built the mold. I'll let you fill it.

Don't make one common error, however. You can't judge of a pilot's flying ability by one spectacular flight. One of the best known flyers in this country can't safely fly alone. It is fairly safe to say that no pilot can hope to occupy a high position on the exclusive list of really skilled flying men who has not had a varied flying experience of four to five thousand hours as a minimum. Most of the prominent flyers had less than a thousand hours when they first came to public notice. Some of them have since become great pilots, but, make no mistake, they arrived by filling air space, not news space. It takes long hours in the air, not columns in the public press.

On a certain field the pilots would have pretended surprise had I selected one of their members as the best. Yet one night a difficult mission came up suddenly. It was necessary to use a fast new plane. Several pilots were asked who was ready and willing to go. All expressed a desire to undertake it, but all ended their remarks with this observation: " If you want my opinion, Pilot X is your man. He knows the country better, he has had more night flying, and has had more time in that type of plane." Needless to say, Pilot X was exactly the man I had intended to send all along. As I said before, there is some petty jealousy among pilots, but when put right up against the iron, they grudgingly admit their relative rank. They know who flies most; who knows his equipment best; who is always prepared and willing to take the air.

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to select several men for a long and difficult flight. Many were anxious to go. The choice was not easy. Eventually all were picked save one. For this position two men stood out and seemed evenly matched. I studied their records carefully. All unknown to them, I watched their flying closely. Finally, one day both were assigned to do acrobatics for an air show. I watched them. Both extended themselves. Just before they landed I overheard two old sergeants soliloquizing. One of them said, " When those two planes come down, the wires of one will be tight and true as ever. You will be able to tie knots in the flying wires of the other. Lieutenant Y flies smoothly, but Lieutenant Z punishes his plane terribly."

That gave me a hunch. When they landed, I inspected their planes. The sergeants had called the turn. One was a natural pilot who flew smoothly through every maneuver. He had what we call the " feel " of his plane. The other was more mechanical. He flew by rote. The eye of an observer could not tell the difference as they spun and rolled high in the air. But the airplanes told the tale.

Are you beginning to get a picture of this man we call the greatest flyer of them all? Originally he must have been endowed by nature with a sound body, an alert mind. He must have acquired early those habits of industry and thoroughness which caused him to work harder so that he knows his plane and engine better than his fellows. He has flown more hours in more types than his fellow pilots, he has had more experiences and learned more from them, and, to climax it all, he has by birth and air breeding come somehow to possess that greatest gift of all—flying judgment. He rides, therefore, at the pinnacle of a new profession. He is the king of the flying men.

His name is —— ——

I've drawn the picture—you give it a name.

THE END

Her IDENTIFICATION

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 19 sec.)

By

P. E. VAUGHN

a commercial artist and draftsman who works in Chicago and plays at his summer home near Coloma, Michigan. Just now he is in Michigan, spending most of his time outdoors with an ax or spade.

THE officer who rode beside her was hard-boiled, but he felt sorry for her. She was such a little mouse of a thing. Kind of tough—to be brought out to identify her husband's murderer, and him only three days buried. She looked old, thought Shannon; she looked sixty. He had known Milgrim, and he had never thought of him as being that old. Still, Milgrim was one of those big beefy chaps that don't show their age.

Too bad to lose him. He'd been an open-handed, generous guy. There was the Milgrim Free Gymnasium, the bronze memorial to the boys left behind in France, the water-works park. Always speaking at banquets, heading some committee. Mil's influence and money went on the right side of the fence in politics, too. These stick-up guys were getting too handy with their rods. Time to show 'em something.

Shannon spoke comfortingly to the shrinking little figure beside him. "It won't take but a minute. All you got to say is this the bird that did the job. You gotta good look at him, didn't you?"

"Yes," faintly.

"That's fine. It was a lucky break when we picked this guy up and he had that little gold powder dingus you had in your bag still on him. He says he bought it in a pawnshop for his girl." Shannon chuckled. "That'd go better if he had black hair. The guy that did the— The man that robbed you had red hair, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said again. "Yes, I saw it—beneath his cap."

"Well," said Shannon, with a grunt of satisfaction, "this bird's our meat."

After a while she said, timidly: "Red hair is—pretty common."

"Oh, kind of. Anyway, you got a good look at him, with that light outside your garage the way it was."

She looked out of the window. It was kind of Dr. Morton to have said she wasn't well enough to attend Hale's funeral. She'd thought, sometimes, that Dr. Morton guessed—or knew.

SHE was free at last. Fifty-six years old—and free! There was something wrong with the words, with their connotation.

She would have money, although not as much as people thought. Hale had spent his money where it would sound the loudest; but he had liked that sound so well that he often spent more than he could afford.

Then there'd been that last affair of his—with black-haired Anna. It had cost him a good deal. Anna had been bolder than the others. Harder to handle. . . .

Well, even at fifty-six she could do some of the things she had always wanted to do. She could have a dog, and no one could say she shouldn't buy meat for it. It could sleep on a cushion beside her bed. It would not be kicked out into the night. Like the puppy she had brought in, that time, shivering. . . .

No one had ever known how helpless she'd been before Hale Milgrim's unleashed temper, his tyranny, once his brief, lusty passion for her had died. If she had been of sturdier courage, strong enough to hit back, he might have liked her better. She knew that it was partly her cowering timidity that roused the devil in him. She could not help the way she was made.

If she had left him when she was young— But she hadn't wanted to, then. She'd cared for him; she'd hoped that time would change him. Then, when they were both older and she had grounds for divorce, he was too important and powerful a man. And he had destroyed her courage.

There was some element of cruelty in his nature that made him want to hold on to her. Something that he had to keep within bounds all day as, smiling and affable, he greeted his friends and the public. Some need for violence that his treatment of her assuaged, relieving him. Vaguely she realized this. But not forgivingly.

Would he have been different if she had borne him children? She'd wanted them, at first; and then she was glad that none ever came, because they might have been like him. Afterward, she would not have kept another woman's child in that house, even if he had been willing.

She saw a group of youngsters in the street, and a desire, long stifled in her, stirred. She could adopt a child now. Two, perhaps; then they would not be lonesome in that big house.

Laughter in that still house. Noise. Little arms around her neck. And the man—the man they wanted her to send to the electric chair—had done this for her. She put her hand to her throat.

THE little old girl was taking it hard, thought Shannon, pityingly. Aloud he said: "Here we are."

The captain at the detective headquarters was speaking; his words rang monotonously in her ears. . . . She'd try to get a little sister and brother. A little boy with red hair—she liked red hair.

"—and the light was on outside your garage and you could see the man clearly?" He was asking her a question.

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Is this the man?"

She looked at the fellow standing there, a detective on each side of him. His face was expressionless, his eyes dangerous. He knew, of course, that she recognized him. She had seen him, more than once, in Anna's kitchen.

She studied the man carefully and gave a little regretful sigh. "No. I'm sorry. This isn't the man."

"What?" exclaimed the captain. This conviction would have been a feather in his cap, and he was very sure.

Mrs. Milgrim shook her head. "I saw him distinctly, and he had a little purple birthmark on his right cheek."

Amazed incredulity, like a streak of light, flashed in the man's eyes before they went expressionless again.

"Birthmark!" exploded the captain. "Well, this is a nice time to be—"

She was little and old and frail. He stopped; and growled to his men: "Take him away." . . . "Well, Mrs. Milgrim, we'll just have to try again," he said.

She smiled gently. She was wondering how long it would take them to find a red-haired man with such a birthmark.

THE END

Lon

A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

Laugh, clown, laugh—the Chaney formula. It was real to Lon and he made it real to the world.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE hard knocks Lon Chaney took in his early days as a hoofer and general handy man about the theater; his wife, Cleva Creighton, and their turbulent life together, finally ending in divorce; and his try at the movies as an extra were described in this series last week.

PART THREE—THE CHANEY FORMULA

WHEN I first met Lon Chaney at Universal about the time he did Hell Morgan's Girl, which gave him his first screen recognition, he had a dynamic flair of some kind. Difficult to define. Like a prize fighter the day before a big bout or a football player before the big game.

Perfect condition, tons of pent-up energy, taut as a wire. All his movements were quick, as though he had no time to waste. Nervous, high-strung, slightly grim. Very attractive.

There was a beautiful widow who—but that is another story, because I don't think Lon ever suspected why she hung around the set all the time and went out on long, dirty locations. His mind was on his work.

Fortunately, sex appeal hadn't been discovered as a screen commodity or the history of Chaney might have been different. No, I don't think so. He would have starved first.

Lon Chaney got his first chance, not by any cometlike fluke, by any sweep of personality, by any one part, but by making himself generally useful.

When he was an extra on westerns, he was always around making himself useful. He slipped the director gags. He did odd jobs and chores in general. If anything came up that nobody else wanted to do, Chaney was your man.

When he was working in the studio, he helped shift scenery, he aided with the props, he carted lights for electricians. Opportunity had no chance to sneak by him in any guise.

He was out for a permanent job and he didn't care what it was so long as it paid a living wage.

The boy spurred him on.

ON Sundays he rode clear across Los Angeles—and the Chamber of Commerce will tell you that is some ride—to see little Creighton. The boy was still a solemn youngster. He wasn't happy. Torn up by even such shallow roots as life had permitted him, he hated the separation from his father.

Lon saw it and said nothing, but it hurt. The kid had a right to a home, a father—and a mother.

The best friend of Lon's beginnings was Tod Browning, who in the big years directed most of Lon's great pictures. Tod did underworld stuff and he found something in that hard, intense young face, already marked with lines, that fitted into his stories. Tod used him in so many pictures, for small parts, that Papa Laemmle, the grand old man of Universal, finally complained.

"That face looks like it's a trade-mark in your pictures, Tod," he said.

Not a bad trade-mark, as it turned out.

As usual, Lon doubled in brass. He talked himself, by sheer dogged persistence and nagging, into a chance to direct J. Warren Kerrigan in seven westerns. In these he played parts, cast the stories, helped write them, was location man and transportation manager, general stage hand, and everything but the horses. Carl Laemmle must have saved a lot of salaries on Lon in those days. He paid for it later through the nose.

A woman saved Lon's job for him the first time.

A very fine scenario writer named Ida May Parks was given a chance to direct at Universal. There have been few women motion-picture directors. Lois Weber, Ida May Parks, Jane Murfin, June Mathis, Frances Marion, and Dorothy Arzner all tried it. They knew pictures, stories, values as well as any man. But there seems to be a nervous or nerve-racking quality to direction which the feminine physique cannot stand. Dorothy Arzner, however, is still successful at it.

The enormous bulk of harrowing details and physical

Chaney

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Chaney in The Miracle Man, the play which enabled him to "sell" his Great Idea to the producers.

difficulties, the big and little responsibilities, the constant demands and friction, weigh too heavily and women directors always seek someone upon whom they can lean.

In her first picture Ida May Parks had Lon Chaney in a small part. From then on he was indispensable. Whenever she was in a jam, Lon Chaney knew what to do about it. His knowledge of the theater was always at her disposal. Things that had to be done Lon did with dispatch.

By that time he was getting seventy-five dollars a week. That, Mr. Laemmle considered, was a lot too much for any ordinary actor. When he decided to fire him, Ida May Parks screamed loudly and Lon stayed.

Just when Lon got his Great Idea, I am not sure. Sometime during that long uphill pull at Universal.

It *was* a great idea, it was deliberate, and it was wholly his own. Gradually, as he watched, studied, worked, it sneaked up on him. A compound of his early years, of an inner sympathy that may have been prenatal.

Make-up had always fascinated him.

Deformity had for him some morbid appeal, which was at once sympathetic and curious. The vessels marred by the potter in the making aroused in him a deep interest and a real pity. Those who entered the battle of life already handicapped were always objects of his keen study.

From a crippled beggar who had his stand in front of a saloon in Chicago where Lon used to go for beer and free lunch he got a lasting impression that served as the basis for the Frog in The Miracle Man.

After one or two small parts in strange guise, Chaney began to experiment, as quietly as an inventor working in a laboratory. A nebulous idea was taking shape in his mind.

THERE were great stories—or one great story which could be clothed in many garments—around those queer mistakes of nature.

Trying to explain to me once how the idea was born, Chaney paraphrased the great Shakespearean speech of Shylock.

"I felt this way about them," said Chaney. "As Shakespeare said—I know my Shakespeare, like every good stage hand—well, Shakespeare said something that I didn't forget, though he was talking about something a little different: 'Have they not eyes? Hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Are they not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as an ordinary man? If you prick them do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh? If you poison them, do they not die?'"

So Chaney saw them. And he saw, too, that traged and comedy and drama were utterly inseparable fro such men, since nature had created them outside the normal, outside the ordinary round, in their physical aspect.

The poor clown, laughing behind his funny face, might often have a bleeding heart.

The man who seemed a monster might be pure gold within.

One of the oldest formulas in the world. Every great motion-picture star has had a formula. There are dozens. The Cinderella formula of Mary Pickford. The ugly-duckling formula. The good bad man—that made Bill Hart. The good bad woman. The Robin Hood formula of Fairbanks. The guy in wrong of Harold Lloyd. The Great Lover formula of Valentino.

Laugh, clown, laugh. The Chaney formula. It was real to Lon and he made it real to the world.

Tod Browning told me that in story conferences, when they were making great pictures, Lon always had one comment to make. "Don't you think he might get the girl in the end?" he would say wistfully. He never did get the girl—not once. It wasn't in the formula.

I remember one day around 1916 when he hailed me as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LON CHANEY
Continued from page twenty-nine

I crossed the little street along which the dressing rooms of Universal City are built, on my way to do an interview with Priscilla Dean.

"Want to show you something," he said.

In his small dressing room he had a little black make-up box. Nothing to compare with the one which is being presented to the Los Angeles Museum by Mrs. Lon Chaney. But it was a lot more elaborate than those I usually saw. Most screen folks in those days were content with two sticks of grease paint, some black cosmetic, and a lip stick. The art of screen make-up was also in its infancy.

With all the seriousness of the discoverer of King Tut's tomb, he displayed some gobs of putty, several sets of false teeth, and some small celluloid tubes. His hands trembled with excitement.

Eagerly he demonstrated how the teeth fitted into his mouth, how the putty could be put on under grease paint to change the entire face, how the little tubes could be inserted in his nostrils and under his lips. A fanatical light burned in his black eyes. I realized that I was looking at a man with an Idea. You can always tell. It happens so seldom.

At home at night he used to sit until two and three o'clock putting on one make-up after another.

For he had a home by that time.

Strange coincidence that Chaney met both the women he married in the same way.

He was putting on a chorus number of a show at the Lyceum in Los Angeles. One of the girls was taken ill on the afternoon of the opening; a hurry call went out. Lon waited alone on the darkened stage.

A girl came in timidly. A very little girl, with smooth, oval, Italian ace.

Lon taught her the steps. Her tiny feet—she wore a twelve-and-a-half shoe—twinkled through them, and in an hour she had the routine.

During the run of the show they met occasionally. Later, in San Francisco, Hazel Hastings was in a show with Lon and Cleva. She was also in the chorus of the last Kolb and Dill comedy, the one Lon abandoned to go into pictures.

THEN he didn't see her for some time. She went back to her home in San Francisco. He stayed in Hollywood. But during 1914 and 1915 she came back to sing at Jahnke's Tavern, on Spring Street, only a block from the old Brink's Café. A sweet, gentle little thing, with a small, sweet voice and tiny hands that fluttered like butterflies. Great soft dark eyes. The face of an early Italian Madonna.

Lon began to see something of her, to take her out to dinner.

When they first met, both were married. Now both were divorced.

He had been through one kind of hell.

She had been through another.

I have always wondered if she first stirred Lon to some amazing pity when he found that she was married to a man who had no legs.

II

LON CHANEY first asked Hazel Hastings to marry him in the summer of 1915.

But it wasn't until November 26 of that year that a minister in Santa Ana—the Greenwich of California—made them one.

Those months held the secret of much of his "mysterious" later life.

The woman who ruled Lon's existence for fifteen years surrendered only at discretion. She didn't want to marry an actor.

Before she would say yes, Lon entered into an agreement that, in so far as his personal life was concerned, he wouldn't be an actor.

For fifteen years Hazel Chaney was to live in Hollywood, many of those years as the wife of the most consistently popular of all male stars. Yet no one knew her. Outside the little social circle which she formed around herself there were not ten people in Hollywood who had ever spoken to her. None of the officials of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio knew her even by sight. She had been on the lot where Lon worked as a star only twice.

Yet she was in all things the power behind the throne, the final court of appeal, the last word in every decision.

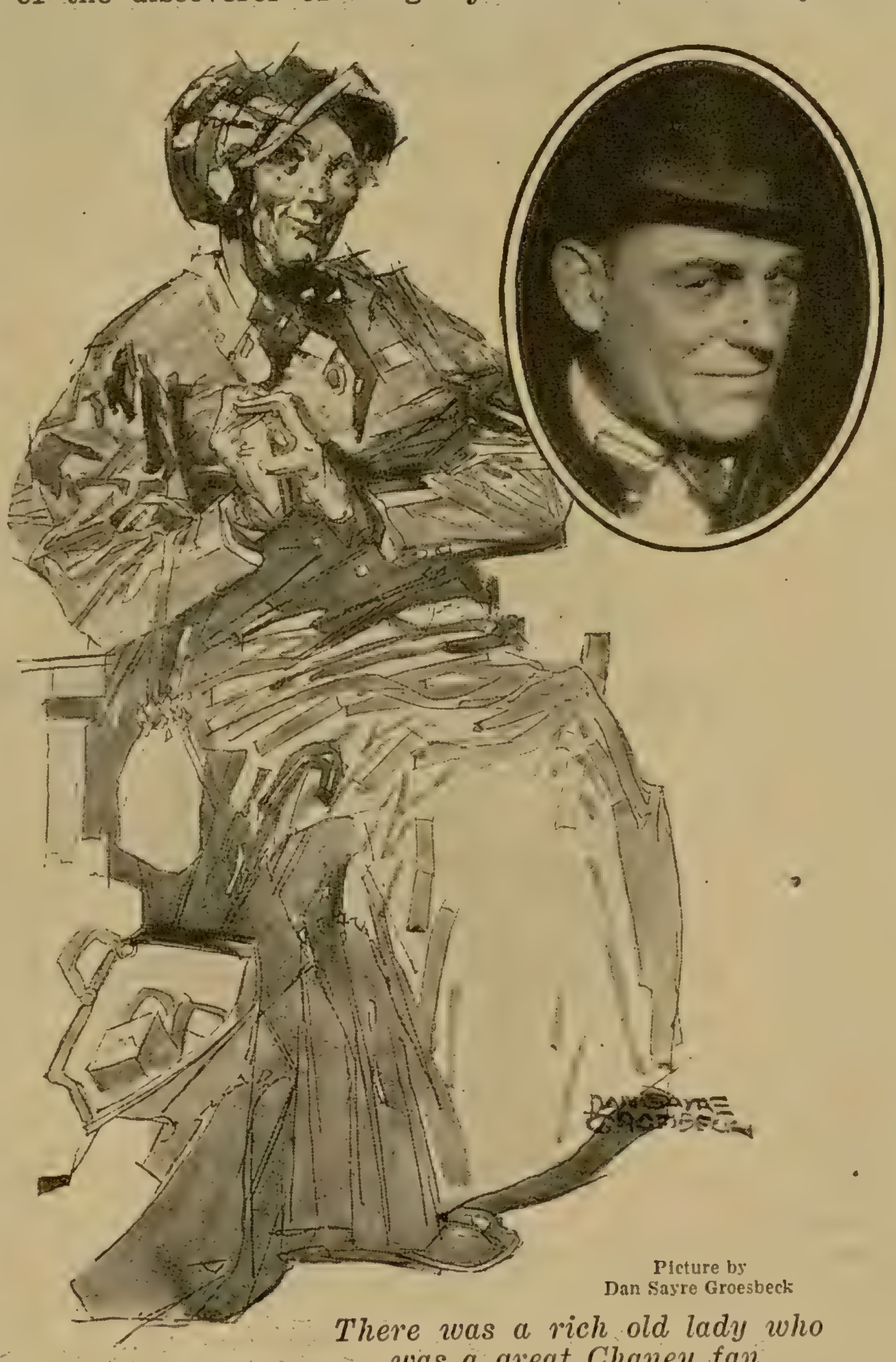
The enormous fortune which on Lon's death went to her without strings of any kind, to do with exactly as she pleased during her lifetime and at her death, was as much hers as his. Her shrewd business judgment, her careful handling of expenses, had doubled, tripled his earnings.

She spent ninety thousand dollars on doctors, radium treatment, possible cures for him during his last illness. Yet for fifteen years Lon had only a small weekly allowance for his own use. The rest went to Mrs. Chaney, who controlled every dollar and every business move that was made.

First mortgages were her favorite form of investment. Real estate, even in southern California, she didn't believe in, with the exception of quick turnovers on houses which she designed and built herself.

One of these, in Beverly Hills, she sold at an enormous profit completely furnished to a rich old lady who was a great Chaney fan and desired to sit in the very chair which the famous star was wont to use. But when the craze for Hollywood and Beverly Hills real estate struck the picture industry and Tod Browning suggested that he and Lon make some buys together, Mrs. Chaney quietly vetoed the idea. She was right. For most of his friends bought at the peak and have carried a load of soil around ever since.

Of all the people I have met in Hollywood, no more amazing figure has dawned upon my startled eyes than



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

There was a rich old lady who was a great Chaney fan.

that of Hazel Hastings Chaney. "My beloved wife," as Lon always called her.

Unknown, unphotographed, getting no glory and no pleasure from the fact that her husband's name was familiar to every nation in the world, this little Italian woman dictated, inspired, protected with an almost uncanny intuition and mental vision the steps that the great Lon Chaney took up the steep pinnacle to success, and regulated his conduct when he reached it.

As you study her, she seems to belong to another age—an old-fashioned age when women accomplished through their men and were content with the power and the profits, without demanding the credit as well.

Quietly, competently, on November 26, 1915, Hazel Bennett Hastings took over the chaos of Lon's personal life, the management of his son, his finances, and his home.

Their prenuptial bargain was based upon their own experiences. They were mature people. Lon was thirty-two and Hazel Hastings was twenty-eight when they married.

Both were deeply scarred by unhappy first marriages. Neither wanted to make another mistake. Their aims and desires were the same—peace, security, confidence, the commonplace.

LON insisted first of all that she give up for all time any notion of a career for herself. He had been burned once at that fire. The new Mrs. Chaney was pretty as a picture, she had a sweet little voice, and danced like a fairy. But Lon insisted that they should bind themselves to a policy whereby, no matter what happened, no matter if they starved, she should never again appear before the public in any capacity.

The woman agreed without argument. Naturally domestic, she had always hated the stage. She had no ambition. Work had been for her an economic necessity. Ten years in show business had convinced her of the perils when two people attempted separate successes. The dangers of separation, of a wife with a divided heart and a divided duty—such was not her ideal of the married state. Her Italian blood, which dominated her in both appearance and temperament, gave her an old-world conception of the rightful place of woman.

But on her side she made certain demands.

Always she had sworn she would never marry an actor. She definitely disliked and distrusted them.

It was her set conviction, almost an obsession, that no actor could make a good husband. The irregular hours, the lack of home life, the continual demands of the public if one was successful, the outside pressure of many people who cluster about the actor for reflected glory, the temptations brought by flattering women, the over-development of ego which results from all that—these spelled to her certain disaster.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The coolest and Fascist shave by the 2 INGRAM barbers

[JERRY JAR AND TERRY TUBE]

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
HAVING
CREA
INGRAM
Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York

ANYONE who goes in for direct action in shaving can't avoid coming straight to the 2 Ingram barbers!

Il Duce himself couldn't deny that Ingram's is hot stuff—for it gives you the coolest and Fascist shave you ever had. Il Duce! Il Certainly Duce!—which, freely translated, means, it does!

It's cool, It's Cool, It's COOL

We reiterate, Ingram's Shaving Cream is cool, COOL, *COOL!* The sooner you take *that* fact to heart and *this* cream to your chin, the sooner you'll know what shaving comfort really is!

You'll get a chill from your first shave by the 2 Ingram barbers—(Terry Tube or Jerry Jar)—for both boys carry the same fine cream, and give you the same fine shave!

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Here are the facts—the cold, chilly truth!

Ingram's is the coolest shaving cream ever devised by the hand of man. It's cool because we set out to make it cool. You'll recognize its difference as soon as the first dab of lather nestles on your cheek.

You need no lotion with either kind of Ingram's. It's shaving cream, lotion and face tonic combined—the three-in-one benediction to the faces of men.

We know Ingram's is good—good. To show you how good we think it is we're offering you 10 cool shaves—FREE. We lose if you don't like them (small chance, that) but we make a dime a year if you do.

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110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try 10 cool Ingram shaves

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*Street*__________

*City*__________*State*_____

LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-one

Her years as a chorus girl had soured her forever upon all that had to do with the theater.

None of that should enter her life if she could help it.

She loved Lon. But she was wise beyond her years. That first nightmare marriage to a man without legs she had borne with dignity, with kindliness, as long as her body and spirit could endure. This time she meant to do everything possible to insure peace and sanity before they started.

To marry Lon she had to abandon the church under whose laws she had been born, whose dictates had been taught her through many years of convent education, and she was willing to take that chance only if Lon agreed to her way of living.

Years later the omnipotent Irving Thalberg, who rules Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with a mere word, was to be defeated for the only time in his life by a woman he had never seen.

Lon Chaney refused, on any pretext, plea, or condition, to work after five o'clock.

At the very stroke of the hour appeared one John Jeske, chauffeur extraordinary and prime minister for the unseen Mrs. Chaney. At one minute after five Lon walked off the set. It didn't matter if he was in the middle of an important scene. It didn't matter that if they finished that scene an expensive set might be struck. It didn't matter if in another five minutes they might finish with two thousand extra people.

Lon Chaney in The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Lon Chaney quit at five o'clock. No other star in the business ever attempted such a thing.

Thalberg, who is under thirty, a slim, vital, nervous young genius in the forefront of the producers, sent for Chaney. They faced each other across Thalberg's desk. And Thalberg, who liked Lon, explained what a lot of money he was costing the company.

He put it well. Lon couldn't regard working time as it was regarded in other businesses. The motion picture could not possibly be confined within the routine of strictly business procedure. If Lon was called upon to work overtime one day, there were many days for which he was liberally paid when he didn't work at all. It was only fair that he should be reasonable with the firm which paid him five thousand dollars a week.

LON, standing at ease, his cap in his hand, his black eyes smiling faintly, shook his head.

"Can't be done," he said briefly. "I'm sorry, but I have a date with my wife at six o'clock. I promised to be home every night at six, because we have dinner at six thirty, and my wife likes me to have time to relax and get comfortable."

The great executive looked at him in amazement. Married himself to Norma Shearer, who worked on the same lot and understood the exigencies of this mad business, he couldn't figure Lon Chaney. Night after night he himself didn't leave the studio until eight, nine, ten o'clock.

"But, Lon," he said, "today you have two thousand extra people on your set. They get from five to ten dollars a day. If you work fifteen minutes more—one more shot—we can let them go. Otherwise, we'll have to [illegible] them in the morning [illegible] pay them for a whole day. [illegible]sand dollars."

Chaney's face grew stubborn. He was, as a matter of fact, as stubborn as a mule.

"Well," he said, "what's fifteen thousand dollars to this company? Five or ten dollars a day means a lot to those guys working out there. It means bread and butter for them and their kids. They need it and this company doesn't. I'm glad I'm in a spot where I can make you give them an extra day's pay. Anyway, I told my wife I'd stop at five o'clock. I've never been one minute late on the set since I've worked for you. I'm always on the set on time. Even if I have to get here at six o'clock to get on my make-up. I'm never late. Any director will tell you that. I'm a workingman. I start on time and I quit on time. Five o'clock's quitting time for me."

HE went on quitting at five o'clock. He was home at six. At six thirty Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney sat down to dinner, a dinner cooked often by her own hands even when Lon was up in the biggest kind of money.

When they were married Lon was getting forty-five dollars a week at Universal.

"It's not much," he said rather wistfully.

"It's enough," said the new Mrs. Chaney.

She made it enough.

There was never a week from the time he married her that, if he had a pay check, they didn't save something out of it.

When you find a small, soft woman with power, look out for her.

On the day of their wedding in the Santa Ana courthouse, Mrs. Lon Chaney weighed considerably less than a hundred pounds and was four feet nine and a half inches tall. Her eyes were large and dark. Her hands were exquisite—still are. Perhaps the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. Men always turned around to stare at her unbelievably tiny feet.

But every inch of her was pure steel.

They took a small flat on Edgemont Street just south of Hollywood Boulevard, facing the Mount of Olives, the famous estate of Aline Barnsdale. The rent, furnished, was thirty dollars a month. Near by was a good public school.

Creighton Chaney came home from his boarding place. The Chaney household began to run on well oiled, methodical wheels.

Creighton, clean, brushed, properly clothed, went to school on time. He came home at noon for a hot lunch. At six thirty the three of them sat down to dinner, an abundant meal prepared with all the art and economy of the Italian, who knows so well how to make a little go a long way.

On forty-five dollars a week, Hazel Chaney ran a perfect home and saved money. She sewed, she washed, she cooked, she kept the little flat spotless.

But she announced quite definitely that she didn't intend to do it always.

She hated to sew and wash and clean, though she loved to cook. The woman in her wanted pretty things, a nicer home, comfort, a bank account. Not the extravagant waste of the average American home, but good living, easy surroundings, freedom of mind. There was, she said, no reason why she shouldn't have them. It was Lon's business to give them to her. She expected him to succeed.

While they were climbing she was perfectly willing to do her share, to conserve what they had. But they must aim at financial independence. He must make sufficient income so that they could, in time, live on their savings if necessary. Middle age, old age, must be reckoned with. They must have something with which to educate Creighton and—their other children.

But Lon Chaney was never to have an old age or another child, though both of them prayed to whatever gods ruled the little household.

Mrs. Hazel Chaney, the actor's widow.

When Lon had been getting seventy-five a week at Universal for some time, Mrs. Chaney quietly informed him that he was worth more.

"You are to ask for a raise," she said sweetly, one night after she had cooked him a very special spaghetti which he liked.

"Why, I can't do that, honey," he said. "I'm getting a good salary now. We're all right."

"You are worth more," said Mrs. Chaney. "You've worked there like a slave for years. We have saved. You need not fear. It is right to make them pay you what you are worth."

For three days she hammered at him. Lon loathed talking money always. Finally she lost her temper. Probably it was a bluff, that temper, but it was a red-hot Italian bluff, and it did the work.

The fourth day Lon asked for a raise, and Carl Laemmle offered him ninety dollars.

"A hundred and fifty," said Hazel Chaney.

When they refused, with laughter, she told him to quit, and he quit.

"You must not work for anybody now unless they give you one hundred and fifty dollars a week," said Mrs. Chaney. "You are worth it. Now is the important time. You will get it. You are a wonderful actor and you have ideas. Otherwise we may stay just where we are forever."

WEEKS crawled into months. Lon didn't get it. Panic grew in him. The old terrible fear of poverty. He wanted to take extra work, to do anything he'd get paid for. They had a couple of battles that shook the little flat, because Lon had a temper of his own. But the steel in Hazel Chaney held against this emergency. It was as much her fight as his. They could always go back. She meant to gamble for something bigger. It was her only gamble, and it was a big one.

They lived on almost nothing. They denied themselves everything. Lon yielded because always he had a mystic, blind faith in his wife. She could do no wrong.

There was in him an almost pathetic gratitude for those things from which she had rescued him. Here was a woman he could trust—trust entirely. If he went away on location, he didn't have to worry about what *she* was doing. His son was safe in her hands, given all the tender, efficient care of a mother. He came home at night to warmth and comfort and good food.

After a weary wait, Lon Chaney got his hundred and fifty dollars a week from Bill Hart.

"That is the first step," said little Mrs. Chaney.

Every raise, every big salary, every big and bigger contract that Lon Chaney got, his wife made him ask for, forced him to demand. There was a modest streak in Lon, modest in outlook, narrow in scope. He couldn't figure that he was worth all that money. Always he would have taken less.

BUT Mrs. Chaney had no modesty for him. Little as the picture industry knew her, she kept a shrewd eye on the box office and considered it wisdom and economy to hire one of the best lawyers in Los Angeles to protect Lon's interests.

Lon knew very little about the contract for five more years which he signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in January, 1930. The contract he was never to fulfill, a fortune he could never earn. It was arranged entirely by Milton M. Cohen, acting with Mrs. Chaney.

He did a few unimportant pictures after the one with Bill Hart, and then, in 1918, came The Miracle Man.

The Frog—Lon Chaney.

The fake cripple, the fake healing by the Miracle Man. The wonderful scenes between the crook and the old saint, the death scene itself. They made screen history.

They made Lon Chaney.

It was a great performance; it was the proof of Lon's Great Idea, and it established him not only with the public but with the producers of Hollywood. At last he was able to sell them his Great Idea.

When he went back to Universal to play The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Lon Chaney didn't ask for a hundred and fifty dollars a week. He asked for twenty-five hundred. There was uproar. Ridicule and sarcasm. There was denial and days of waiting. But Lon Chaney, like many another man, was more afraid to come home and tell his wife he had failed than he was to stand up to the whole Universal Company.

"It is your great chance," said Hazel Chaney. "No one else can do it. I *know* they'll give it to you."

Creighton Chaney, now a young gentleman who overflows any room with his six feet three and his two hundred and ten pounds and who adores the only mother he has ever known, told me that when "mother" said she *knew* there was no more dispute.

"It's uncanny," he said. "Why, she can read people by just looking at them. I remember one friend I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MORNING MOUTH

Everybody has it

ASTRING-O-SOL

corrects it

ASTRING-O-SOL Mouth Wash is antiseptic, germicidal, and *concentrated.* It penetrates deep into the tissues. Exerts powerful germicidal action. Kills the disease germs embedded there. Does not harm delicate membranes. Produces an astringent action that checks bacterial growth and activity. And leaves an antiseptic after-effect that remains for hours.

Unbiased investigations by foremost bacteriological laboratories prove that Astring-o-sol is the only leading oral antiseptic that does all these vital things. Astring-o-sol also rids you of that unpleasant, waking-up taste instantly. Refreshes, cleanses, protects your mouth and throat. Purifies your breath. Leaves a sparkling after-taste. And costs less to use. Get a bottle today.

A 4-ounce bottle makes 12 full pints of refreshing mouth wash when diluted as you use it twice daily.

ASTRING-O-SOL ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH GERMICIDAL

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Manufacturing Pharmacists
DETROIT, MICH.
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Please send me a trial bottle of Astring-o-sol. I enclose ten cents in stamps to cover postage.

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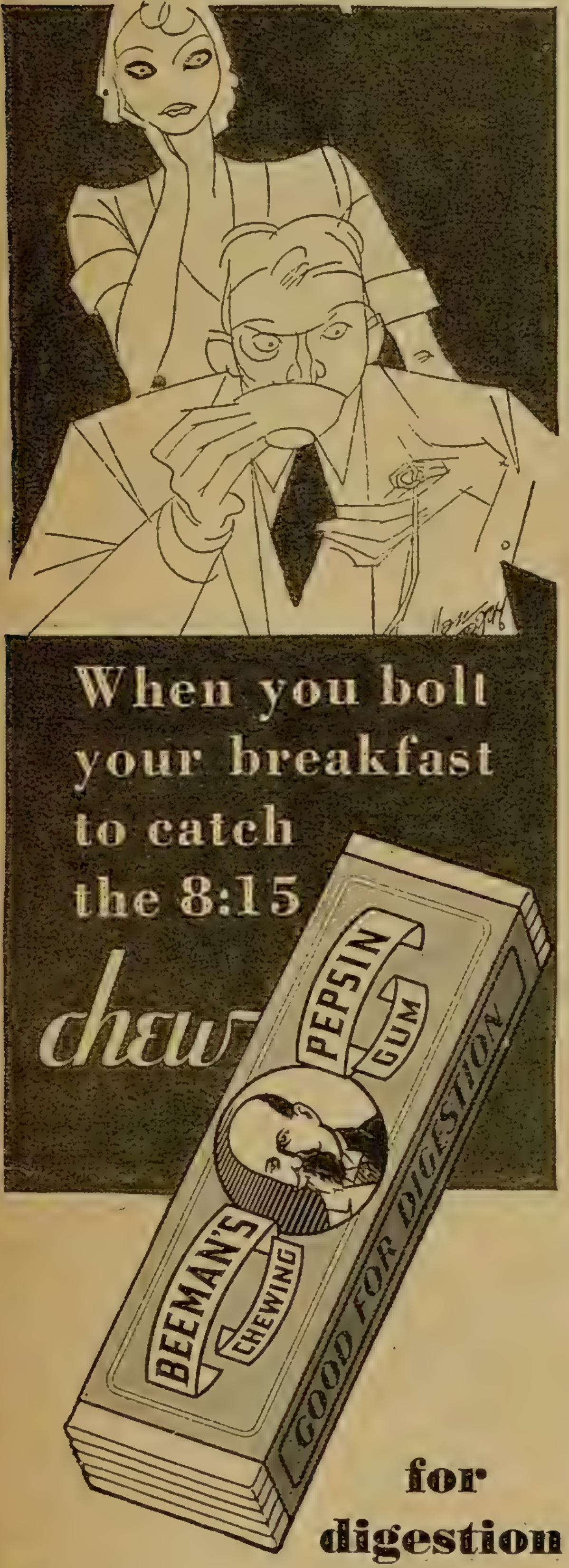
Street__________
City__________State__________ LIB

On the jump?



HURRY here, there, everywhere! That's the way we seem to work and play nowadays. But watch out for your digestion when you eat in a hurry.

Finish off your meal with Beeman's. It's *the pepsin gum* — perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as an easy, pleasant way to aid digestion.

Healthful, smooth and flavorful, Beeman's is praised by millions. Just *see* how good and *good* for you *the pepsin gum* can be. When you stop for cigarettes, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

LON CHANEY

Continued from page thirty-three

had in high school. After meeting him once, she told me he was no good and to stay away from him. Sixteen months later he was in jail. That tickled dad. He laughed like anything and said, 'You can't beat her, son. She's always right.'"

In the matter of the Hunchback she was right.

Lon got his twenty-five hundred. They built a little home, almost next door to their first flat. The bank account grew by leaps and bounds, since they spent little more. The one extravagance was Lon's first car, a big Cadillac roadster—not new, but in good condition. In it he rode triumphantly over the old road to Universal City.

So we come to the man of a thousand faces.

While Hazel Chaney ran his home and his business and guided his decisions, Lon was free to concentrate upon the two things of which he was master—make-up and showmanship.

For his great idea, Lon Chaney suffered tortures unbelievable. The public did not guess—Lon did not wish them to guess—what he suffered in some of his rôles. He had only a passionate determination to convince them of the reality of the character he was playing.

Personal publicity was bad showmanship for Chaney. He had less of it than any other star, by his own request. That mystery was the height of salesmanship for him.

HE ruined his health and crucified his flesh in a sort of morbid obsession. As his fame grew, his desire for weird rôles increased.

When the famous wise crack, repeated with laughter from one end of the country to the other, came out—"Don't step on it, it might be Lon Chaney"—Lon laughed delightedly. Perhaps he knew he was being immortalized in a jest. "You can't fool me, I know you, you're Lon Chaney." Quips like that tickled the little man, who peeped out from behind his thousand faces and studied the great public as it poured wealth and glory in upon him.

They didn't know him. Had never seen him. But, oh, how well he knew them! The dear public, so fickle, so omnipotent! How easily, how swiftly, they tired! How brutally were old favorites dethroned for new faces! They shouldn't grow tired of him! He'd give them new faces—thousands of them.

It would never do for them to know Lon Chaney, an ordinary man without any great flair, without any great personality. For, literally, his personality, his flair, seemed to fade beneath his success. What did he care that when he moved among them in some theater lobby they shoved him aside, just another rather hard-boiled-looking bird in an old cap and dark glasses?

The laugh was his, for they had gathered there to see Lon Chaney.

Keep interviewers away. Keep personal appearances away. Keep away from stories about Lon Chaney. The others could have that food for vanity. Chaney couldn't afford it.

OVER a quart of Scotch on a Sunday morning he would sit and chuckle about it all with his great friend, Fritz Tidden, for years a great newspaper reporter, then a publicity man for Von Stroheim.

At eleven o'clock every Sunday morning he would appear at Fritz' house. The bottle would be set between them. They would empty it and start on another. That was the way Lon liked to talk. Man to man. Then he need not fear to betray himself by the limitations of his education and his knowledge of the world.

His mind would unfold about those subjects of which he knew much: Labor and labor unions. The public and its reactions. Politics. The theater and the screen. Prisons and prison reform. Great men and their deeds. He talked well, in blunt, convincing phrases. Opinionated, rabid on the rights of the workingman, red-hot against injustice in any form. Direct and sound in argument.

Only in matters of art and literature did he betray his lack of culture. His taste in art was unbelievable. He adored old-fashioned pictures in huge gilt frames. Was always discovering them, buying them, and exhibiting them with glee.

When, about two o'clock on Sundays, the rest of Fritz' friends dropped in for the afternoon, Lon Chaney would get up and go home.

The story of Chaney's meeting former President and Mrs. Coolidge, his make-up for the Hunchback—most difficult and painful of all his impersonations—and his battles for those under him will be told in Liberty next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Emerald.
2—One who attacks cherished beliefs as impositions or shams; a radical.
3—A period during which a debtor may legally defer the payment of a debt.
4—In central Asia, mostly in Mongolia.
5—Any broad sheet of water interspersed with many islands or with a group of islands; also such a group of islands.
6—Tegucigalpa.
7—A rhymed verse of four lines.
8—Essay on Criticism by Alexander Pope.
9—The rupee.
10—A mock serenade; a medley of discordant noises.
11—Ninety feet.
12—At Hanover, New Hampshire.
13—Delaware.
14—Republican.
15—Arrows.
16—Zero.
17—A leading ballet dancer.
18—Malachi.
19—One having two chambers or branches.
20—The Netherlands.

WANTED!

YOUR LAST LINES FOR Liberty's Limericks

$500 EACH WEEK IN CASH PRIZES

SCHEDULE OF PRIZES

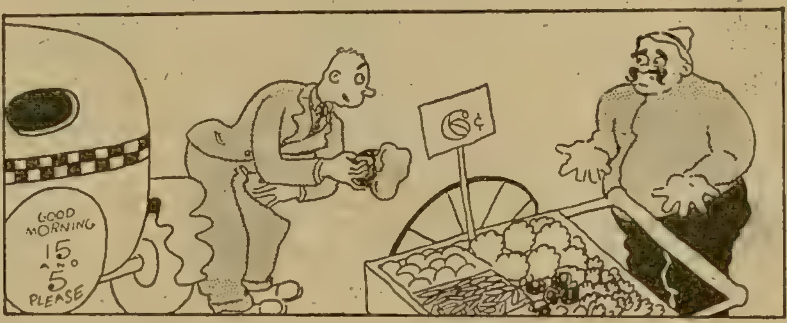
First	$250
Second	$100
Third	$75
Fourth	$50
Fifth	$25

THE Limerick Contest 's beginning! If you can make rhymes here's your inning. If *your* last line is best, Liberty does the rest and you'll soon get a check for your winning! Here we are again. If you won a prize, or prizes, in the previous contests you probably are working already on a last line for the unfinished Limerick on this page. If you have not competed before, don't miss this chance to add to your vacation budget! Send your entry today.

Each week we will print a Limerick with the last line missing. Then it's up to you. Simply supply a last line that rhymes with the first two lines of the Limerick, send it in as outlined in the brief, simple rules and the judges will give it full consideration. Someone must win the $250.00 cash first prize each week.

File your claim to the money. You can't win if you don't enter. Let's go!

Here Is This Week's Limerick



The taxicab chauffeur bowed low
And apologized twice in a row
To the greengrocery vendor
Who dented his fender

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, May 16. The results of this Limerick will be printed in Liberty for June 13.

Why Not Win One of the Big Cash Awards Yourself?

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

It is not necessary to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece paper. Be sure that you name and full address a plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; for third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $2 In case of ties a duplicat award will be paid to each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.

ANAGRAM WINNERS

OLIVE AGNES MITCHELL . . . I'M ON THE LEVEL
Olive A. Mitchell, 1138 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Georgia

FRANKLIN WYNDAL SCHUSTER . . . ALWAYS IN DUTCH
F. W. Schuster, 218 North Twentieth Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas

CHARLES LESLIE KING . . . GEE, HE'S ALL IN!
Charles L. King, 802 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LEWIS NATHAN MCMAHAN . . . WHAT A HAM I AM
Lewis N. McMahan, Box 347, Marietta, Oklahoma

ETHEL FRASER HORSLEY . . . HORSE FEATHERS
Ethel F. Horsley, 4844 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Virginia

MAYBELLE BUTTERFIELD . . . A FLIRTY DUMBBELL
Maybelle Butterfield, 6032 Rita Avenue, Huntington Park, California

JAMES PICKERING WELLS . . . SWELL PICKINGS
James P. Wells, 108 West Mulberry Street, Baltimore, Maryland

SADIE MARCUS . . . CURSES!
L. S. Marcus, 304 La Salle Street, Virginia, Minnesota

CLYDE WASHINGTON EHRHARDT . . . THE GLAD WET DAYS
C. W. Ehrhardt, 819 Fair Street, Middlebourne, West Virginia

ROSCOE FLACK WRIGHT . . . WISE CRACKER
R. F. Wright, 42-A Morton Street, New York, N. Y.

Watch this space next week for more winners in the Anagram Contest!

ANOTHER LIMERICK CONTEST *and* ANOTHER $500 NEXT W

Thrills and Chu

And a Little of Everything Else

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ DIRIGIBLE

CAST

Bradon	Jack Holt
Frisky Pierce	Ralph Graves
Helen	Fay Wray
Rondelle	Hobart Bosworth
Sock McGuire	Roscoe Karns
Hansen	Harold Goodwin
Clarence	Clarence Muse
Admiral Martin	Emmet Corrigan
Commander U. S. S. Lexington	Al Roscoe
Lieutenant Rowland	Selmer Jackson

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Frank Capra.

THERE are enough thrills in Dirigible to satisfy the most adventurous soul. It is a history of a flight to the South Pole somewhat in the fashion of the Byrd expedition. An attempt is made to fly to the pole by a navy dirigible, commanded by Lieutenant Bradon, but the gas bag runs into a terrific storm the second day out and is destroyed. The destruction of the big ship makes a magnificent scene. We ee the tearing of he bag, the twistng and breaking of the girders, and the sinking of the ship into the sea.

The second flight [illegible] made by plane, nd this time the explorers are successful in reaching their destination; but in landing at the pole the plane is wrecked and the little band of four—Frisky Pierce, the pilot; Rondelle, the commander of the expedition; and the two helpers—is stranded 900 miles from its base.

The plight of the men is realistically screened—too much so for me. I thought a little of their torture might have been spared us. But it is all very gripping. The dirigible comes into its own again in the rescue of the survivors of the South Pole party.

The love story is not very original, but it serves to heighten the drama of the expeditions. The direction is mas[illegible] the acting fine, and the photog[illegible]ing to marvel at.

William Boyd, the sergeant, hears about Russell Gleason's scars of battle in Beyond Victory.

★ ★ CRACKED NUTS

CAST

Wendell Graham	Bert Wheeler
Zander U. Parkhurst	Robert Woolsey
Betty Harrington	Dorothy Lee
Aunt Minnie	Edna May Oliver
Carlotta	Leni Stengel
General Bogardus	Stanley Fields
King Oscar	Harvey Clark
Revolutionist	Boris Karloff

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Edward Cline.

Cracked Nuts is a Wheeler and Woolsey special-brand comedy. It is a crazy yarn about a mythical kingdom and a couple of even more mythical kings. The plot consists in one having to get rid of the other and this is made difficult because they are such great pals.

The action is a little slow at times, most of the situations being just a bit too long drawn out to make for snappy comedy. Dorothy Lee is the usual heart interest for Wheeler. She is an attractive youngster, but she hasn't much to do in this picture. Edna May Oliver adds her bit to the comedy situations and lines as the domineering aunt who objects to

A love story, with Jack Holt a drama of Dirigib

her niece's suitor. It is not a musical piece, but Wheeler and Dorothy Lee are permitted to sing a song about dancing that sounds like a hit.

★ ★ BEYOND VICTORY

CAST

Bill Thatcher	William Boyd
Jim	James Gleason
Fred	Fred Scott
Bud	Russell Gleason
Lew MacIntyre	Lew Cody
Fritzie	Zasu Pitts
Bud's Mother	Mary Carr

Produced by Radio.
Directed by John Robertson.

This is the first war picture I've seen in months, with the exception of The Seas Beneath, and it had nothing to do with soldiers, battlegrounds, and trenches.

Beyond Victory carries a message of peace in its unfolding, but it is rather awkwardly set forth. It is neither very moving in its dramatic episodes, nor very funny in its lighter scenes. But it is acted with sincerity and it will hold your interest to the end in spite of its episodic treatment.

Five soldiers are detailed to keep

kles

l Fay Wray as the principals, adds to the a play replete with thrills.

machine gun going while one flank of an American division falls back to connect with and strengthen the main line.

Of the quintet, Fred is sent to a sniper's nest and is the first to be picked off by the enemy. Next Bud, the baby of the outfit, is killed while trying to keep the telephone line intact. Then Lew is hit by a fragment of a shell.

Only Bill Thatcher, the sergeant, and Jim, the cook, are left. The stories of the men before they enlisted are shown in flashbacks. Each is a separate story. The culmination of Bill's romance with a German girl, whom he was to have married before the war, brings the picture to its more or less happy ending.

★ ★ NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN

CAST

Bull Stanley	Victor McLaglen
Lee Carleton	Fay Wray
Ace Beaudry	Lew Cody
Bronco Dawson	Eddie Gribbon
Layne Hunter	Robert Warwick
Nelson	Franklyn Farnum
Bruce	David Worth
Marshall Dunn	James Farley

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

Eddie Gribbon, Lew Cody, and Victor McLaglen are three of the good bad men in Not Exactly Gentlemen.

This is a good old western melodrama erlaid with comedy. There are good men and bad men and some good bad men in it. It is made up of fights, man hunts, hard riding, gambling, a land rush, and all the old stand-by situations of a western thriller. McLaglen, Cody, and Gribbon are the three who are not exactly gentlemen, but turn out to be heroes, as they save the heroine's gold claim from the grasp of the villain. There is a sequence that is like the opening scene of Cimarron. It is a land rush to the Black Hills of Dakota on the opening of the territory by the government to white settlers. Every kind of vehicle known in the seventies is shown making the dash toward the gold-filled hills. Fay Wray isn't given much chance to show her ability as an actress, but she manages to be attractive even in the plain calico dresses of the period. The three rogues play their parts with spirit and a dash of comedy. The picture is well directed.

Bert Wheeler, Dorothy Lee, and Robert Woolsey in a scene from Cracked Nuts.

Do you know that—

Sally Eilers has been named to play the lead in Bad Girl?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Pagliacci, Dishonored, L[illegible] Parade.

To the

By

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 58 seconds.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW come in for so much uncomplimentary humor that I am glad to report a case which does them a measure of justice.

Mrs. F. is a wealthy widow. She has two sons who saw active service in the war. Both returned safely, but rather unsettled in their habits. Army life had "got into them," as the saying goes. To their mother's relief, they soon married nice girls whom she liked. She financed the two young couples, built fine homes for them, set each boy up in a business of his own. Neither prospered. They wasted time, money, opportunity. They *wouldn't* get down to work.

In fact, the F. boys seemed to be no good. They drank and gambled and loafed. Despite his recent marriage, one of them acquired a nasty reputation for woman chasing. Naturally, their business affairs went steadily from bad to worse. For a long time their mother blamed all this on the war. She continued to back them financially and helped them in every way.

But their young wives were at their wits' end. They had small children now, and they saw domestic ruin ahead. Waste and dissipation were wrecking their homes. In desperation they appealed at last to their mutual mother-in-law. "Do something!" they begged her. "Do *anything* that will bring the boys to their senses."

Mrs. F. loved her sons devotedly, but she was a strong, just woman. She decided to act drastically. So she withdrew all her financial support, allowed them both to go bankrupt, and sold their homes over their heads. She told them to shift for themselves—and made them do it.

The result? Well, one of the F. boys has gone completely to the dogs, become a drunkard, a bum, disappeared. The other sobered up, got a job, and is now prospering. And their mother has succeeded in accomplishing what few mothers ever do—she has cut her losses. She has come out better than fifty-fifty; has lost a bad son to gain a good one, has earned the lifelong love and respect of his young wife. And the other daughter-in-law is divorced and happily remarried.

I can imagine the maternal pangs it cost Mrs. F. to perform this family operation. I think her case should boost the mother-in-law stock considerably.

RE-FORESTATION is a great big word. It doesn't convey much to most of us. Yet there's a real thrill behind it, especially for women, in whom a love of trees is one of the oldest instincts. Trees were the earliest home of man- and womankind. Trees gave shelter and food in the darkest ages. Where trees are, water is. [illegible] water means life. Women and homes and family life [illegible] profoundly with the g[illegible]h of trees.

So, you see, it is fitting and proper that the Girl Scouts of this country should pledge themselves to tree conservation, as they have done. By 1932 it is hoped that ten million new trees will be planted. Girl Scouts have made tree planting a feature of their organized work.

Some of you may say, "But we have plenty of trees already." True, for the time being; but so, once, were there plenty of trees in what is now the Sahara Desert. Trees die out when they are not cared for. A very slow process of desiccation—drying up of forest lands—is now going on in many parts of the world. Some day I'll tell you about the great dead city of Khara-Khoto. They say its ruined palaces and marvelous libraries hold the key to a forgotten civilization. Lost Khara-Khoto lies buried in the Mongolian sand of what is now a treeless, waterless waste.

SIAM is one of those spicy Kipling places where "the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay." Across the sea to these United States there came last month King Prajadhipok of Siam and Queen Rambai, his consort. Not a bit thunderous was the coming of this Oriental monarch, although his rulership has been conspicuously identified with the dawn of western civilization over the far lands of the east.

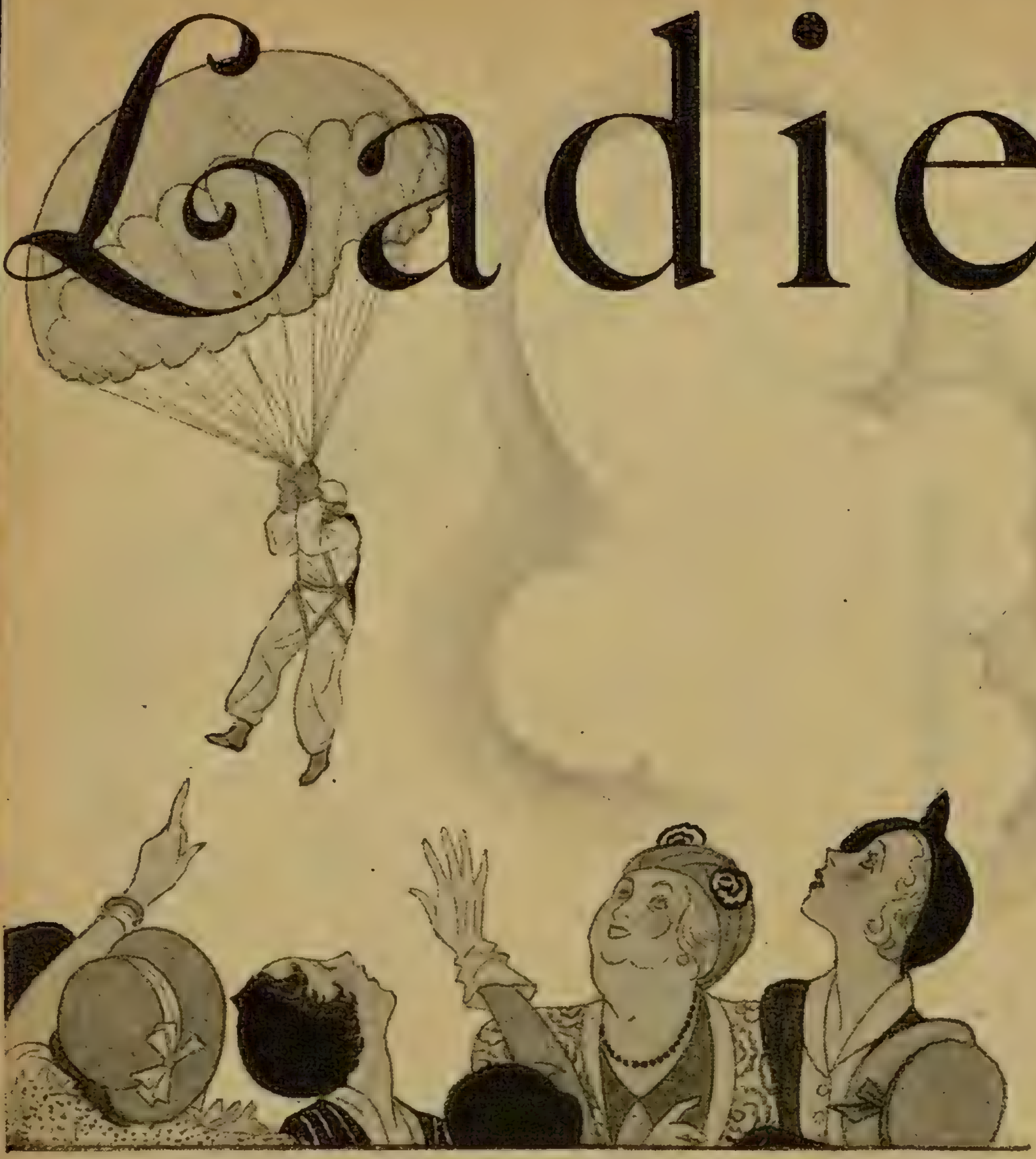
Slim, doll-like, modest, yet determinedly efficient, the King and Queen of Siam make an attractive couple. What interests me more than anything else about them is the nature of their life at home in Siam. I have learned that the king has taken up a pet subject of mine. That is, united family effort.

Parental polygamy (an old Siamese custom) has given King Prajadhipok many brothers, uncles, half brothers. Literally dozens of them. And they all hold positions in his government.

Not sinecures, not loafing jobs—real working jobs with plenty of good hard work to do. As a matter of fact, practically every executive post in the kingdom is administered by a close relative of the king.

So here, at least, is one royal family which has rolled up its sleeves and gone into the government business in a businesslike way.

Ladies!



Picture by JANICE WATHEN

AN American woman of my acquaintance has been living abroad for some months. Her children have entered a European school. I had a letter from her recently. She wrote:

"Now I understand what you meant when you told me you thought that many American parents allow their children to be too self-centered, and that this may perhaps account for a great deal of the conversational awkwardness among grown-up Americans. In school here my children are learning to converse freely and interestingly without babbling exclusively about themselves and their own affairs."

An unnaturally prim child who puts on "party manners" is a nuisance anywhere in the world. But don't you agree with me when I contend that it is a good thing to teach our children—even quite young children—that the way to make conversation pleasant is to find out what the other person, too, can talk about and would like to talk about?

In France the art of graceful conversation is cultivated with care. Some years ago I heard a French governess give her seven-year-old charge a casual lesson in this art. The child's grandmother was expected, and the governess was asking the little girl what she was going to tell grandmama.

"Well," said Miss Seven-year-old, "I'll tell her about the circus we went to; and I'll tell her about the new dress I'm going to have; and about my best doll getting broke; and—and—oh, yes, I'll tell her about the Joan of Arc story I'm reading in school."

"That will be fine," said the wise governess. "I am sure grandmama will be pleased to hear all your news. But don't you think you had better tell her about the Joan of Arc story first of all? Last year, you know, grandmama went to the big celebration in honor of Joan of Arc. Perhaps she would like to tell you about that."

Most of the events of all our lives, important and unimportant, are directly affected by conversation. Talk is our greatest medium of communication with our fellow creatures. Surely the art of conversation is an art worth learning. And the younger we start, the better, I believe.

SALAD novelties are now in demand, for spring and summer are the seasons when meat is least attractive. I have been asked to give some salad recipes, and I think the following ideas may be of use. With hot biscuits they make good luncheon dishes.

First, of course, comes my own private salad:

Take two cups of lima beans (the canned ones are excellent), drain them well, and mix with one cup of fresh pineapple, diced. Make a dressing of one small level teaspoon salt, the same of granulated sugar, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, a good dash of pepper, and a scant half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Rub till smooth. Add 1½ tablespoons cider vinegar and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Pour over the beans and pineapple and put in the refrigerator for an hour. Just before serving, mix in one finely sliced fresh green pepper.

Here's a greener salad: Provide three or four leaves of romaine lettuce for each person. On them pile a portion of the following mixture:

Separate and break into inch lengths the leaves of a half pound of Belgian chicory; slice four beets into thin slices; add one cup diced apples (preferably tart) and one level tablespoon finely minced onion. Mix these ingredients well just before serving. Serve with same dressing as for salad described above. Add a tablespoon of sour cream if you care for it, but put in only one tablespoon vinegar if cream is used.

WANDERLUST gets most of us in the spring. Wanderlust hit me hard this year when I heard about the four-day cruises which some of the biggest transatlantic liners are making out of New York. For as little as fifty dollars you can voyage four days upon southern waters, enjoy a subtropical swim and a meal in Nassau (six hours there), and return sun-baked and rested to your northern home.

Only very skillful organization on the part of the steamship company makes such trips possible. Usually the big oceanic liners spend four or five days in port here. This time must be cut to almost no time at all for the ship making the Nassau cruise. What a picnic for the poor stewards!

AN enormous amount of ingenuity goes into the creation of new patterns for the printed dress materials we women wear. A brand-new source of inspiration for such designs has been discovered by Mme. Albin Guillot of Paris. Working in collaboration with a French scientist, Mme. Guillot has learned how to copy the wonderful unknown beauties of minute nature which the microscope alone reveals.

The invisible world of the atom is said to contain marvelous harmonies of color and pattern, all entirely novel.

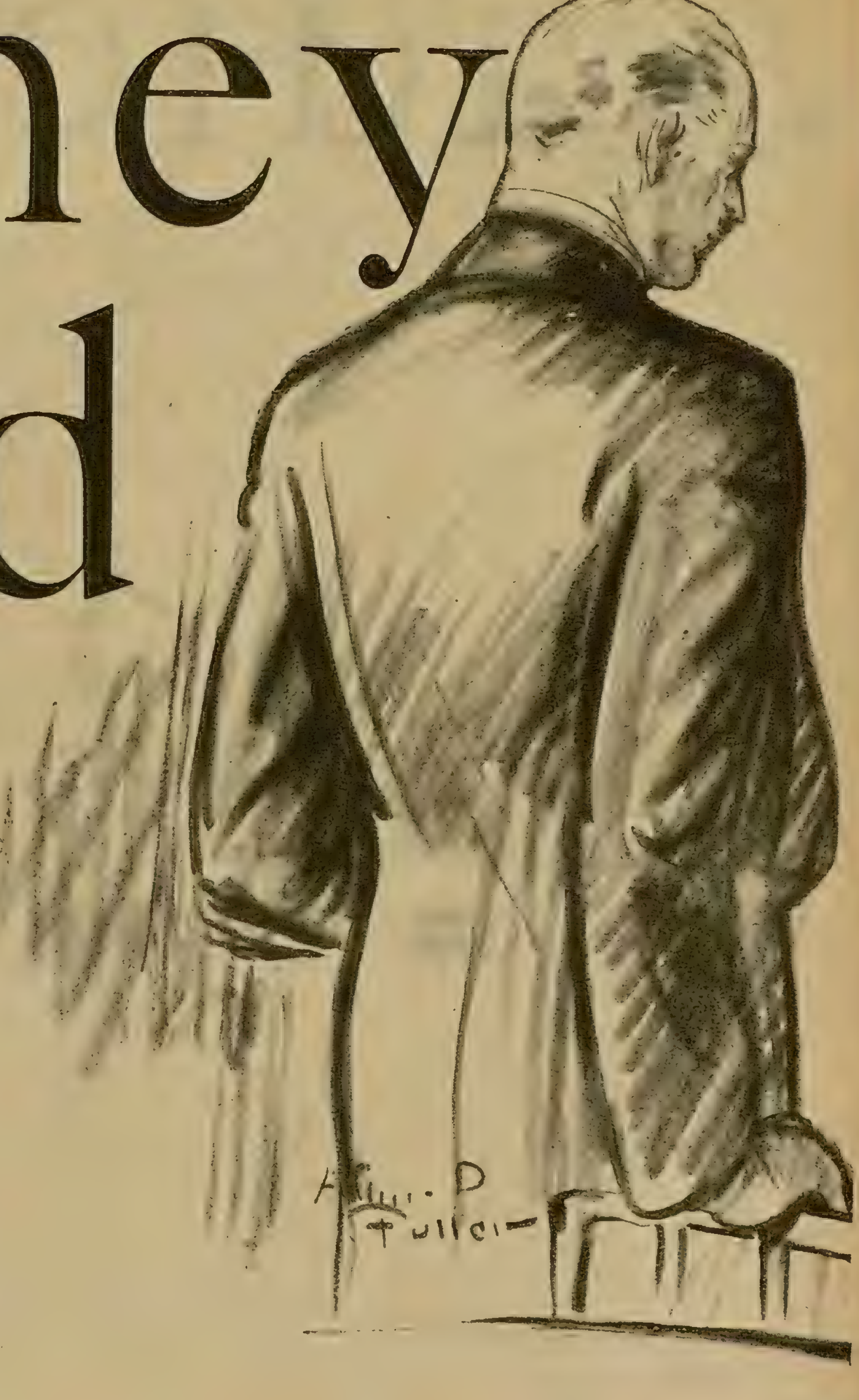
Seen under the microscope, all kinds of chemical and crystal matter contribute unique motifs adaptable to the designer's art. The lens even shows that remarkable decorative ideas exist in a cross section of—the prosaic potato!

All these are now being recorded for us by a delicate photographic process.

A virgin realm of art lies before us, utterly limitless, altogether unexplored!

We can have microbe patterns, too. Any lady want scarlet-fever dress? Or a pair of mumps pyjamas?

Money Mad



The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 25 minutes.)

THESE are the adventures of Florida Morgan, whose father was involved in a bank failure and imprisoned. She took a position with a Wall Street firm, hoping to pay off his indebtedness. Wanda, the wealthy Mrs. Wilmer Worth, had helped her get the job.

Then Florida made a discovery: Wanda's husband, Wilmer, was a man she had met in the south and had captivated when, incognito, he had called himself Falconer. Passionately Wilmer declared he still loved her.

PART ELEVEN—A STRANGE OFFER

IT had never occurred to Solomon Worth that his son was unhappily married. If anybody had suggested such an idea he would have scoffed at it, and as proof of its absurdity he would have cited the fact that Wilmer and his wife had never quarreled, at least so far as he knew, that they were unfailingly courteous to each other and scrupulously considerate of the thousand and one intimate niceties about which so many married people grow careless. Neither had ever overstepped the bounds of decorum. Wilmer had no "affairs," and men, as such, did not interest Wanda.

Solomon actually saw the couple together very seldom, for they did not spend much time in the town house where he dwelt, and in Palm Beach they were on the go so steadily that they met only at mealtimes and then infrequently, but it was unthinkable that the husband of such a patrician beauty, a woman of Wanda's wit and culture and distinction, could look elsewhere for companionship. He considered her the loveliest thing in flesh and blood that he had ever met, and he had never overcome his amazement that a Saniecka had married his son.

She was odd, of course—that was a part of her charm, d she was imperious, extravagant, spoiled, but people birth could not be measured by a common yardstick. Old Solomon, it may be inferred, still retained much of the admiration and respect for nobles that had been bred into his Polish forbears.

He had noticed, of late, however, that something troubled Wilmer and he believed he understood what it was, so he made up his mind to rectify it as soon as Wanda got back from Europe. His opportunity came unexpectedly.

Returning home one afternoon—his health prevented him from devoting long hours to business—he was astonished to find his daughter-in-law there ahead of him. She had arrived that morning unheralded.

"My dear!" he exclaimed, when their greetings were over. "Why didn't you cable, or send a wireless from the ship, so Wilmer could meet you? He doesn't dream you're home."

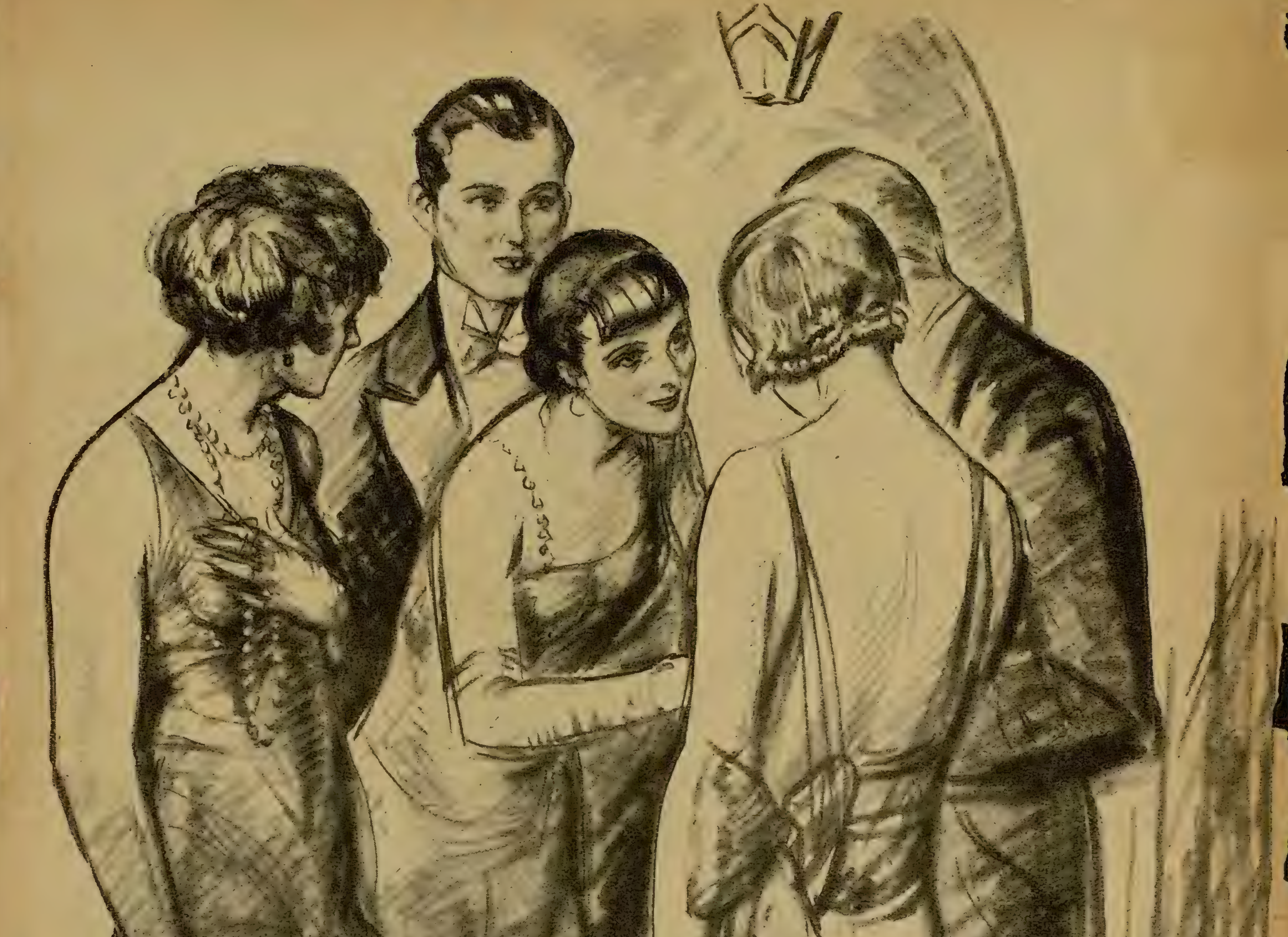
"I made up my mind in a hurry. I came as a surprise."

"We'll phone him at once. He's staying here, you know."

"I know. Am I welcome, too?"

"More than welcome," Solomon averred heartily. "I'm delighted to have you under my roof once more, and I'm sure the servants are all smiling. Your rooms, of course, are always ready."

"Then please don't ring up Wilmer. It may interfere



BEFORE she could speak the countess had turned to the others. It was not a snub. Nevertheless it left Florida breathless.

with his plans. I want to visit with you, anyhow."

"Good! Good!" Worth beamed. He put his arm around his daughter-in-law's waist and drew her toward his library. Noting how tired he looked and how slowly he moved, she exclaimed:

"You're ill! You've been working too hard."

He nodded. "Work is all I know and I'm afraid to quit. Indulge me while I swallow some horrid medicines and sip a glass of fruit juice. At four I must take my sun bath

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You're a darling," she told him with a smile. "You have the delicacy of a woman, the grace of a courtier, and the generosity of a prince. No wonder they call you King Solomon."

"Any king is honored to serve a Saniecka," he gallantly asserted.

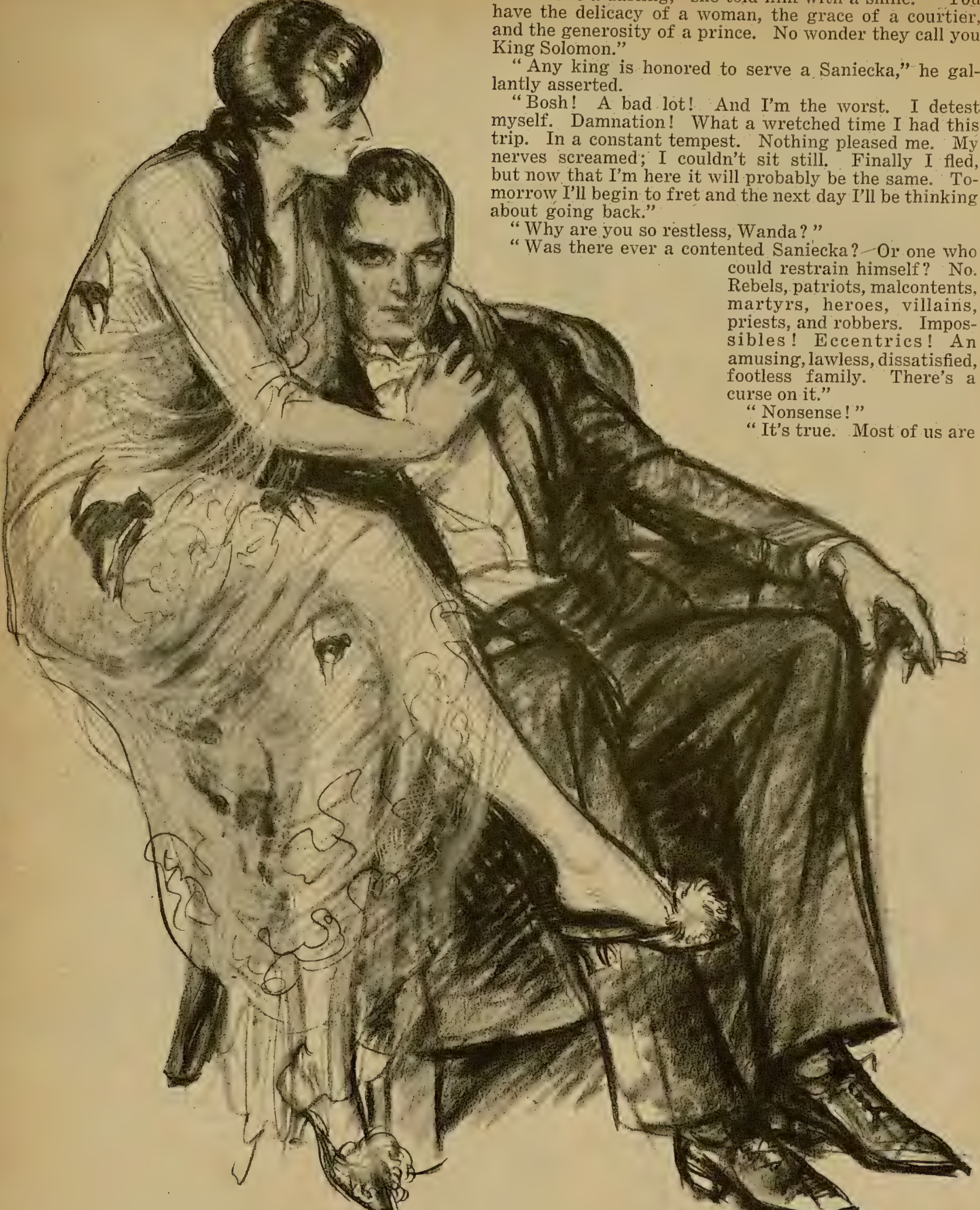
"Bosh! A bad lot! And I'm the worst. I detest myself. Damnation! What a wretched time I had this trip. In a constant tempest. Nothing pleased me. My nerves screamed; I couldn't sit still. Finally I fled, but now that I'm here it will probably be the same. Tomorrow I'll begin to fret and the next day I'll be thinking about going back."

"Why are you so restless, Wanda?"

"Was there ever a contented Saniecka? Or one who could restrain himself? No. Rebels, patriots, malcontents, martyrs, heroes, villains, priests, and robbers. Impossibles! Eccentrics! An amusing, lawless, dissatisfied, footless family. There's a curse on it."

"Nonsense!"

"It's true. Most of us are



At this moment she was more attractive than at any time during the evening. Having finished her smoke she put her bare arms around her husband's neck.

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-one

and be massaged. Tse! Tse! Those doctors! All day long they do something to me. No wonder I'm a ruin."

He placed Wanda in an easy-chair, he fetched her a cigarette and held a light in his shaking hands, complimenting her meanwhile upon her appearance, voicing his pleasure at having her in his home once more.

doomed to violent deaths; several destroyed themselves. Perhaps that's why we sin and—settle. Why we leave no dregs in the cup. We're often missed, but seldom mourned, and I dare say when I am 'a sighing dust, a grim anatomy, a robe of ashes,' Wilmer will neither miss nor mourn me."

"Come, come! You do need cheering. As a matter of fact, the boy has been lost without you. He's as restless as you are." Wanda smiled again and shook her head languidly.

"You're a very sweet, a very simple man, for all your many millions."

"I wonder if you'd listen to that sweet, simple, meddlesome old man."

"Papa Worth! Your advice is golden. I never profit by advice, but I always listen to yours."

"It strikes me that you young people are getting mighty little out of your lives and that I'm indirectly responsible."

"Who gets more?"

"My clerks get more. I got more. It's absurd to think that people can have too much to be happy. It depends upon them: how they use or misuse their advantages. It isn't the riches that bring discontent. You and Wilmer are becoming almost strangers to each other."

"He's a man of affairs."

"Even a man of affairs likes a home."

"You think I should make a home for him? You're old-fashioned, Papa Worth; it takes two to do that."

"My dear, it takes more than two. It takes at least three."

"Oho! Children! But think of my figure. It's what first attracted him. It's about all I have."

"I'm thinking of your future."

"Better think also of the child's future—or the children's. The Saniecka strain isn't worth perpetuating."

Gravely, sincerely Solomon said, "It is the ambition of my life to have that blood mingled with mine."

THEY were interrupted by a trained nurse who entered with a tray upon which were several glasses, a phial, and a spoon. For a while she busied herself about the financier. Not until she had gone did Wanda say:

"Wilmer and I had our first serious quarrel before I went away. No doubt he's too considerate of your feelings to let you know. Well, I did some thinking while I was gone and I came to a decision. You behold a new woman: a chastened, penitent woman. Henceforth I shall live to please him."

"Splendid!"

"I'm prepared to beg forgiveness for my sins, both real and imaginary. I'm a reformed person. If he wishes a home, well and good. I'll be the gentle, thoughtful, unselfish *Hausfrau.* I'll sing to him, read to him, fetch his slippers. But a child! That's another matter again."

"You're young and—and I assume—"

Wanda laughed silently at his embarrassment. "Yes. I'm young, healthy, and admirably fitted for hygienic breeding. The Sanieckas suffer no blood troubles of that sort. But possibly I lack the—the necessary magnetic appeal. Wilmer and I have never been demonstrative. After all, what could you expect of a marriage like ours—an ambitious marriage on his part, a mercenary match on mine?"

"Be serious, my dear. You're an intoxicating woman. No man could resist you."

"Flatterer! . . . Really, I fancy the last thing he wants is a child—by me."

"*I* want him to have one. *I* want a grandchild."

"Ah-h!"

"He'll want it when he sees it. Where will our money go? What are we working for? The worms? Is the name to die out? I'd like a youngster to play with. I'm dying to hear a child's voice in my house once more, and—feel its little fingers clutching mine."

"Babies are damp and squirmy. The nurse wouldn't let you kiss it. Billionaire babies are raised under glass."

"Tease me," Solomon said good-naturedly. "All the same, I'm in earnest. Listen! Money has always bought the things I wanted—"

"Wait! Are you making ready to *purchase* a grandchild? Are you thinking of bribing me?"

"No; making ready to offer you a present, wrapped up in your happiness and Wilmer's. Call it an old man's whim, if you like. I'll admit babies are a care, they rob a mother of her best years and put a ball and chain on her. Beautiful, popular, spirited women like you hesi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU CAN ESCAPE
THE MASK OF AGE

JACK HOLT *tells you how* "The years can bring you Added Charm!"

"Learn the complexion secret Hollywood's lovely actresses know!" famous screen idol says

DOROTHY REVIER
Columbia star

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
Columbia star

SOME women seem to grow more alluring every year," says Jack Holt, popular Columbia star. "Birthdays only add to their charm!

"Here in Hollywood you see them every day—actresses still every bit as youthful as they were years ago, still the idols of an adoring public!

"No matter what her age, a woman who has the fresh, glowing charm of *youth* is always attractive. I should think every woman would learn the complexion secret the screen and stage stars know!"

You will want to know how the lovely stars keep youthful charm right through the years!

"Guard complexion beauty as we do," the stars will tell you, "with Lux Toilet Soap!"

Important actresses all over the world—in Hollywood (605 of the 613 there!)—on Broadway—in Europe—depend on this fragrant, amazingly white soap for *every* type of skin.

BARBARA STANWYCK
Columbia star

EVELYN BRENT
Columbia star

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-three

tate, quite naturally, about sacrificing themselves, but I'll pay.”

“Pay? Me? Incredible! . . . Wilmer is rich. Your money will go to him when you die.”

“No, it won't. He has enough. It will go where it will do more good. Let's say that a baby would take ten years of your time. I run my business on a bonus plan. I'll pay handsomely for a grandchild.”

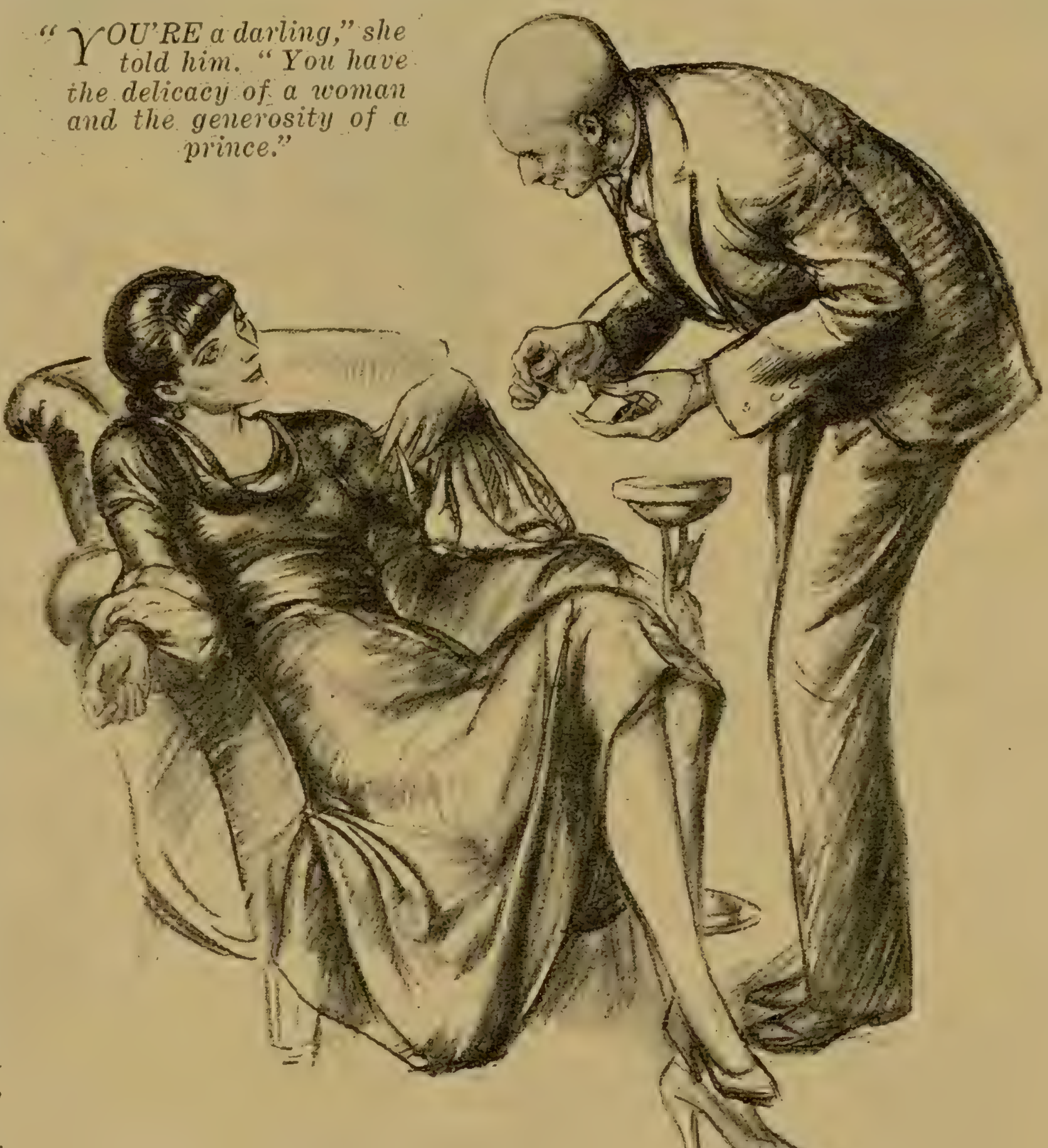
“Inasmuch as this appears to be a business proposition,” the woman said, “I presume I should affect complete indifference—even though I'm burning up with curiosity. Isn't that how people bargain? Very well.” In what was intended to be a crisp, businesslike tone she went on, “You're a busy man, Mr. Worth, and my time is valuable. Let's get down to dollars and cents.”

“I offer you an executive position in a highly competitive line, but I consider you the one woman best fitted to fill the place.” Worth had assumed a tone similar to hers. “Your responsibilities will be heavy; in fact, I consider them as important—more important even than those of the president of the Steel corporation. Naturally your reward should equal his.”

“He gets something like a million dollars a year, doesn't he?”

“That's the figure I had in mind. I offer you a ten-million-dollar contract. . . . I've gone about this in a clumsy manner, but affection prompts me and it's a cheap price to pay for the happiness and the contentment of the two people I love most dearly. The day you bear Wilmer a child I'll place ten million dollars to your credit. It will be yours, absolutely and unconditionally.”

“YOU'RE a darling,” she told him. “You have the delicacy of a woman and the generosity of a prince.”



THE countess was silent for a moment then she said, “What a country! What a man! What a bribe!” Her lips parted in a smile. “Yes, and what a baby it would be. A million dollars a pound!”

“Don't weigh him in dollars, please. This is only my method of getting something done in a hurry. I'm really appealing to everything that's natural and good in you.”

“Naughty man! To go about corrupting young married women and making good wives of them; tempting them to spend their best years in negligee. Good heavens! Who'll give the parties? Who'll do the dancing? You're a menace to smart society. However, no Saniecka ever had ten million dollars. . . . Your proposition interests me. I shall give it careful consideration and advise you at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime, with sincere appreciation and renewed expressions of my regard, I am, sir, respectfully yours.”

“Good! I must go now.” Solomon rose and bent over nda's chair. He pressed his sallow, sunken cheek against her dark head and patted her shoulder. “We have so many big, empty houses, and they're so silent. There is so little laughter in them.”

Wearily he went off to take his sun-ray treatment.

Wanda remained where he had left her. There was a litter of cigarette stubs at her elbow, the air was blue with smoke when Wilmer came in an hour later.

II

WHEN Mrs. Wilmer Worth really tried to make herself agreeable she succeeded brilliantly, and at dinner that evening she was at her best. For once old Solomon really enjoyed his diabetic rolls and the unpalatable dishes which had been prepared and weighed under the watchful eye of his dietitian. He laughed; he beamed; not for months had he shown such animation. And Wanda! What a woman, her husband thought. Here she was acting as if nothing had happened. She had greeted him as if they had parted the best of friends; as if she were a bride returning to the arms of her mate. Wilmer's head swam, his mouth was dry, he tasted less flavor in his food than did his father.

He had looked forward with dread to his wife's return and wondered how they would manage to carry on, but evidently she had solved the problem. She merely proposed to ignore it. That was one way. He should have expected the unusual. He had speculated not a little about the possibility of divorce these last few weeks, but that seemed wholly out of the question. More so tonight than ever.

To see and to hear her now nobody would suspect her of obliquity, for she was merry, winsome, amusing. There was a magnetic charm about her that appeared to have its roots in something other than mere physical beauty. The woman was an odd combination of attractive and repulsive qualities, and which was the greater he hardly knew.

“It's lovely to be home again,” she said at one time. “I never thought I'd tire of Europe, but everything bored me. My friends were stupid; so were the shows. Even the Paris theaters were dull. I'm dying to see some of our new plays.” She mentioned several recent hits. “Will you take me, Wilmer?”

“Of course.”

“Tonight?”

“If you're not too tired.”

“Tired! That salt air was a tonic. I'm alive, vital. I feel like the girl you married.”

Solomon Worth directed the butler to phone for seats. “Run along, you two,” he said, “and don't come home until morning. Make Wilmer cut up. He's getting older than I am.”

As Wanda went rustling down to the car with her husband, she smiled up at him over the white collar of her fur evening wrap, and he caught the scent of the perfume which she always affected. "I meant what I said about that sea air," she declared. "It swept all the fuzzy notions out of my mind. There's nothing hateful left."

"No unpleasant memories of me?"

"None. My memory is a slate. When it's full, I sponge it clean. . . . Do I look well tonight?"

"Splendid."

"Then I can hear people whisper, 'What a handsome couple.' You know you're the best-looking thing in New York."

"Thanks! But you take in too much territory. I'm afraid I won't prove very entertaining."

"Who cares? Leave that to me. I have the spirits for two. Actually, Wilmer, I feel as I did in Paris the first night you took me out. I propose to show you what an engaging creature I am."

WANDA proved to be precisely that—engaging. She chatted brightly during the intermissions; her comments on the play were intelligent and humorous. For the first time in years she appeared to derive a genuine pleasure and satisfaction from her husband's company. He studied her with a peculiar fascination. When the show was over, she suggested a dance and they were driven to the most exclusive midnight rendezvous. There they fell among friends and were immediately included in a supper party made up of members of the Long Island summer colony.

Wanda's unexpected appearance created quite a flutter and when several men asked her to dance she shook her head positively.

"I came here to dance with Wilmer. I'm a homing dove tonight." This statement provoked the usual masculine protests. How vulgar! How grossly immoral! It was a form of indecency for husbands and wives to dance openly in public. Wanda would be talked about. Probably this family dancing was some quaint Polish custom. A barbaric people, the Poles, and not unlike the American Red Indians.

"I'm glad you're not one of those men," she told Wilmer when they were out on the floor. "They make me shiver."

He said nothing.

Another theater party was being seated near by when they returned to their table, and he felt himself grow rigid when he recognized Florida Morgan as one of the women. Horace Snow was at her side. What rotten luck, Worth told himself. Out of all the places in the city he had selected the one where she would be.

The members of Snow's party pressed forward. Wanda greeted them warmly.

"Florida!" she exclaimed. "How nice to see you."

The latter had lost color. Before she could speak the countess had turned to the others. It was not a snub. The encounter passed off easily, gracefully, casually, nevertheless it left Florida breathless and rather sick.

Involuntarily she flashed a look at the husband, but he did not meet it. There was a fixed, empty smile upon his face.

Later, as he and Wanda were driven home, she said, "Florida has lost all that lovely tan, hasn't she?"

"Yes. I dare say."

"I read something about a yachting accident to her and some Wall Street man."

"Fellow named Bronson."

"How unfortunate. She's such a charming girl. She has such capabilities. I hope you'll see that she gets ahead."

"I'm trying to help her father out of his difficulty."

"Oh, that's splendid!"

"You recall our talk that night after your party?" he inquired.

"Of course! You saw how I greeted her. If you object, that settles it. *C'est fini!* Of course we're bound to meet now and then. I couldn't bear to hurt her."

"I wouldn't expect you to be rude."

"All right. We understand each other and there's nothing more to it." Wanda spoke then of something else and she kept up an easy flow of conversation until they drove in under the *porte-cochère* and the bronze and plate-glass doors of the Worth mansion opened for them.

While Wilmer smoked a cigarette in the sitting room of their suite, she went into her chamber and prepared for bed, talking meanwhile about the happenings of her trip. She emerged shortly in lacy negligee and nightgown for a last puff on her own account. Wanda's nightgowns were all "creations" of a sort and, like her underwear, they carried her own peculiar symbol. Exquisitely embroidered upon each was from one to a half dozen black cats, some small and others as large as her hand. The effect was startling. She was one woman, too, who never disfigured herself upon retiring with cold cream or beauty greases. At this moment she was more attractive than at any time during the evening.

Having finished her smoke she put her bare arms around her husband's neck and kissed him good night. At the door to her room she smiled back at him and said:

"Sleep tight and pleasant dreams. Perhaps we can breakfast together."

Wilmer noticed that she left the door open and he wondered dizzily what sort of man she considered him. He felt as if he were in the rooms of a harlot.

III

TO Florida Morgan that first winter in New York raced by with bewildering speed. Life on the Street went at a run, her work kept her busy, and one week followed another so swiftly that a month was gone almost before she knew it. It seemed to her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is your tongue insured against fire?

IF YOU insist upon overworking that strong old briar with anything but Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, you take a chance on a hot smoke. But how unnecessary, when Sir Walter's favorite pipe mixture is ready and able to comfort, calm and tame the hardest-boiled pipe.

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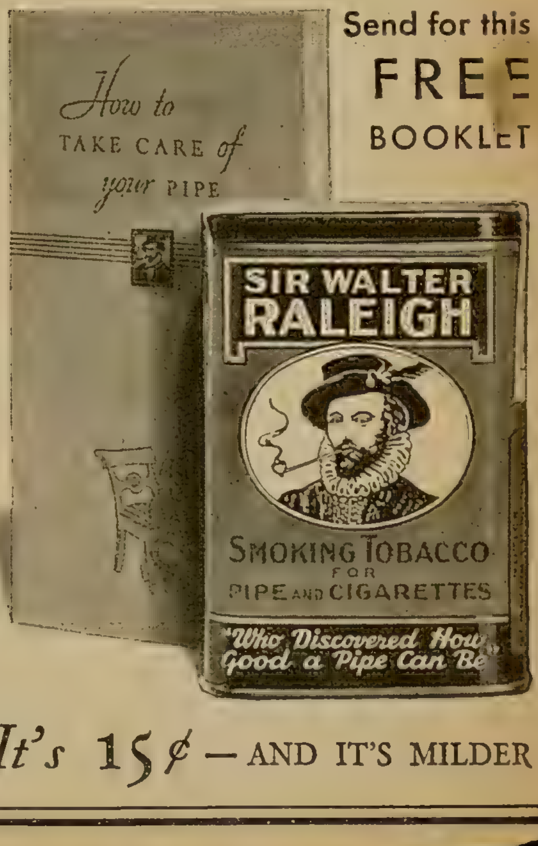
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MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-five

that each was a new chapter in some fantastic fiction story, and the most incredible part of it all was the fact that she was making money. Lots of money! More money than she had ever dreamed of making!

That hundred-dollar-a-week salary which had caused her eyes to pop out at the first mention of it was only a part of her income; her commissions more than equaled it. She had another source of revenue, too, in a couple of profit-sharing accounts. They were small, but she had been told to invest the money according to her own judgment and retain a third of the increase. Needless to say the judgment she exercised was the very best obtainable on the Street.

She had several other discretionary accounts for society women who were too busy to be bothered, and although she did not share in the profits of these, she nevertheless tried to handle them as carefully as the others.

During the late autumn she picked up a considerable amount of tax-loss business from investors who sold depreciated shares for income-tax purposes. It was good business and carried double commissions, for the client either placed an order to repurchase after thirty days or immediately bought an equal number of shares in his wife's name. Those commissions seemed ridiculously small, but in the aggregate they amounted to something.

Florida was acquainted with a good many important people by now, and there was usually an order waiting for her somewhere if she hunted long enough for it. Her only complaint was that her days were too short.

There were several telephones on Florida's desk by this time and she could carry on two conversations at once. It was absorbing, fascinating work.

Her principal profits, however, came through other than routine channels. For example, that eight thousand dollars which Mr. Snow had made for her was in the way of trebling itself, and Bronson's little flyer on her account had yielded a fine profit, which she had immediately reinvested under his advice. Bronson was always talking about the debt he owed her and he did her a hundred priceless favors.

Furthermore her good old Pappy-Two handled the money she put into his hands so skillfully that by spring she owned a quite respectable list of stocks indeed. Most of them were on margin, to be sure, but the market was rising steadily, and although she suffered occasional losses, alertness on her part and that of her adviser kept them reasonably low.

As an employee of a stock-exchange house she was prohibited from speculating. No broker would handle a margin account for her; but she got around this in the usual way by operating in another name. On her second trip to Atlanta, she explained the situation to her father, and although he was reluctant to accede to her request, she nevertheless prevailed upon him to execute a blanket power of attorney and to write a letter to her brokers authorizing her to buy and sell in his name at her discretion.

THE girl had never dreamed of anything so exciting as this buying and selling of stocks. She wondered how long it had been going on. In spite of the fact that she was prospering she did not increase her scale of living. Every penny she managed to save went to swell her operating account, for by now she had acquired the Wall Street attitude of mind toward money. She no longer thought of it as something to be hoarded, or to be spent in the purchase of things for her personal use. It was a tool to work with, a ladder to ambition. Under Pappy-Two's guidance she shifted her capital about the board as a roulette player moves his chips.

She made several pilgrimages to Atlanta during the winter and Breckenridge obtained for her a letter of introduction to the Attorney General in Washington, before whom she laid her father's case. He was courteous and sympathetic, but he explained that the power of pardon and parole resided in the President alone and could be exercised only upon the strongest recommendation of the district attorney who had prosecuted the case and the judge who had presided at the trial. From a legal standpoint no miscarriage of justice was involved, therefore the channels through which her appeal must be directed were clearly defined. If Florida could bring him those recommendations, the Attorney General would be happy to present them to the President and urge a befitting exercise of clemency.

Thus encouraged, she began a vigorous correspondence with Joe Coates aimed at securing those recommendations.

The Worths went south soon after the holidays, as did most of their set, and as time wore on, the keen edge of Florida's regret at the breach in her and Wanda's friendship was dulled.

She tried to think as seldom as possible about either the wife or the husband.

WARM weather came. It was almost a year now since her father's conviction. A year, and nothing accomplished toward his pardon! Coates could promise little until Fletcher Claiborne's case was disposed of, and as yet it had not come to trial.

In justice to herself, Florida admitted that it was not quite true to assert that nothing had been accomplished. That goal of a hundred thousand dollars which she had set for herself was in sight. Incredible but true. A little more straining, a final shove, and she'd have it.

With this in mind she telephoned Horace Snow and managed to see him for a few minutes.

"You have about twenty-two thousand dollars in that Electric Appliances stock," he informed her. "The best is over. It's time to get out."

"Can you work miracles like that right along?"

"Not always. Isn't one enough?"

She shook her head. "I must run that twenty-two to forty-four."

"Must is a strong word," he said with a smile.

"Not half strong enough. This is imperative."

"Then I dare say it will have to be done."

"How? When?"

"I'll think it over."

"I'll sit right here and keep perfectly still—"

Snow laughed at his caller's impetuosity. "You'd think I had only to snap my fingers."

"You've proved that's about all there is to it. Don't you give a snap for me?"

"You'll keep fooling around in the market until you lose what you've got," he said warningly. "Put it away for a nest egg."

Florida shook her head decisively. "Not unless you promise to sit on it. Double or nothing! . . . . Please, Mr. Snow. I'll take a chance."

"All right. Run up to my farm with me Saturday and we'll hatch out some skullduggery. It's the show place of Connecticut and worth seeing if you're interested in blooded stock."

"I love hunting dogs."

"Then I'll give you a treat. I've got setters, pointers, beagles, springers, griffons—"

"Oh! . . . I'm dying to hug a bird dog and have him kiss me."

"The train leaves Grand Central at three. Meet me at the information booth."

"Is Mrs. Snow going?"

The banker hesitated briefly.

"We couldn't talk business with her along. . . . Must there be somebody else?"

"I'd prefer it, on account of your reputation."

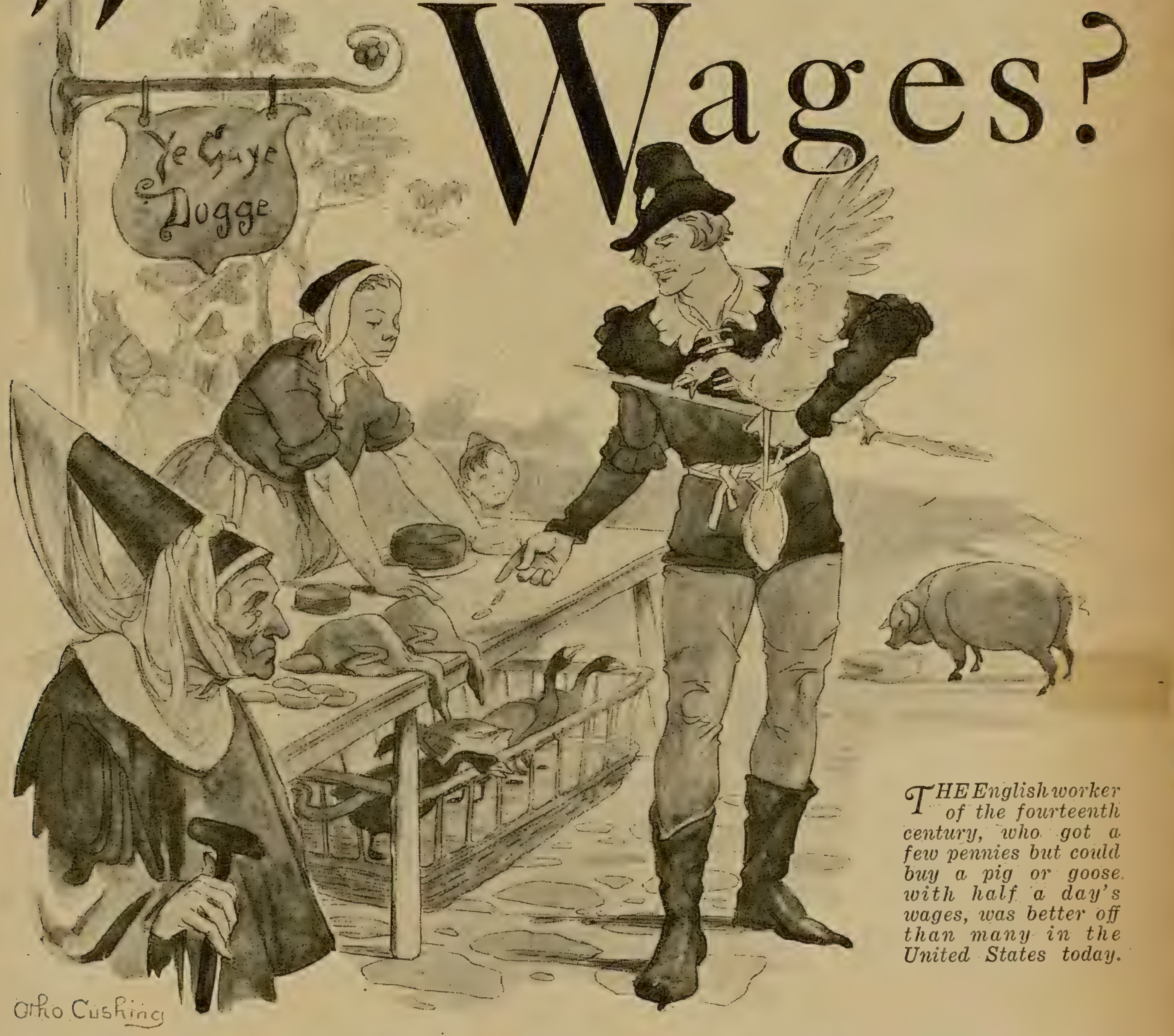
"Mine?"

"It's too good to risk hurting."

"Very well, we'll make it a foursome. Saturday, then, at three o'clock. Bring your riding kit; you must try my Arabians."

In next week's installment of Money Mad, you'll see Florida live through difficult and adventurous hours at Hemlock Hills, show place of the wealthy Horace Snow.

Whither Wages?



THE English worker of the fourteenth century, who got a few pennies but could buy a pig or goose with half a day's wages, was better off than many in the United States today.

Does the Fat Pay Envelope Make Prosperity?

By

HARPER LEECH

who is a native of Tennessee and has edited or written for newspapers in several of the larger cities. For the last ten years he has lived in Chicago, writing on economic and industrial subjects, and is co-author with John C. Carroll of a book on newspaper making called What's the News?

Picture by OTHO CUSHING

(Reading time: 11 min. 25 sec.)

NINE out of ten American wage earners and salaried folk would rather have high pay and buy goods at high prices than take a smaller pay check and buy things cheaper.

Is this mere pride—a childish delight in handling big money—or is it, like many other so-called popular prejudices, an intuitive appreciation of social and economic truth?

Until recent years, the great weight of educated economic opinion was against the high-wage theory, but after Ford's historic stroke in establishing a five-dollar minimum wage at his old Highland Park plant, the theory that high wages are a contributing cause of prosperity gained prestige rapidly.

The growing popularity of the theory, however, was not accompanied by a corresponding effort to prove its truth. High wages became a sort of fetish and the theory that prosperity could be perpetually maintained merely by sustaining or increasing hourly and weekly wage rates was used by promoters and financiers to drum up the speculative boom which crashed in the fall of 1929. In that boom wage rates were kept up, but did not keep pace with the increase of business profits.

We face the hard fact that high wages did not maintain prosperity, and it is no wonder that the doctrine is now under fire. It is well that this is so. A theory which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHITHER WAGES?
Continued from page forty-seven

cannot stand examination is no good. Those who challenge it render a public service.

Recently Mr. Albert Wiggin, head of the Chase National Bank of New York, said: "It is not true that high wages make prosperity. Instead, prosperity makes high wages." Is Mr. Wiggin right or wrong?

Of course, Mr. Wiggin's views are not only sincere, but dictated by patriotism and public spirit.

If high wages for workingmen are necessary to the maintenance of American prosperity, they are no less necessary to the continued growth and prosperity of the Chase National Bank, because in the long run bankers cannot prosper unless the people prosper. And nobody knows that better than Mr. Wiggin. Nevertheless, it is entirely possible that the preference of the masses for high pay may reflect the necessities of a modern industrial civilization better than the opinions of great bankers or social philosophers of the Victorian Age.

Is it true that high wages have always been a result of prosperity? History hardly answers that in the affirmative. The American colonies and the United States in the first part of the nineteenth century could hardly be called rich. In fact, they had to borrow all the money they could get from Europe. Yet, relative to Europe, America had high wage standards from the first settlement at Jamestown, Virginia.

Nearly every colonial governor complained about the high cost of labor in America, and African slavery was resorted to to offset high labor costs, but with no success. It is a fact that black slaves in America were, as a rule, better off than white workingmen in Europe, and it is nearly always true that slaves get a greater proportion of the product of the industry they are engaged in than do wage earners.

Of course this is due to the low productivity of any form of forced labor. While wages were high in the poorer United States of the first half of the nineteenth century, wages were low in Great Britain—which was easily the richest country in the world at that time.

England had a virtual monopoly of production by power-driven machinery for a long time after the Napoleonic wars and as a nation was rich, although British workers were probably poorer than they had been previous to the introduction of machinery. As a matter of fact, the English agricultural worker of the "Merrie England" of the fifteenth century probably had higher real wages than any English unskilled worker since; higher wages in terms of purchasing power than most American agricultural workers today.

THESE scattering glances at history's complicated story seem to indicate at least that the relation of wages, whether expressed in terms of money or purchasing power, to national prosperity, is not governed by any simple principle which could be summed up in a pat formula—to the effect that high wages are either a cause or consequence of prosperity.

On the contrary, it seems that a nation can be rich or poor, regardless of whether wages be high or low. There is little doubt that if American wages were cut in half and the prices of goods followed suit, we could yet attain a considerable measure of prosperity in America, although it would not be the kind of prosperity which we have recently enjoyed. It would be a prosperity not so evenly passed around.

We may rest assured that if prices continue to fall, wages will also come down to some extent, because wages constitute the largest cost of production in most lines of business.

The real question then with respect to what kind of prosperity we will have when the present depression passes is a question of whether we are going to have a high-price or low-price prosperity.

There is a very important reason why a prosperity based on relatively high prices is better than a prosperity based on low prices, although if everybody's income was reduced in equal measure with the fall in prices of goods, services, and amusements, it would make no difference what prices were.

If a man could buy a suit of clothes for a dime, the average workingman would be well paid, say, at two or three cents a day. The English worker of the fourteenth century, who got a few pennies but could buy a pig or goose with half a day's wages, was better off than hundreds of thousands of field workers in the United States today. But the trouble with our kind of civilization is that incomes cannot be reduced in equal step with prices. When we look into the matter, we find that the maintenance of maximum prosperity is not merely a matter of increasing production and increasing the national income. It is also a question of dividing the national income in such a manner as to produce the maximum demand for goods and services.

WHEN prices fall, the owners of bonds, mortgages, and other assets which produce a fixed income in dollars and cents are able to buy an increased share of the goods and services produced in the nation.

As the owners of such fixed incomes are still a small minority of the population, the transfer of this increased percentage of the total buying power of the nation to them has a tendency to reduce the possible demand for goods and services and therefore to restrict business activity.

It is a matter of common sense that a few million bondholders are not going to buy as many things as tens of millions of wage earners. A half-conscious appreciation of this fact has led perhaps a majority of modern industrial executives to favor high wages and high prices, because so many of our industries today have been built up on a basis of mass production which calls for mass consumption, if the value of the capital invested in such industries is to be maintained.

Within the memory of this writer, American industries were rather sharply divided into two classes: those which provided staple goods used by the masses, and those which created luxuries for about ten per cent of the population. That is all changed today. Take our twelve largest American corporations. Unless a big majority of American wage earners are able to have automobiles, telephones, and electric lights, and burn gasoline, these industrial giants would be sunk. Along with them would go our greatest financial institutions, because no small part of American banking and financing is in the services of such industries.

It is evident that for such mass-production industries to be operated at capacity (and unless they are operated at something near capacity they cannot make money) there must be the least possible restriction or disturbance of the buying power of the masses.

It is self-evident that a rather sudden transfer of a considerable part of the national buying power to a limited class of persons living on fixed income derived from corporate or government bonds, from mortgages, fixed royalties, pensions, rentals, or from stable government salaries, would operate to dislocate and to restrict the broad buying power upon which recent prosperity has been based.

In short, the maintenance of high wages, and consequently of relatively high prices, is no longer a matter of choice with American big business. The trick simply has got to be turned if the capital values of these industries are to be maintained. There is no theory about that.

The fall in the value of the stocks of such industries by tens of billions of dollars since 1929 shows exactly what happens to capital invested in mass production when buying power is restricted. Somehow—some way—American business has got to maintain prices and wages or submit to a permanent deflation of property values and profits.

Increase of foreign trade is the most popular patent medicine offered to ailing business in times of depression.

We are told that if we can reduce wages and prices, profits and capital values can still be maintained by selling the foreigner the goods our own people can no longer buy. The fallacy of this hope is shown by the arguments of its own advocates.

The very people who place exaggerated emphasis upon the importance of international trade as an outlet for the productivity of a modern industrial nation are the people who also tell us that unless the foreigner sells to us he cannot buy from us. They are exactly right about that.

International trade, like all other trade, must be a fair exchange, or it will soon die out.

As nations become more self-sufficient through the world-wide spread of modern technical methods, foreign trade tends to become more and more restricted to the exchange of such raw materials and agricultural products as are natural geographical monopolies, and that is the only useful function of foreign trade.

Several nations have tried to live by exporting their goods and taking in return mortgages upon their customers.

A large part of England's present troubles trace back to the fact that her investing classes have moved a large part of their capital out of the country and are living upon the interest on money invested abroad.

For a long time this seemed to be a very pleasant and profitable way of living, but the British investor now finds that the government is taking a large part of his income from him in order to feed the millions of jobless men who are jobless because British capital has been sent out of the country instead of being put to work at home.

THIS delusion that individuals or nations can get rich by taking their wealth out of the national jack pot is the result of age-old grabbing instincts which became ingrained in the human species during the millions of years in which men lived always on the verge of famine and wealth consisted of things like gold, silver, old wheat in the barn, and other goods which could be stored away for a rainy day.

Modern wealth or capital, on the contrary, consists of machines and business organizations which are of no value unless kept in operation, and they can be kept in operation only by turning over the bulk of the products to the people engaged in production.

When profits are high, they can be reinvested in new buildings, machines, railroads, shops, and other goods which cannot be consumed immediately, and that is where the profits of business have mostly gone.

BUT we have reached a period where most of our industries are already overequipped. We have such a huge capacity for producing wealth that we need to save and reinvest only a very small per cent of it.

We had just as well recognize the fact that we have reached a critical period in history where the maintenance of our business system based on private enterprise depends on less saving and reinvestment and more consumption—which can only be secured by turning over to the great majority a larger share of the nation's income than they ever had before.

This does not mean that capitalists and property owners must suffer an absolute reduction of their incomes. They may continue to receive as much as they do now or even more, but only on condition that the total national income is so increased that they will receive a smaller part of the whole.

There has been a large increase in the number of property owners in the United States because stocks and bonds are now owned by thousands of people who hardly knew what they were twenty years ago.

But the income-tax returns reveal with unerring accuracy that only about four million people in the United States are really industrial capitalists in the sense that they receive any substantial amount of money from dividends upon stocks or interest upon bonds.

It is obvious that four million families are too few buyers for most of our industries and that our national purchasing power cannot be maintained if they obtain an increasing share of the national income, which they are bound to do in a period of falling prices and falling wages.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Cause for Grief

"Uncle, what's the matter?" asked Louise in great surprise as she noticed his swollen jaw.

"Toothache," replied the uncle.

"Why, isn't that queer?" asked the little niece. "I've had a toothache lots of times, but I never had one that stuck out."—M. W. Kennedy, 4100 Mass. St., Long Beach, Calif.

The Rivals

Christmas morning, Bobby, who lives next door, called on Dean to exhibit his new watch. But Dean was more interested in the beating of his own new drum. Quite exasperated, Bobby said: "Stop beating that drum so we can hear my watch tick!"—Stella Marie Edwards, 3328 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

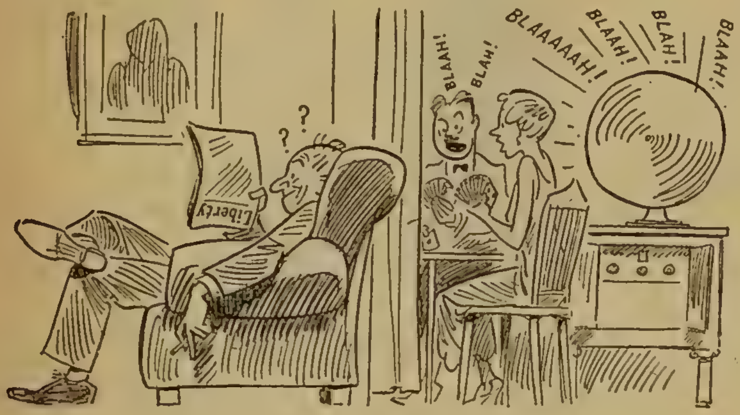
Glostora

Vox

A Little Complicated, But No Doubt You Get the Idea

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The trouble with all you people who knock Liberty is that you don't know when or how to read it.

Take me, for instance. I used to criticize Liberty more than anyone else—but no more. Every Friday evening I take my copy of Liberty and seat myself on a soft, comfortable chair, next to a door which leads into my sun parlor, where I have my radio, and where some friends of the family talk a great game of cards.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Liberty

Turning on the radio to a good station, I am all set for reading my magazine.

Why, I read whole stories without so much as finding them annoying or stupid. In fact, I don't know what they're all about.

Since my first experiment I am willing to admit Liberty is a much better magazine than I thought it was.

If you don't believe me, try reading some good literature while listening to the radio and a bunch of card players.—*Gene Arr.*

The Student Speaks

MEXICO CITY, MEX.—Congratulations on your recent editorial, "Student Drinkers." As a student in a coed college for four years, I am in a position to verify your editorial.

As long as the prohibition act remains as it is there will always be more Follies added to the list.

I have been in Mexico for over a year, and I have not seen one-tenth as many drunks as I saw at our fraternity, college, and club dances. At least the liquor we get here is good, and we have no fear of becoming paralyzed or blinded from it.—*Joe Martin.*

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Your senseless editorial, "Student Drinkers," was the craziest of a lot of silly things I've read in your magazine.

You quote experiences of two or three dozen people out of a student body of several hundred thousand, and take them as typical.

I know that in the University of Toronto, of which I am a student, considerable drinking is carried on.

But by a very small minority of the students.

If the condition you wrote about is typical of the United States, all I can say is, "Thank God I live in Canada."—*A Sober Student.*

A COLLEGE TOWN—Regarding your editorial, "Student Drinkers," I want to express my views about the same subject.

I am a student in one of the largest universities in the United States. I come in daily contact with the liquor question on this campus. Just as in other schools you hear it discussed most every day and see its effects most every night.

It is true there are several boys working their way through peddling the stuff that ruins young manhood, and it is also true the coeds love their bottle as well as the average college man.

Unless a college man dissipates once in a while, unless he has his flask on his hip, he is considered an outcast.

Unless he has at least the smell of booze on his breath while dancing he is a sissy.

I praise and commend your worthy editorial, but who am I?—*An Outcast Sissy.*

Two Votes for Mr. Leech

ERIE, PA.—From the very beginning of our "noble experiment," but especially the last couple of years, I have scanned our leading periodicals.

But apparently nothing appeared in print, to date, as impartial, yet complete and practical, as the article, "Beer Can Boost Business," by Harper Leech in your issue for April 18.—*J. W. Seip.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Yesterday I picked up a Liberty for the first time in my life and read Harper Leech's "How Beer Can Boost Business."

You now have 2,500,001 readers.—*The Added One.*

Wise Crack for the Week

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—It has been written, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," but you folks are carrying it too far with a weekly edition of Liberty. Couldn't you make it semiannual and oblige—*Bill Burton.*

We'll Make a Note of It

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Your story, "The Cauldron Rock," by H. H. Bashford, was great.

Your average reader appreciates something different like this once in a while.—*D. T. Clement.*

Well, We'll Just Consider Ourselves Chagrined and Censored. How's That?

VICKSBURG, MISS.—Poor Franklin P. Adams! He's always got a hate on. Shamey! Shamey! And Liberty pays, pays, and pays like a woman wouldn't. Liberty ought to be chagrined and censored. A magazine with such honor, glory, and prize contests paying a man to write those articles you printed about hating waiters and cooks! What's the use of Lindbergh, Hoover, or any of these good-will people if that big, bad man from New York is going to set us nice American kids such a wicked, bold example?

I believe in freedom of the speech, freedom of the seas, freedom for married people, men, women, and children, cats and dogs, pocket flasks, and handkerchiefs. But F. P. A. takes too much freedom. He isn't particular at all. He hates a flock of humanity in a big sort of a way.

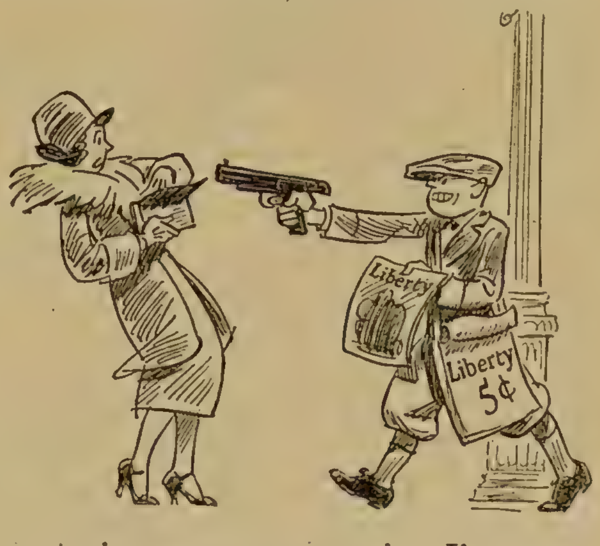
Consider whom he is liable to think of next. No one will escape him. Neither stenographers, plasterers, nor bell hops!

Well, I hate F. P. A. I hate his physiognomy and his psychology.

I can't go on. I'll break down and weep. I can't stand it. I wasn't born to hate. I'm just a nice little American girl. But I'll be darned if I let F. P. A. get the jump on the stenographers.—*The Great Unknown.*

People Are Funny That Way

LA JUNTA, COLO.—Talk about "gratitude," as Andy would say! Liberty! Why *do* you permit anyone to abuse you as you do? Since I spent my first five-cent piece on your magazine, I've never been approached by a newsboy with a gun and ordered to buy one "or else." If such a thing happened I'd buy one even if I hated it. But as things are now, I wouldn't buy it if I didn't like it, so why should anyone else?—*Eileen.*



Oh Yeh?

DES MOINES, IA.—Liberty is just what its name indicates. It takes liberties with the truth.—*B. H.*

Pop

How Long Has All This Been Going On?

EDMONTON, ALTA., CAN.—As a writer to this page, I must follow in line with other knockers. My complaint is that Liberty could present stories with a lesson for our young generation.

Do not the folks who are in their teens and early twenties need a cure for their mad desire to step out and make whoopee? Mind you, girls and boys fifteen years of age going out to get atmosphere, thrills, excitement, adventure, life. It hurts me to think of girls, prospective mothers of our next generation—boys, potential leaders of tomorrow—killing their future.

I think many a powerful and touching story you could print of this nature, of people who have lived and learned by experience. Let them tell their stories. Let them take us to hell and back. I'm sure there must be some heart-rending tales. Get 'em and print 'em. We need 'em.—*Jas. F. Milloy.*

Not Knocking the American Girl, or Anything Like That

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.—You tell Rex Beach for me that he must be blind. If he can find one girl in the United States as devastating, as beautiful, exquisite, charming, delightful, clever, accomplished, unsophisticated, and unconceited as Florrie, the heroine of " Money Mad," I'll eat her for lunch.

And, if you want my frank opinion, I'll have a stomach ache when I get up from the table.—*A mere nice-looking girl, and d—— proud of it.*

Yes

SAGINAW, MICH. — Laugh this off: My kid asked me t'other day if this here Vox Pop was good to drink, 'n' I told 'im he'd have a tough time swallowin' some of it.

But, settin' the sublime to one side in favor of the ridiculous—I'm darin' ya to answer a question accordin' to the followin' plans 'n' specifications:

Mind ya, now, you're bein' given just a single choice between two words for th' answer; 'n' one of the words is " Yes " 'n' t'other's " No." Whichever one of the two applies is to be used—an' nothin' else.

No wise-crackin', y'understand; such as " Did We Say We Did? " er " Sometimes Yes, and Sometimes No; But Mostly No." No embellishmunts of any kind whatsomever, in this here language—or any other. . . . An' here's the question:

Do you carefully read each and every entry mailed to you in your various contests? ('S understood that they're mailed accordin' to Hoyle.)

Hold me, somebody, while I laugh.

Imagine the ole Vox Pop editor's embarrassmunt! No chance to wise-crack or be real smart—er anythin'. Just havin' to answer a single question in an honest way with a single word *picked out by somebody else.* 'S terrible!—*Steve.*

Concerning Mr. Springs

SHELTON, CONN.—Let us continue to have stories such as Elliott White Springs springs.

His " The Egyptians Played It " is the best short story I've read since prohibition went into " defect."

Make mine a straight Elliott.—*Ralph Rogers.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Can you possibly imagine a more diverting evening than alternating a game of backgammon with private views of Elliott White Springs' scar?

His letter to Liberty about this matter, in reference to his story, " The Egyptians Played It," was certainly an eye-opener in itself.

Well, I have been on a lot of different kinds of parties, but I have yet to go on one where people show their scars—but I will try anything once, so I will call Mr. Springs' bluff. I am skeptical, and I am ready for a showing of the scar and the game of backgammon that he promised.

Incidentally his story, " The Egyptians Played It," was diverting and I got a great kick out of it.

Please tell Mr. Springs that I have no enticing scars, except one on my knee—but I play a wicked game of backgammon and et cetera, et cetera, and so on.—*A Girl Springs Fan, Who Is a Skeptical Georgian.*

Tolstoy in Retrospect

MACON, GA.—Your story, " Easter Time," was an Easter story all right, if mentioning Easter could make it so. But why in heaven's name did you pick out anything so sordid, depressing, and painful as blighted youth?

Now in this day of breaking banks and broken hearts we want something uplifting, inspiring. Lots of good writers push a cheering pen. Run 'em to earth and let hope eternal have a chance. That's what your office force is for.—*Katherine Dawson Gostin.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO — Perhaps Count Leo Tolstoy was the greatest novelist who ever lived. I will not dispute that.

But why (would that he could answer me) did he write such a story as " Easter Time "? Easter is supposed to represent the rebirth of the world. It is an occasion sacred to every Christian. And then Tolstoy comes along with a story of lust.

You labeled it " A Story of Young Love." All I can say is that there are too many of us who don't know the difference between love and lust.—" *Eighteen.*"

NEWPORT, R. I.—Permit me to congratulate you on the happy selection of " Easter Time." I enjoyed it hugely. It was true to life and to the point without overstepping the bounds of decency: the description of an episode that frequently happens throughout Europe.—*Herbert V. Gortz.*

Which Darned Thing? The Statue or the Mag?

SASKATOON, SASK., CAN.—I understand that some mutt went and built a statue to your mag. Somewhere in New York harbor. So the darned thing can't be so terrible bad.—*Bill Gibson.*

Why Did You Tell Him?

WHITTIER, CALIF.—Why the Sam Hill don't you call a spade a spade? Prohibition ain't the only cause of unemployment. I've been out of work ever since I started reading your magazine six months ago.

I took it home one Sunday night and opened it. But I hadn't got halfway through the first paragraph of the first story before I yawned a couple of times and then fell into a profound sleep. I didn't wake up until Monday at noon.

The boss fired me on two counts: First, for oversleeping; and, second, for being mentally incompetent, after he had found that I had your magazine in my home.—*Winfield Winkleweed.*

No Sleep for the "ACID"!

If there's no sleep for the wicked, there's less for the "acid". Night after night of wakeful tossing on your bed, of wild dreams and hot flashes and cold sweats are some of the signs of acidity. Besides causing acid-indigestion, with gassy fullness, sourness and burning, an excess of stomach acid creates intestinal poisons that sap our strength and vitality and make our nerves so raw and jumpy we can't sleep at night even though we be dog-tired.

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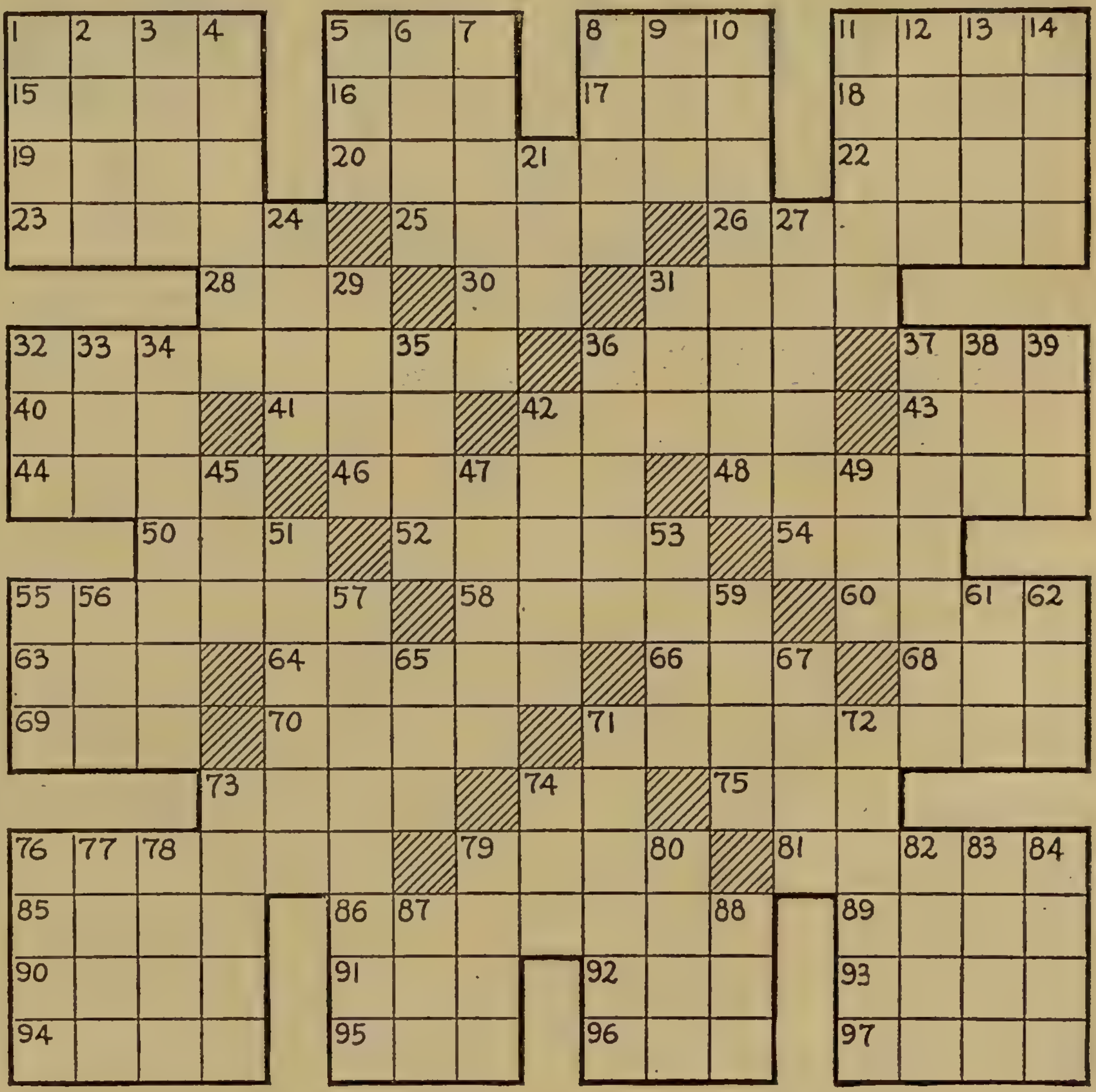
Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

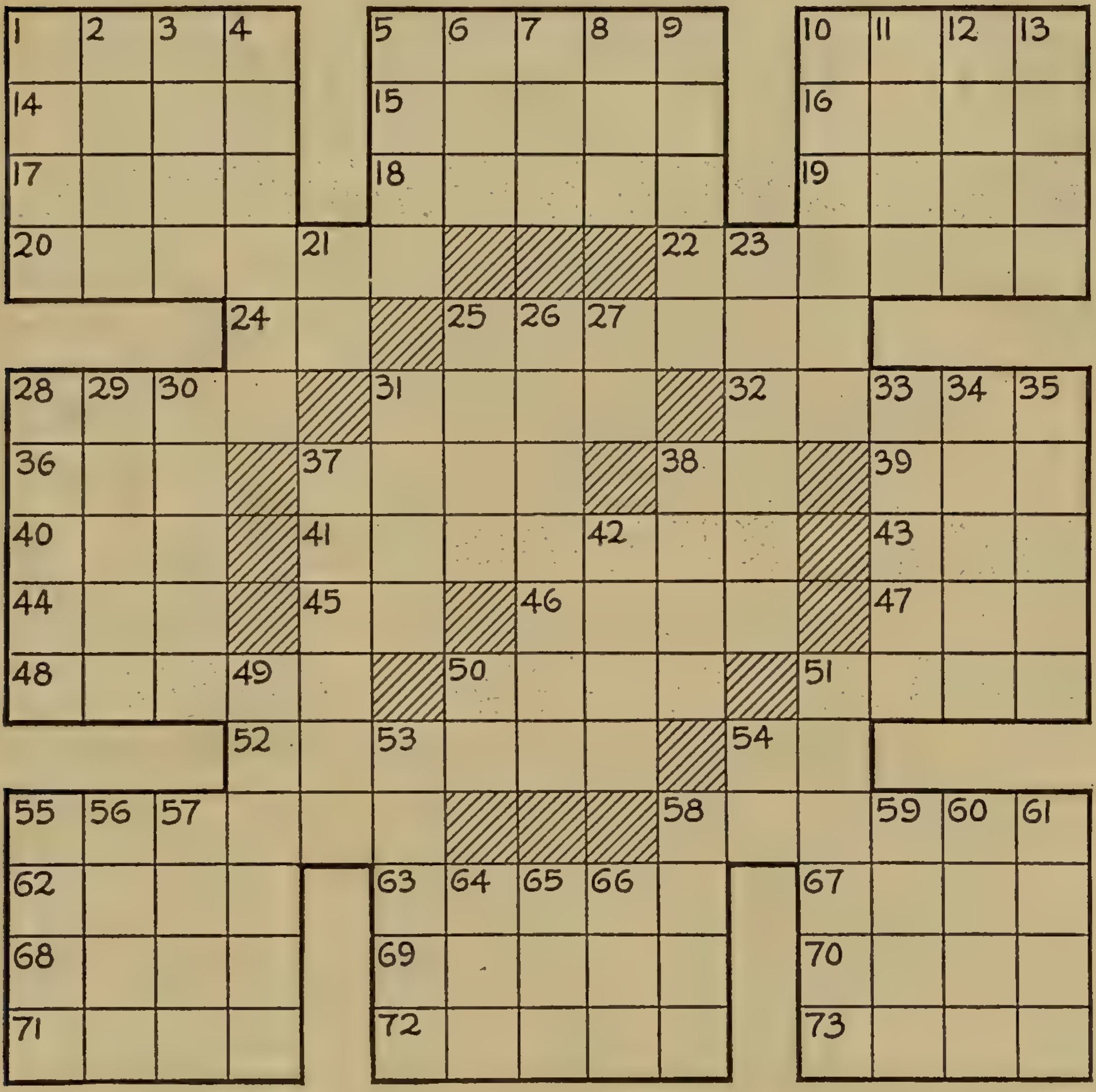
1 Drill
5 Wooden vessel
8 Resinous substance
11 Of a period of time
15 Roman road
16 Ill temper
17 Troublesome business
18 Partake of a meal
19 Loud, confused sound
20 A moving company
22 Feminine personal name
23 Relinquish, as an office
25 Recent
26 Sold
28 Forthwith
30 The symbol for an element
31 State of disorder
32 Dishonor
36 Portion
37 Vehicle
40 A pronoun
41 Deviate from the correct path
42 A going to and fro
43 Character in an Ibsen poem
44 Gnash
46 City in Italy
48 Obliterated
50 Undermine
52 Roomy flat-bottomed boat
54 Perch
55 Earlier
58 Plateaus
60 Ascend
63 Beard, as of grain
64 Irrigate
66 To be in session, as a court
68 At this moment
69 An affirmative
70 Binds
71 To throttle
73 Retained
74 Exclamation
75 Period
76 Unfold
79 Stop
81 Jogs
85 Gaseous element
86 Destruction by slow disintegration
89 Notion
90 Missile weapon
91 The matter or thing
92 Contend against
93 Cozy abode
94 Crude metal (plural)
95 Notwithstanding
96 High in the musical scale
97 Gaelic

VERTICAL

1 Clay pigeon
2 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
3 Countersink
4 Straying
5 Nervous twitching
6 River in Russia
7 Chide vehemently
8 Bathe
9 Woman's name
10 To tend to one point
11 State of bliss (pl.)
12 Character in Lorna Doone
13 Former English queen
14 A metal
21 Devoured
24 Rent
27 Ethereal salts
29 Tepid
31 Humanity generally
32 To hound with importunity
33 Caravansary
34 Divisions of time
35 Manger or rack
36 Paroxysms of extreme anguish
37 Hurling
38 Mother of Peer Gynt
39 A radical
42 More unusual
45 Conducted, as a business
47 Cripples
49 Broadcast, as an opinion
51 An alloy
53 Compass point
55 Utter
56 To be bound to pay
57 Banter
59 A parent
61 Heavenly body
62 Sheep
65 Man's nickname
67 Sour
71 Spittle
72 Of the nostrils
73 Pursues game or prey
74 Owns
76 Unfasten
77 Close by
78 Toward the front
79 Army
80 Labor
82 River in Germany
83 Heroine of a Hardy novel
84 Glut
87 Sandpiper
88 Free from deductions

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-five

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 An insect
5 Bird of South and Central America
10 Measure or mark off by strokes
14 Exterior appendage of certain seeds
15 Springless cart used in the Orient
16 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
17 Stir up; agitate
18 In the region of the kidneys
19 Ireland
20 Structures that separate the mouth from the nasal cavity
22 Takes a particular direction or course
24 A syllable sounded in solmization
25 Overwhelmed with wonder
28 Crude metal (plural)
31 Region of the leg
32 Former Turkish coin of little value
36 Place of low resort
37 Extend from one limit to another
38 Form of to be
39 Winglike process
40 Suffix denoting a morbid condition
41 An old Spanish coin
43 Desert one's associates for one's personal advantage
44 Abbreviation used in music: slacken time
45 By
46 Declare in a positive manner
47 Devour
48 Guide
50 Ripens or matures, as wine
51 Cast off, as skin
52 Written message
54 Pronoun
55 Laugh to scorn
58 Conflict
62 Parched and dry
63 Drain for disposal of refuse
67 Implement
68 A region of the body
69 Threefold
70 A deity in Greek mythology
71 Give attention to
72 Satisfied to repletion
73 Network of blood vessels or nerves

VERTICAL

1 To turn or twist out of shape
2 Accompanied melody sung by a single voice
3 Timber or stone at the foot of a door
4 Entreats or appeals earnestly
5 Melancholy; the blue devils
6 An area ten meters square
7 To be allowed or made able by circumstances
8 Cloth made from the hair of camels
9 A dance
10 Nurses and fosters
11 Acquire by labor
12 Surrounded by
13 Becomes brown from the effect of the sun
21 Toward
23 Tool for enlarging a hole
25 Sunk fences (variant)
26 Coinage
27 One or any
28 Scents
29 Forgive
30 Growing out
31 Sprinkle of rain
33 East Indian measure of capacity
34 Puff up
35 Classified
37 Forbore free use of
38 Malt liquor (pl.)
42 In excess
49 Cut off, as a vowel or syllable (grammar)
50 A preposition
51 Breed of dog
53 Cupel or cupeling hearth for refining metals (plural)
54 Parent
55 To break or smash by collision
56 American Indian
57 Go horseback
58 Produced as offspring
59 Pulled apart by force; rent
60 Plunder or sack, as a conquered city
61 Otherwise
64 Period
65 Humor
66 Suffix used in forming names of chemicals

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-five

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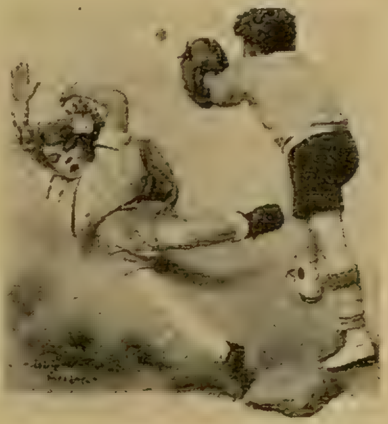
Baseball

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE big vacant lot was never vacant in the afternoon. It was filled with noisy boys and girls and yelping dogs. Near-by property owners shook their fists at the juvenile mob. Windows were often broken. And balls had been known to hit unsuspecting washerwomen hanging out clothes.

"Big game! This way to the big game!" a peppy boy was yelling. It was Jack Conforti and he was the pitcher. He hung his coat on a tree stump, rolled up his blue sleeves.


This week's cover picture.

It was a warm May day, but people closed windows as the din increased, and some housewives started using their vacuum cleaners to drown out the noise in the lot. One far-sighted neighbor began to gather her wash from the line because she remembered that once the children had stopped throwing baseballs to throw mud balls against her best tablecloth.

"Get a wiggle on!" a voice announced down the street. "The Big League game is starting!"

Neighbors on front porches groaned. They knew that the lungs which had launched this news belonged to Gwendolyn Smithers and that the game would be played fortissimo.

"I want to pitch! I want to catch! I want to be on first! I want to ump! I want . . . "

"I want some peace," an old lady sighed.

Everybody was yelling at once there in the middle of the lot. Nobody seemed to know who would be what. But Gwen's strident voice rose like a siren above the din and straightened everything out. With traffic-cop gestures she pointed to bases and spots in between.

"Come on!" she shouted. "Come on!"

Children came running faster than mice ever sped toward cheese on a pantry shelf. They dropped coats and hats and rulers and schoolbooks on the ground among old soup cans and rushed into the scene of action.

"Get snappy!" she yelled. "Get snappy!"

Did they get snappy? They did. Jack Conforti went through impressive motions, kicked pebbles out from under his shoes, pounded his pitcher's glove with the ball and then threw it. Red Hancock clung to home base and risked his nose an inch from the bat.

"Foul!" somebody yelled. "Foul!"

"Ball!" somebody else yelled. "Ball!"

"Strike!" Gwen yelled. "Strike!"

Dust flew. Bats were dropped with whangs.

"Gee, I'm glad I'm not that weak!" Gwen told everybody as one poor little boy kept fanning the air with his bat. "He must want exercise something awful." Then she was quite taken back. The ball touched the bat after all. "Run, run, run, run!" she yelled.

"Me?" he wanted to know.

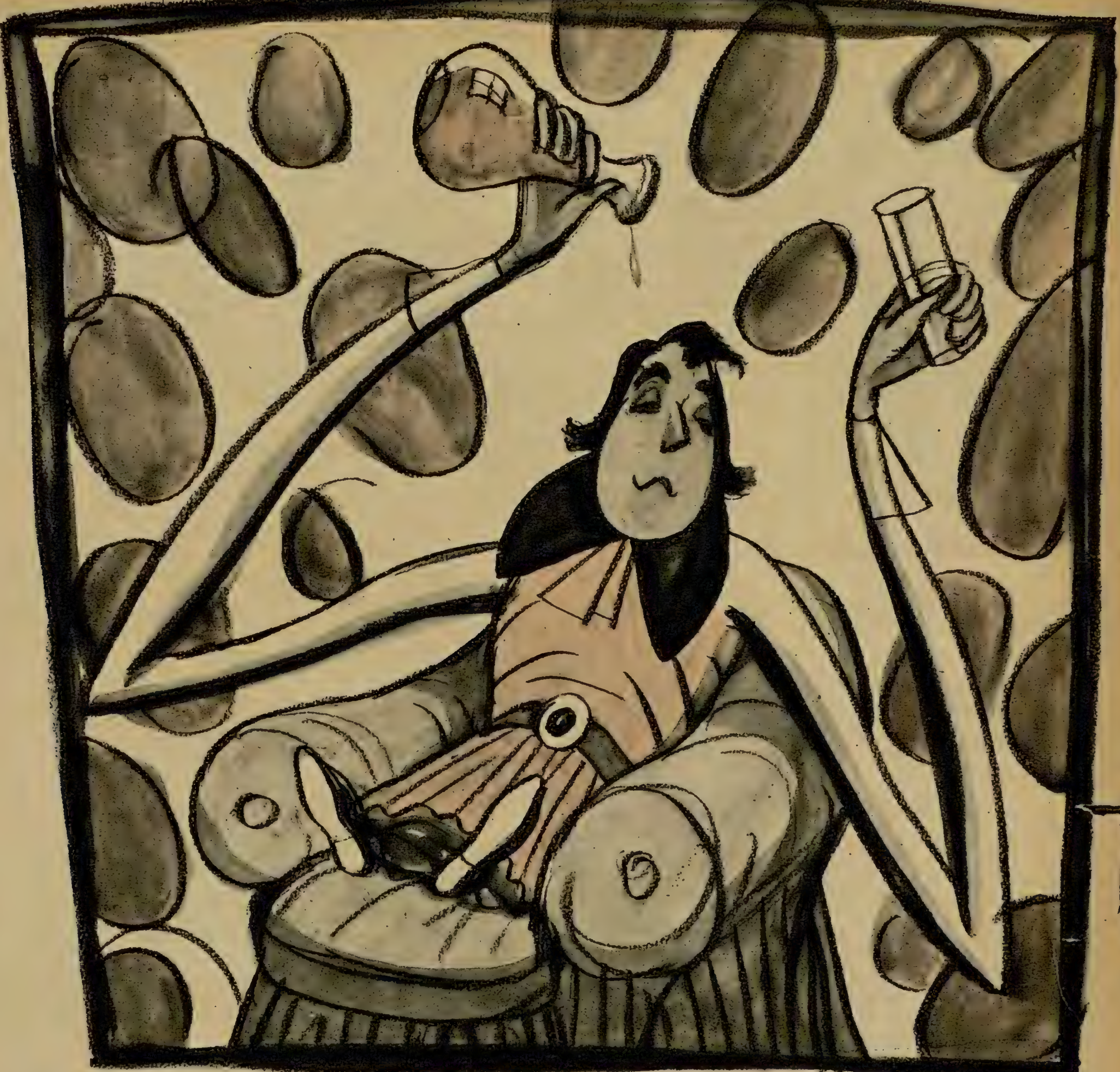
"Yes, you, you lazy turnip!" she laughed. "But don't bother now 'cause you're out in the cold."

She was up next. The fielders dropped back. She clenched her teeth and took a mighty swing and—kerflooey—the ball climbed into the sky!

"Over the fence! Run! Run!" Red Hancock was so excited he forgot to see who came in from third. "Look at her go! First, second, third! Get that ball!"

Gwen wasn't yelling. She was too thrilled. Could she make home? Yes, she could! She saw the ball over her shoulder and in the second before it landed in Red's glove—she took a long low slide with feet first. And she was safe!

(Next week's cover adventure: Bridge)



The Man of 1,900,031 will be very highly colored and will have no legs

Future Man:

Tree or Mammal?

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

Pictures by PETER ARNO

THE study of Mankind in its present state having proven such a bust, owing to Mankind's present state being something of a bust itself, scientists are now fascinating themselves with speculations on what Mankind will be like in future generations. And when I say "future," I don't mean 1940. Add a couple of ciphers and you'll be nearer right. It's safe enough to predict what Man will be like in that kind of future, because who'll be able to check?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FUTURE MAN: TREE OR MAMMAL?
Cont'd from page 55

We know what Man was like in the Pleistocene Age. He was awful. If he stood upright at all he was lucky, and as for his facial characteristics, I would be doing you a favor if I said nothing about them. Somehow or other he knew enough to draw pictures of elephants and mammoths on the walls of his caves, but I have always had a suspicion that those elephant pictures were drawn by some wag who lived in the neighborhood along about 1830. You can't tell me that anyone who carries himself as badly as the Neanderthal Man could have held a piece of crayon long enough to draw an elephant. However, this is none of my business. I can't draw an elephant either, which is probably why I am so bitter.

But when it comes to predicting what Man will be like in 100,000 years (I put it at 100,000 years because, when it gets up into figures like that, it doesn't make any difference; 100,000 years—50,000 years—who cares?)—when it comes to predicting that far ahead, it's anybody's racket. I can do it myself.

When we look back and see how Man has developed through all those corking stages from the Paleozoic Age, from sponge to tadpole to jellyfish (maybe we're on the wrong sequence—we don't seem to be getting any nearer Man)—anyway, through all those stages before he came on up through the ape to the beautiful thing we know today as J. Hamilton Lewis or Grover Whalen, and when we consider how many æons and æons it took for him to develop even arms and legs, to say nothing of pearl shirt studs and spats, we realize that we must go very carefully before we predict what he will be like in an equal number of æons. By then he may be a catalpa tree. Stranger things *have* happened.

I am basing my prediction on the part which protective coloration has played in the development of Man from the lower animals. It was only those jellyfish which had the same color as the surrounding country which survived the rigors of evolution. Birds which are the same color as the foliage in which they nest are less likely to be disturbed and therefore last longer. The chameleon is a good example of protective coloration carried to ridiculous extremes. If all the animals had been possessed of this ability to change colors at the drop of a hat, we should be living in a madhouse today.

ACCORDING to my theory, however, the principle of protective coloration will be working, from now on, in exactly the opposite manner from that in which it functioned in past ages. It will be only those men and women whose color differs most sharply from the surrounding country who will survive. If you will stop that whispering and fidgeting and will come up in single file and drop your chewing gum in the wastebasket, Teacher will continue to explain what he means.

Let us say that A and B are two citizens living in a modern city. A dresses in clothes which are of a dull slate color or perhaps low-class marble. When he goes out on the street he blends in with the color of the buildings, especially if he happens to be hung-over and not looking in the best of health. (Most people today do not look

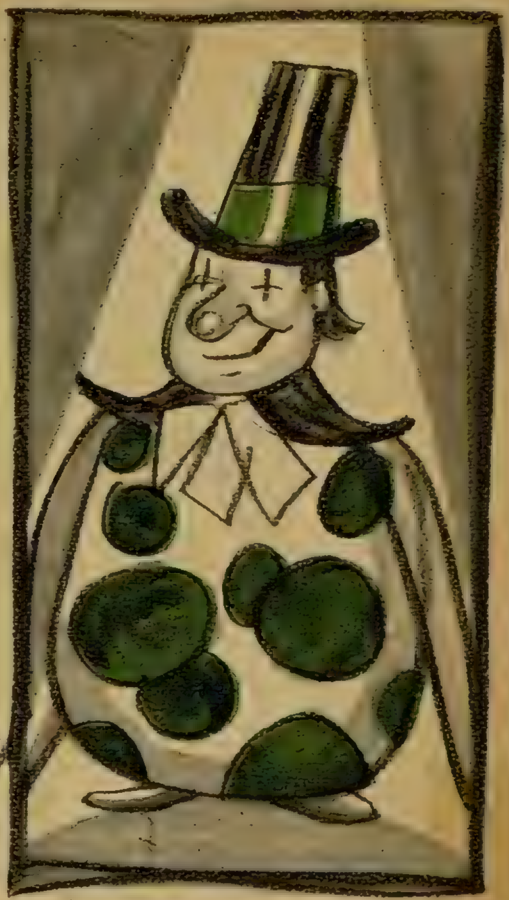
THE MAJORITY
DEMANDS GILLETTE

in the best of health owing to not being in the best of health.) What happens? He is run down by an automobile, the driver of which cannot distinguish him from the background of buildings and passing vehicles (unless a circus band wagon happens to be passing at the time, a contingency which it would be well not to count on too much), or he is shot by accident by a gunman who is aiming at a comrade and doesn't see the drab-colored citizen at all.

THE other citizen, whom we have called B but whose name is probably W, dresses in bright reds and yellows and has a complexion which makes him stand out from his fellow men. (Drinking will do this for one.) He can cross the street with impunity, because he is conspicuous, and automobile drivers will sometimes run right up on the sidewalk and knock down a dozen drab-colored citizens rather than crash into him. Gunmen can also see him clearly and will recognize him as *not* one of their number, for gunmen are notoriously quiet dressers. It is B then (or W, as you will) who survives.

But the man who doesn't go out into the street at all will survive even longer than B. We will call him B^1, or better yet ^2B. This wise man stays right in his room and reads magazines all day, with an occasional look at the clock to see how late he would have been if he had kept that luncheon appointment. He has his meals brought in to him, and, when it is bedtime, he sends for a lot of friends and they play backgammon. In time, owing to never having to walk, he loses the use of his legs, and, after several centuries, his breed have no legs at all. I therefore predict that Man will, in 3,000 years, have no legs, for all of those men who once had legs and have gone out into the streets will have been killed off.

This may seem fantastic and I shall probably be refused membership to the American Academy of Sciences because of promulgating this doctrine. See if I care. I still maintain that the Man of 1,900,031 will be very highly colored and will have no legs. His arms, however, owing to the constant raising and lowering of highball glasses (to preserve the high coloring) and centuries of turning on and off television dials (by means of which he will be kept in touch with the outside world), will have attained a remarkable flexibility and may reach five times the length of the distance now attained by what we fatuously call "modern man." He will not be very pretty-looking, according to modern standards, but he will be alive, which is something.



However, since we are in a period of transition right now, the best that we can do is to hasten this pleasant state of inactivity in behalf of our descendants. We ourselves cannot hope to reap its benefits. But we can attain to something of the charm and peace of that future state by resolving to stay indoors as much as possible, to increase our coloring to what others may consider an alarming degree, and to do nothing which will impede Nature's progress toward her inevitable goal, the elevation of Mankind to the condition of the beautiful catalpa tree.

Further comment by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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A Pair of Stockings

The Story of an Amazing Adventure

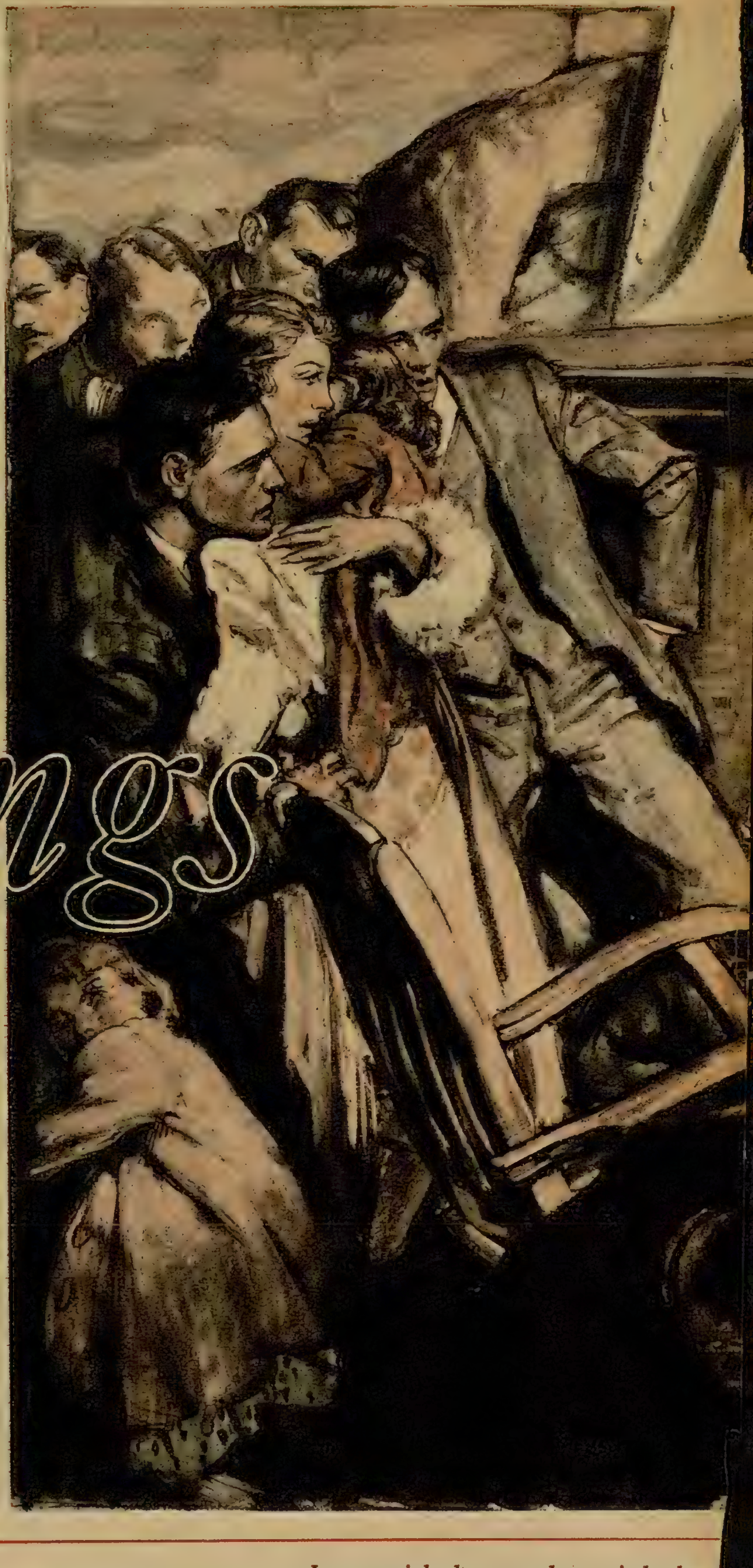
By

EDWARD DOHERTY

who has had long experience as a reporter and editor on New York and Chicago papers, and also has written two novels, The Diamond Eye and The Murders on the Roof, both of which appeared in Liberty. He lives in Larchmont, N. Y.

Pictures by E. F. WARD

(Reading time: 26 minutes 19 seconds.)



I was picked up and carried along

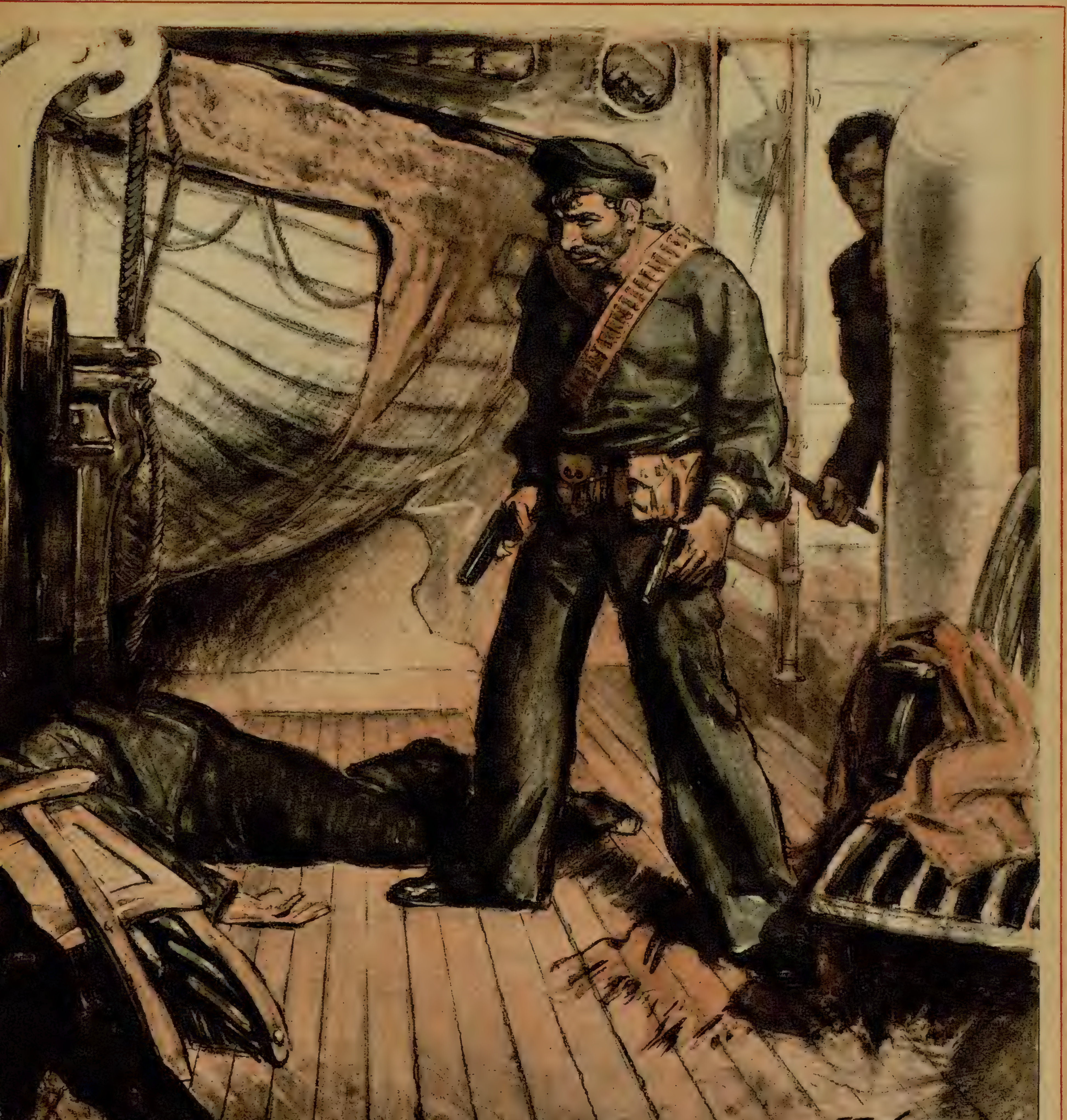
I WAS going to say I awoke on the raft that morning. But it wasn't waking; it was a sort of becoming aware.

I was actually on a raft somewhere in the Atlantic. I was cold. I was wet. I was sick. The raft was climbing mountains of water. The raft was falling into valleys. I was lying on my stomach, and my wrists were fastened to ropes.

At first I could see nothing but the waves above me or below me, could feel no sensation save that of cold. My hands were numb. My feet were heavy. It was hard to move them. I kicked them up and down, slowly, painfully. Gradually I could feel them coming to life. My arms began to work, and presently I had freed myself. My hands were cut. They were swollen, too. I kept looking at them, wriggling my fingers.

I couldn't stand up. It wasn't the pitching of the raft. It was my legs. They seemed to have no strength in them. I rolled over on my back, and sat up and held my head. My head ached. My eyes hurt from the salt water. My lips were puffed and sore and caked with salt and dried blood. My nose felt as if it had been broken.

Things came back to me in disconnected snatches. I remembered waking, or coming to, several times during the night, shivering, retching, coughing. I remembered the panic and the fight at the rail of the Algyric, the pirate I hit, the way I felt when I saw him fall. I remembered sliding down a rope, and letting go because my palms burned. I remembered coming up, sober, frightened, confused, and being swept away by a wave,



I saw in front of me one of the bluejackets from the submarine. He was firing into the crowd.

coughing and sputtering, to be knocked against something hard. I remembered a man's voice saying, "All right, pal, I got you."

I lowered my hands and looked around. It was just daylight, a sick gray daylight, and foggy. There was no man on the raft but myself, nobody but a little girl. She was six, maybe, or seven. She was lying very still at my side. I hadn't seen her before, though one of my arms must have been around her, protecting her. I must have touched her when I turned on my back.

The man who rescued me must have rescued her too, and wedged her under my right arm for protection. Was he washed off before he could save himself? Or did the pirates get him? They might have turned a searchlight on the raft and then a machine gun.

I took the little thing in my arms, and began to rub her hands with mine, though mine were stiff and clumsy. She began to whimper presently, but she never opened her eyes. "My leg," she said. "My leg." I looked at her legs and saw nothing. I took off her stockings. One of them stuck halfway down. I gave it a yank. The little girl screamed, and then was still. The stocking came off. The child had been shot in the left leg. It was a frightful

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A PAIR OF STOCKINGS
Continued from page fifty-nine]

wound. "My leg," she said again. I took out my handkerchief. It was soppy. I wrung it out and washed the wound, and then I tied it into a tourniquet. It was probably too late, I thought, but I didn't know.

I managed to get my coat off, and put it around her. It was wet through, but maybe it kept her warm. I don't know. She died in a little while.

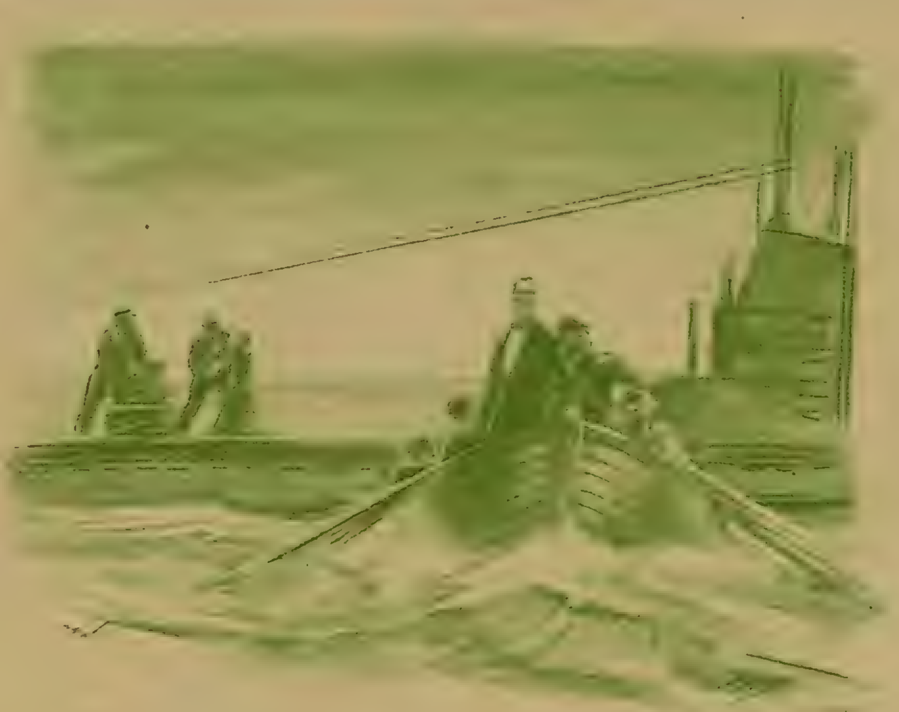
I hugged the wet little body hard to me, and cried, and kissed her salt-wet curls. I wondered if her mother had made those curls with rag papers, or used a curling iron. Maybe they were natural. And the little white dress she wore.

I cried and patted her cheeks and placed her where I had found her, and put my coat back on again. I wished I had something to put over her bare feet. I had an odd picture of some woman kissing them, and tucking covers around them; and I wondered for a moment what had happened to her mother. Gone down with the ship, perhaps. Her father too. I remembered them. They were nice people. Gregory, I think, was their name. I had heard them call the little girl Anne. I wondered if I should ever have a little girl like Anne. I thought of Sally. Maybe I'd never see her again.

I was sick for many minutes, and when I turned to the child again, she had gone. There was nothing of her left but the thin blue stockings I held in my hand. I rolled them into a ball and shoved them into my coat pocket, and stood up and cursed all pirates.

And then I prayed. I prayed that I might be rescued to find the pirates who had sunk the Algyric with all the hundreds of men, women, and children aboard her. I didn't want to die without avenging that little girl, but rescue seemed so hopeless that I jeered at myself for praying. Even if I should be picked up by some passing ship, how could I possibly find men who hid themselves beneath the surface of the sea and who might come up to sink whatever ship might find me?

I had absorbed all the pirate stories I could find when I was a boy. I had sat up nights reading of the bloodthirsty deeds of Morgan and Kidd and Black Beard and Jean Lafitte and Long John Silver and the rest of the great buccaneers of history and fiction—and I had admired them, though I shuddered at their cruelty. What hard, hard men they were! But these pirates of the giant submarine were men in evening clothes and in naval uniforms, men who took no chance and gave no quarter. They killed even babies to save their own hides.



The pirates boarded us just before dark.

THE Algyric was three days out when we began to talk of its slowness. It was supposed to be as fast a ship as most, but it was going more slowly every day. The officers wouldn't talk about it, except the surgeon, who blamed the heavy seas. There was a panicky feeling aboard the third night when the wireless went out of commission, though there were few who knew about that. I had gone upstairs to send a message to the News, of which paper I was aviation editor. I found the place locked, dark. I made inquiries, but none of the officers would answer them. The captain wouldn't see me.

As I stood on the raft, cursing the pirates, I realized what had slowed the ship. Someone in New York had thrown carborundum dust into the oil tank. Someone on board had crept into the wireless room that third night, killed the operator, and wrecked the radio apparatus. We were then an easy prey.

The pirate submarine appeared late in the afternoon of the fourth day, when the carborundum had so eaten into the Algyric's vitals that she was barely moving. It fired a shot across the Algyric's bow, and a bluejacket began to wave a couple of flags at us. We were leaning over the rail, scores of us, along the port side of the ship. An old lady near us wondered audibly what Boy Scouts were doing in the middle of the ocean. She was a lady who traveled all the time. She always carried her own ham and cheese with her, her own coffee and a percolator. A boat was lowered while we watched. It rowed to the submarine and returned with a dozen bluejackets, then went back for more. These men were little and dark, foreigners. They carried shotguns and revolvers. Around their waists and over their left shoulders were bands of cartridges.

"Pirates," Alvarez said. Nobody else said a word. "Pirates," he repeated. "I advise you all to be sensible. The submarine has you at its mercy. Any resistance and the ship will be sunk."

I UNDERSTOOD then. I had been drinking with Alvarez the night before. He had seemed a likable chap. He was courteous, suave, good-natured. He said he was a lace merchant. I saw no reason to doubt him. Some lace merchants do wear diamond studs as large as his. He got talking about all the rich people on board, the money in the bank, and how easy it would be for a submarine to capture and sink any ocean liner.

"We had a revolution in my country, you know," he said. "Suppose some of those revolutionists had captured a big submarine and turned pirate. They'd make lots of money, I bet."

I had no idea he was giving me a hint. I remember I laughed and called the steward and bought more drinks and drank a toast to Captain Kidd—and started talking aviation. I guess we got pretty tight, for I remember our talk broke up in an argument about the velocity of airplanes. I had told him of a ship that, falling out of the sky, had plunged twelve feet into the solid ground so that nothing was seen but its tail. Alvarez said he'd believe that when he saw it. I suppose I began that by saying how easily a plane could wreck a submarine. I remember giving him figures.

"You are a pirate?" I asked Alvarez as the bluejackets came forward and saluted.

"I am indeed, my friend," he said, grinning. He had an automatic in his right hand. "You will all go into the main salon and wait."

A big fellow named Saunders—a college professor, I believed, but perhaps I was mistaken—made a rush at Alvarez, and Alvarez fired. The bullet hit Saunders in the middle of the forehead. He was dead before he fell. We went into the main salon, dazed, nobody saying a word for some time.

Presently more and more people came into the salon, some of them in nightgowns or pyjamas. I guess they had been seasick, or taking a nap before dressing for dinner.

Nobody said very much. It was such an unbelievable situation. There we were—several hundred first-class passengers going abroad for business or pleasure or both, most of us rich, most of us used to luxury, servants, having our own way, accustomed to routine, safety, the protection of law and order—there we were on one of the most luxurious ocean vessels, the captives of a gang of foreign cut-throats. It was impossible, but it was true.

We heard shooting every so often, a cry of rage or a scream. We surmised the pirates were first emptying the bank and the purser's office, and the tills in the stores on B deck. Presently they would search our staterooms. Finally they would come into the salon and search our clothing.

"There must be a lot of them," I said. Nobody answered me. I had smoked up all my cigarettes, so I got up and walked around the room, not knowing what else to do. I begged a smoke from one of our stewards, a little cockney, and we got talking. He said the captain was killed and the navigating officer had ordered the crew to do whatever the pirates said. The steward made it plain he didn't think the navigating officer much of a man, but of course he was worrying about the ship and the people on it. If the pirates weren't back at a certain hour the submarine would torpedo us.

"'E 'INT tyking no chances, 'e 'int," the steward said. "But 'ow does 'e know the blighter won't sink us any'ow?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"There's more than a million dollars on board," I hazarded, "to say nothing of all the jewelry. This ship's full of millionaires. Won't these fellows be satisfied with loot?"

The steward shrugged his shoulders.

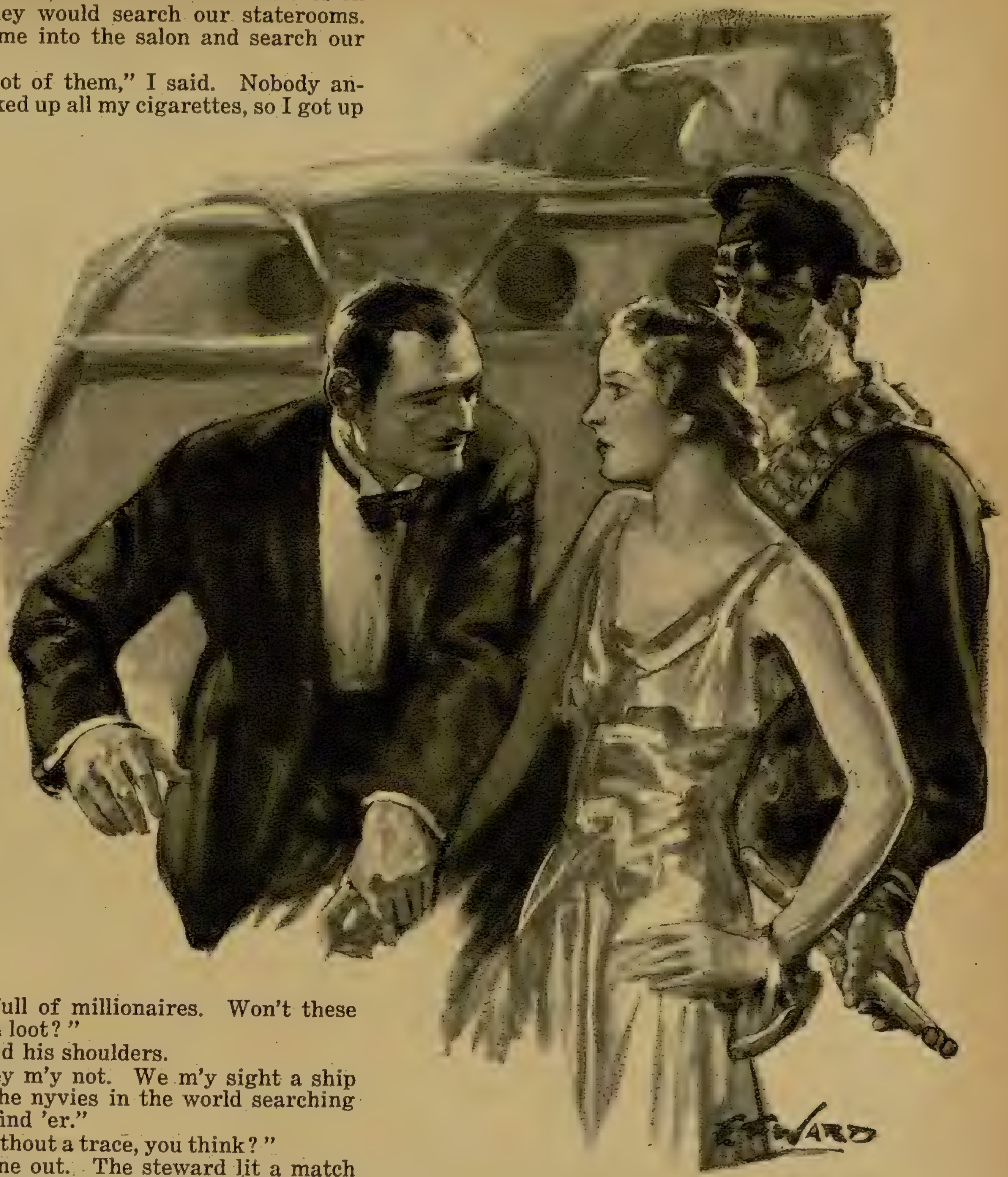
"They m'y—and they m'y not. We m'y sight a ship tomorrow and get all the nyvies in the world searching for that sub. They'll find 'er."

"So they'll sink us without a trace, you think?"

My cigarette had gone out. The steward lit a match and held it. His hand was steady. Mine wasn't. I was scared.

There was a woman sitting on a couch near us. I watched her for a time. She was not more than twenty-five or twenty-six. She held a baby in her arms, and a little boy sat beside her. The woman's face was very white. I couldn't tell whether it was the motion of the boat or not. The boy kept asking questions. She kept telling him to lie back and try to sleep. He was too full of life to want to sleep, and he was puzzled. Why was everybody here? Why did that girl cry? Why was the man petting her? Why was that woman in her nighty if she didn't want to go to bed? Why was that man walking up and down all the time? Why was that lady holding her pearls in her hand and looking at them? Why couldn't he go get a drink of water? The woman rocked the little girl and answered, "Because!" Her tone was hopeless, tired, petulant.

It had grown dark some time before the little boy squirmed off the couch, evading his mother's arm. "I want a drink," he said. He started to run out the door. His mother put down the baby and ran after him. The boy laughed. This was fun. He darted through the door. One of the pirates standing guard outside the door tripped the boy, then caught him by the collar and shook him. The boy's mother screamed and ran at the pirate. He dropped the boy and swung his shotgun over his head as though to brain her.



Sally tried to slap him, but he caught her hand and pulled her to him.

"Ow, I s'y," the little steward cried. "That's not sportink, you know. Not 'arf." He took the woman by the arm, but she tore away from him and picked up her son.

I can't say just what happened then. I do remember seeing the steward lying on the floor, blood on his head. I remember a rush of men and women over me as I stooped to see if the steward were dead. I heard screams, shots, oaths. I was knocked down a couple of times. I was trampled. I was picked up and carried along. I saw in front of me one of the bluejackets from the submarine. He was firing into the crowd. I hit him hard. I saw him go down. A minute, or two minutes, or five minutes later I was pinned against the deck rail. Another minute or so —I cannot be exact—I was in mid-air and something was cutting and burning my hands. No doubt that was a rope. The seamen must have used it—perhaps when they got that raft overboard.

. . . . .

The fog lifted some time in the morning and the sun came out. It was very hot. I took off all my clothes and wrung them out. My undershirt I wrung the hardest. I held it up to the sun for a time, and then I started to dry myself with it. But the sun had dried me, all except my legs. I looked around for something to eat and drink.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BETTER
BRAN FLAKES

A matchless combination

ROMP THROUGH the joyous hours of summer with energy in your muscles and pep in your spirit. Eat heartily and healthfully of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

The first taste tells you these are *better bran flakes*. They're a matchless combination with a matchless flavor. Every bowlful is packed with three vital elements. Each sun-brown flake is filled with *whole-wheat* nourishment. Each serving contains just enough *bran* to be mildly laxative. And each spoonful is brimful of the marvelous flavor of PEP — that crisp, delicious taste that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have.

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LONDON, CAN.

A PAIR OF STOCKINGS
Continued from page sixty-one

I thought there might be some hard-tack and water. I found nothing but bullet holes.

I wondered if I hadn't better dive into the ocean and have it over with, and I was seriously contemplating a quick death when I saw the Marindia.

Had I not been so diligently searching for food I must have seen it sooner. It was coming toward me very slowly. I reached for my big coat, and—presto!—I was in a white bed and men in uniforms were standing over me. One of them gave me a drink of brandy. It was the greatest blessing I had received up to that time. The second drink eclipsed it.

" He's more sunburned than chilled," someone said.

I thought for a moment that I was in a hospital in New York and that the men in uniform were policemen. I wondered if I had been shot. Then I saw Sally. I shut my eyes and opened them again. She was still there, smiling now, though she looked as though she might begin to cry.

One of the men said something. I caught the name " Algyric." Immediately I knew that I was not in New York. I sat up.

" Send this woman out of here! " I said. I didn't recognize my voice.

No one answered.

" Get her out quick! " I demanded. " I hate the sight of her."

I would have died rather than bring that bewildered hurt look to her dear face. But I had news she must not hear. I must get her away quickly, for there was no time to lose.

When I saw that look of pain spring to her eyes I wanted to call out that I didn't mean it. But she suddenly sprang up, and with a little " Oh! " ran to the door. I bit my tongue to keep from calling her back.

I PICKED out the captain by the gold stripes on his sleeve, and told him what had happened to the Algyric, what might happen to the Marindia.

" Our radio operator was killed a few minutes after we sighted you," the captain said. " And our radio is out of order. We are trying to adjust it now. Our engines—"

" Carborundum? " I asked.

Captain Dow nodded his head.

" Fortunately," the doctor spoke up, " we have the plane. It can reach the Scilly Isles. That might be of some advantage."

" I can fly," I said. The doctor gave me more brandy.

" We have a pilot and a mechanic," the captain said.

The telephone rang. A nurse talked, discreetly. She summoned the doctor and whispered to him. He whispered to the captain and hurried out with one of the other officers.

" We *had* a pilot," the captain said. I didn't know what he meant. I wasn't thinking of anything but Sally.

What could she be doing on this boat? When I kissed her good-by five days ago she had made no mention of following me to Europe. She would forgive me, of course, when I explained that I had been cruel to her merely to save her from worrying. But what would happen to her if that submarine came up again? And it would come up again in a few minutes now.

Someone kicked open the door. Four men carrying another man came through it. The ward had another patient—the pilot.

" Knocked on the head," I heard someone telling the captain.

Outside the door someone was crying, crying horribly —a man. I got up out of bed. No one stopped me. The doctor was busy. The captain had disappeared. I went outside.

" Get me some duds," I said to the man who was crying, " and I'll take his place."

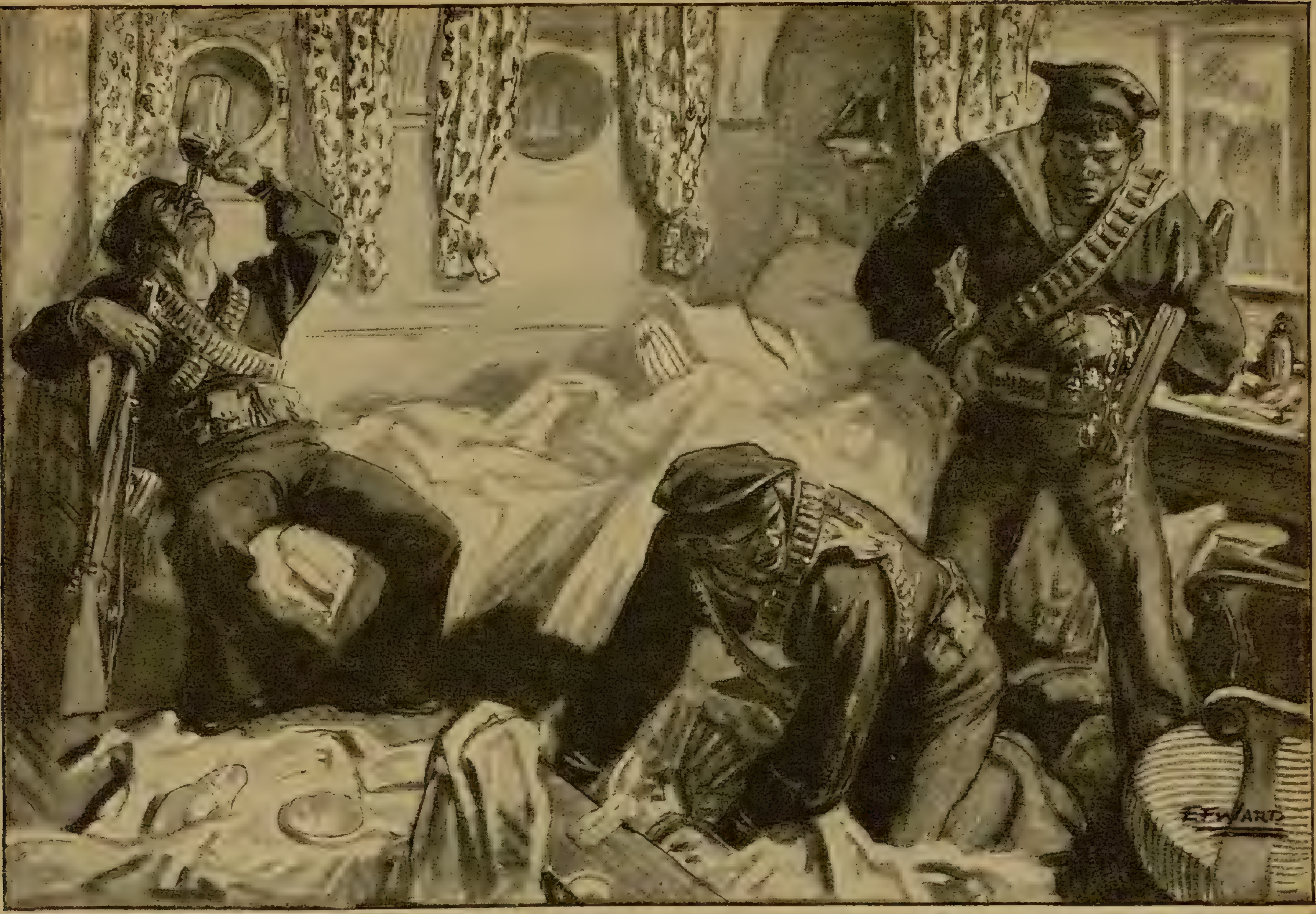
The man quit crying. He raised his fist.

" Take his place? The hell with you! "

" I mean I'm a pilot," I said.

" Nobody can take his place," he answered, sobbing again.

" I know," I said, impatient. " You're his pal. So



The ship wallowed in the heaving sea, while the pirates worked.

am I. I'll fly the ship, if it'll fly. Get me some sailor's duds, will you? You know—whatever a sailor wears. Get 'em if you have to kill somebody, but get them. The pirates slugged your pal, and if we don't work quick they'll butcher us all."

"Pirates?" He turned and hurried away. I went back into the room and watched for a little time. Someone knocked on the door. It was the man with the duds.

"You his mechanic?" I asked.

"Yeah. Shorty McHugh," he said. "Is he—?"

"Dead," I said.

Shorty didn't cry. He sort of thrust out his chin. He looked dumb, groggy. He said nothing. He helped me on with my boots.

"Stay here," I said. I went up the companionway on to the deck. I wonder how I made it. I found a bucket and some rags under a lifeboat and made my way forward to the plane. It was under canvas. I began washing up the blood.

ONE of the passengers stood watching me. I didn't look up. Maybe he was a decoy, one of the pirates.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

"Ay bane Svede," I answered and went back to my work. He laughed and walked on. I stole under the canvas and looked at the ship. Someone had drained all the gasoline out of the tank. I cursed. But God wouldn't play a trick like that, I felt. He wouldn't let Sally go down with the Marindia. He wouldn't let her be captured. I went all over the big ship, and when I found that emergency tank in the wings I could have sung. Then I found the compressed-air cylinder was filled—that pilot must have filled it just before he was knocked on the head.

The ship would fly! I could get it off, with Shorty's help. If I could get some thin wire to spring the catapult—O. K. I could pass that wire along the catapult, and into the cockpit. I'd have to wait until dark, however. And I'd have to warm up the engine before I sprang the trigger of the catapult gun. Someone would have to stay near by and guard me. Would Shorty do it? Shorty almost cried, he was so happy when I asked him.

"They got Steve," he said. "Maybe they'll get me. What does it matter? I'll get some of them. But you—what the hell can you do when you get into the air? There ain't an hour's flying in her and there ain't no bombs on her."

"There's more gas than I need," I answered. "Let's go get that wire."

THE pirates boarded us just before dark. They killed two passengers as soon as they came on deck—to teach the others a lesson. I got the bucket and went over and started washing the deck. Shorty, also in sailor togs, carried away the dead, an old woman and a young man.

"What are you doing here?" someone asked me. I looked up. It was Alvarez. He was in evening dress. I don't know why he didn't recognize me. I suppose the sunburn, the swollen nose, the puffed, caked lips, and the bloodshot eyes disguised me. Then, too, I hadn't been shaved in thirty-six hours.

"Ay bane Svede feller," I said. Alvarez grunted and walked away.

I was there on my knees when Sally came by. A bluejacket had hold of her arm, and he was hurting her. She wasn't frightened. She was angry.

The bluejacket halted when he saw Alvarez.

Alvarez raised his hand, and the bluejacket released her arm. There were ugly red marks on Sally's sweet white arm. I almost cried with rage. She was in a green-satin evening gown. I never saw her look more beautiful.

She had been in her cabin, unaware of danger, when the pirate came in and took her up toward the cabaret.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Alvarez greeted her.

Sally tried to slap him, but he caught her hand and pulled her to him and kissed her. She struggled. She kicked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOUNG
AS HER
DAUGHTER
AND AS
BEAUTIFUL!

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Do you long for beauty, for the divine glow of youth that comes only with perfect health? Just try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, for a few nights. Thousands have been delighted with the way color returns to the skin when pimples and blotches vanish, with the joy of feeling full of life, tireless and energetic from morning till night. These tablets, a fine substitute for calomel, and far easier to take, were for 20 years prescribed to folks bothered with liver trouble and constipation.

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Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.

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A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

A PAIR OF STOCKINGS
Continued from page sixty-three

Alvarez put her down and laughed. I was still scrubbing the deck at his feet, praying God to keep me from killing him then and there. Sally looked down and recognized me. She started and would have said something, but she must have seen the fright on my face. She gave me a look of scorn.

"What do you mean?" she asked Alvarez. She took a handkerchief from her little beaded bag, wiped her lips, and threw the kerchief to the winds.

Alvarez grinned. It was an ugly grin.

"Because of this insult," he said, "you will be my—woman."

Again Sally stole a glance at me, but I couldn't meet her eyes.

"I am in command of this ship," Alvarez explained. "These men with guns are my men. That is my submarine yonder, ready to torpedo this ship if a man of mine is harmed. When we go, you go with us."

Sally laughed in derision.

"A pirate! You a pirate? Not even in a comic opera!"

Alvarez laughed, amused. He raised his hand once more, and the waiting bluejacket again gripped her arm.

"We shall see," Alvarez said. He purred like a cat. "Keep her safe. I will come back for her when I am ready."

He turned and walked away. The bluejacket walked away, too, with Sally, and I could only look at the back of her head and hope to come back to her safely.

I made my way on my knees as close to the plane as I dared, knowing if there was one real sailor in all that mass of baby killers who looked at me, I would be discovered as a fake. There may have been real seafaring men among them. If so, they were too excited or too intent on their work to pay enough attention to me to detect the fraud, or to wonder why a sailor should scrub the deck like a landsman—and at the dinner hour, too. Maybe they thought me just a crazy squarehead not worth harming.

The work of looting the ship proceeded. The money taken from the vaults and boxes below was put in sacks. The jewels were placed in another sack. The mail bags were piled by themselves.

The ship wallowed in the heaving sea, helpless, engines stopped, while the pirates worked. Some of the crew helped in the work of looting the staterooms. Others were gathered aft, under guard. The passengers were shut in the cabaret, and the orchestra played for them. Sally—I did not know where she was.

A little after dark I put the bucket under a lifeboat, and, keeping myself to the shadows, worked my way to the plane. A bluejacket was there, on guard. I was glad Alvarez had not destroyed the plane. Perhaps he meant to take it apart, when he had time, and take it in pieces aboard the submarine. He might have use for it.

The bluejacket walked up and down, and kept turning his head constantly, for there were several directions from which danger might walk out on him.

I was lying flat on the deck, not ten feet from the covered plane, and scared to death. The blackness of the capstan's shadow hid me, I hoped, but maybe that sentry would see some part of me. Surely he would hear me breathe. And I must stay there, quiet, unseen, until Shorty McHugh was with me.

Once the sentry came within a foot of my hiding place and peered suspiciously into the blackness about the barrel-like capstan. I squeezed the little ball of stockings in my hand and held my breath. Presently he moved on. A hand touched me. I nearly jumped before I realized. It was Shorty. I patted him on the back.

"Wait," I whispered, and began crawling backward. This was dangerous, of course. I might kick something, touch something, make a noise that would bring a volley of shots my way.

Nothing happened. It seemed hours before I thought I was ready. I raised myself up and began to talk to myself. I marched boldly out into the light, praying the sentry wouldn't shoot. He didn't.

He covered me with his gun and said, "Halto!"

I grinned at him. "Ay bane Svede feller," I said. "Ay go foc'sle please, go bed." He glared at me—and the next moment Shorty had felled him with the butt of his revolver. Quickly we carried him to the shadow of the capstan. Quickly we relieved him of guns and ammunition. Quickly we tore the canvas cover from the plane and strung the wire to work the catapult.

I climbed into the cockpit, but not until I had tied little Anne's stockings to the struts. The strangest flags that any man ever wore into battle.

Shorty jumped on the lower wing and wound the spring of the starter. She caught. The motor idled cleanly.

"Up to you now, boy," I called. He wasn't dumb now, nor groggy. There was a light in his eyes like that in a kid's when he sees Santa Claus. He jumped down and threw himself flat near the young arsenal we had collected from the pirate.

I eased the throttle forward gently. The silver thing quivered as though it were alive and fearful. And now all hell was loose. Shots were coming from the bridge, from all parts of the sun deck back of us. Shorty was firing, not loud at all. It sounded as though he were setting off firecrackers one by one.

Bullets came through the wings, whistled all around me. One of them nicked a strut, and my face was full of splinters. I brushed them off. My hand came away wet. I wiped it on my dungarees, and gave the plane full gun. All other sounds were lost in the savage roar.

I couldn't hear the shots, but there was a panicky feeling in my back and my legs trembled. I couldn't help it. Being shot at from behind did something to me I can't describe. A bullet smashed through the instrument board and shattered the magnetic compass. I thought it was all up with me then. I wiggled the controls. Nothing had touched them. I was still safe—for a moment.

I wished I could do something else than sit there, and wait, and wait. But I must wait. I needed all the 400 horsepower in the engine.

The searchlight from the bridge suddenly threw a blinding light upon me. I almost screamed. I looked back. The light hurt my eyes, but I could see a face on the starboard side, with a hand and a gun in front of it, a hideous face that crept nearer and nearer. I shouted to Shorty, though I knew he couldn't hear. I saw the gun fire. I saw Shorty quiver—and I wasn't ready yet. If they rushed me now—good-by forever, Sally!

But Shorty wasn't dead. His right hand went out. It groped for a gun, found it, fired it.

I WAS ready now, but I must wait for the roll of the ship. If anything happened in the take-off— But I vowed it wouldn't happen. The ship wallowed, her head in the wind. That meant I'd have to take off over the starboard side, cross wind. I waited. When the Marindia rolled heavily to port I threw all controls into neutral and held them there. I waited until she rolled to the bottom of the dip and jerked the release wire.

For one split second that seemed a fearful age the plane waited. Then I was flung headlong into the night, my back jerking sharply against the rear of the cockpit. Instinctively my hand closed over the control stick, and I was pitched forward in my seat as the nose went down. I eased the stick forward until the last moment, when I eased it back. The speed indicator showed we were making sixty miles an hour. I leveled off. Sixty-five we went, seventy, seventy-five. I shouted with a savage happiness. "Now, Anne," I cried. "Now!" At ninety-five miles an hour I whipped her over for a climbing turn, and leveled off to see the lights of the liner below. I could see the flashes of guns on her deck.

I was over the submarine now, a thousand feet up—and ready. It was suicide perhaps, but what of that? I shoved the control stick forward. The plane went over on her nose and plunged straight down on the submarine. Anne's stockings on the struts went back straight in the wind, like avenging fingers pointing to the heavens.

THE wind roared as we went down, down, down, and the submarine came up, up, up. I undid my safety belt. I let go the control stick, stood up, and pulled the parachute ring. I felt a terrific jerk that seemed to break every bone in my body.

And I landed on that little white bed in the Marindia's hospital.

Often since I have pictured to myself that silver missile shooting down on the great gray sea monster, an angry roaring eagle with a great wind in his wings swooping on a giant fish. I see the exultant leap of flames, hear the impact of metal on metal, see the submarine broken in two, see the white water explode and hide plane and ship and men and guns and pirate loot forever.

But all I saw after I bailed out of the plane was the group of men in uniform around my bed—and Sally. Sally was crying, but she was radiant, too.

"Don't try to talk," she said. "We're all safe. The pirates are dead—or in irons. When you—" She shuddered and began to cry again. "They threw down their guns and surrendered," she said. Her voice was funny. "I—was— Oh, darling, I meant to surprise you," she went on. "I couldn't wait for you to come back to New York—weeks and weeks and weeks. I followed you—to marry you in London, my—my hero."

Hero, hell! There were only two heroes, a cockney steward and a weepy mechanic. And they were both dead. I looked at the doctor; and he took the hint.

It was an exquisite brandy. It was great to be alive.

THE END

COMING SOON—

The $25,000 Prize Awards

In Liberty's recently concluded

Patriotic Game of States

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT
IN LIBERTY FOR
MAY 30

B	O	R	E		T	U	B		L	A	C		E	R	A	L
I	T	E	R		I	R	E		A	D	O		D	I	N	E
R	O	A	R		C	A	R	A	V	A	N		E	D	N	A
D	E	M	I	T	■	L	A	T	E	■	V	E	N	D	E	D
			N	O	W	■	T	E	■	M	E	S	S			
D	I	S	G	R	A	C	E	■	P	A	R	T	■	C	A	R
O	N	E	■	E	R	R	■	R	A	N	G	E	■	A	S	E
G	N	A	R	■	M	I	L	A	N	■	E	R	A	S	E	D
		S	A	P	■	B	A	R	G	E	■	S	I	T		
S	O	O	N	E	R	■	M	E	S	A	S	■	R	I	S	E
A	W	N	■	W	A	T	E	R	■	S	I	T	■	N	O	W
Y	E	S	■	T	I	E	S	■	S	T	R	A	N	G	L	E
			H	E	L	D	■	H	A	■	E	R	A			
U	N	F	U	R	L	■	H	A	L	T	■	T	R	O	T	S
N	E	O	N		E	R	O	S	I	O	N		I	D	E	A
D	A	R	T		R	E	S		V	I	E		N	E	S	T
O	R	E	S		Y	E	T		A	L	T		E	R	S	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 52

W	A	S	P		M	A	C	A	W		B	E	A	T
A	R	I	L		A	R	A	B	A		R	A	M	A
R	I	L	E		R	E	N	A	L		E	R	I	N
P	A	L	A	T	E	■	■	■	T	R	E	N	D	S
			D	O	■	A	M	A	Z	E	D			
O	R	E	S	■	S	H	I	N	■	A	S	P	E	R
D	E	N	■	S	P	A	N	■	A	M	■	A	L	A
O	M	A	■	P	I	S	T	O	L	E	■	R	A	T
R	I	T	■	A	T	■	A	V	E	R	■	A	T	E
S	T	E	E	R	■	A	G	E	S	■	S	H	E	D
			L	E	T	T	E	R	■	M	E			
D	E	R	I	D	E	■	■	■	B	A	T	T	L	E
A	R	I	D		S	E	W	E	R		T	O	O	L
S	I	D	E		T	R	I	N	E		E	R	O	S
H	E	E	D		S	A	T	E	D		R	E	T	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 53

"If it aint Mange it's Fleas"

THE expression, *"a dog's life"* has lost much of its point since Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap became known. Your dog will appreciate a bath in the luxuriant suds of this pleasant, mild soap. A thorough bath will kill every flea, leaving his coat in splendid condition. After drying, dust his coat with Sergeant's Skip-Flea Powder. Fleas will stay away.

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German Spies

Dates and Deeds: A Summary of Sabotage

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 19 minutes.)

HAVING devoted the preceding twelve installments to episodes of the secret battles within our borders, Mr. Sutherland now passes in swift review the specific incidents of Berlin's thrusts against neutral America.

PART THIRTEEN—CONCLUSION

MANIFESTLY, where a clever spy is operating, in fact or in fiction, it will ever be difficult to fasten directly on him all the fruits of his spying. If he exposed his work, or identified himself as guilty of any phase of it, he would not be a spy: he would be an ex-spy and, most likely, a corpse.

When dozens of spies and saboteurs are working, those in the territory they infest will undoubtedly realize that spying and sabotage are going on, even if it is impossible to connect any one agent with any one outrage. But if all, or most of them, are named it is elementary to associate the actors and the acts.

This is the situation we find in considering the sabotage and espionage conducted in neutral America by the German agents. I have identified many of them because they were convicted in American courts or themselves confessed their deeds. But, I admit, their confessions are of a generic nature: they admit, in generalities, that they committed sabotage; but they seldom or never admit any specific piece of destruction.

So I think it is now only necessary for me to show what happened as a result of their activities from August, 1914, to April, 1917. Here, therefore, is a chart of their sabotage. It is not complete, but my only mistakes are those of omission, for it is certain that I have been unable to discover all that they did. Even so, the list is as imposing as it is appalling.

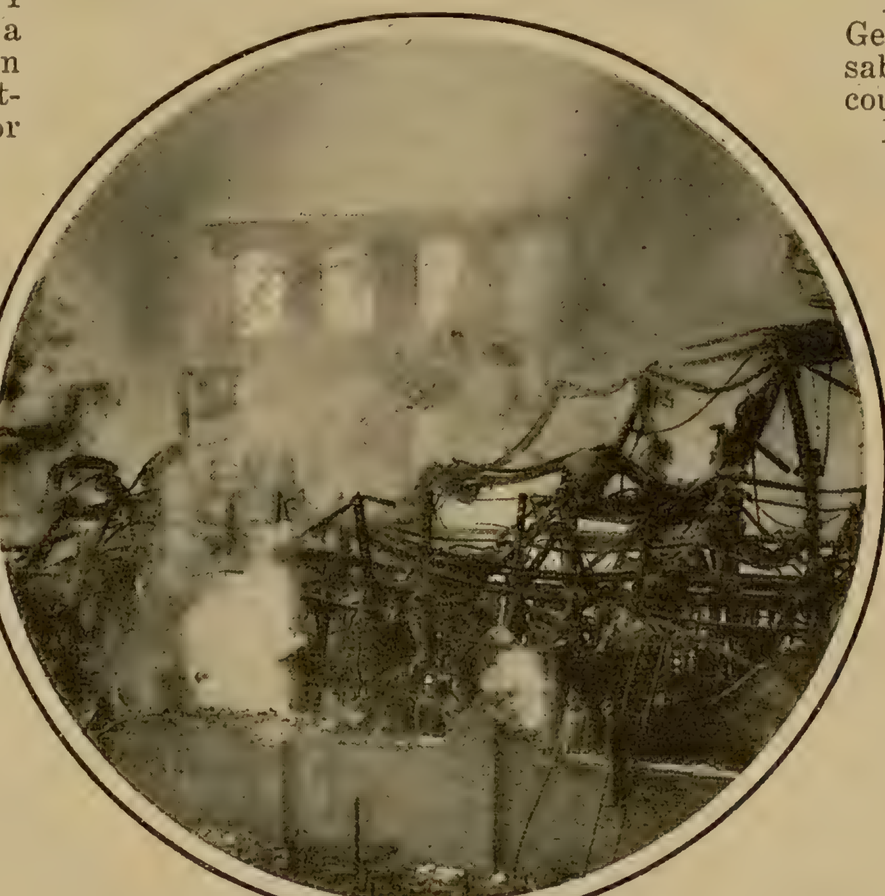
July 19, 1912. Martha Held rented house at 123 West 15th Street, New York City, which became rendezvous for German agents and storage place for their bombs.

June 28, 1914. Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and wife assassinated at Sarajevo, Serbia.

July 7, 1914. Ambassador von Bernstorff leaves for Berlin on summer vacation.

August 1, 1914. World War begins.

August 2, 1914. Von Bernstorff, Dr. Albert, Dr. Dernberg, and others leave Germany for America, bringing instructions and $150,000,000 in treasury notes.



© International News photo

What an incendiary fire did to the Roebling plant at Trenton, N. J.

August, 1914. Franz von Papen, military attaché, hurries to Washington from Mexico City to organize Intelligence Center.

August 3, 1914. Horst von der Goltz, major in Mexican army, gets leave to go to Washington to offer services.

August 10, 1914. Frederick J. Busse, important agent, reports for duty to von Papen.

August 18, 1914. President Wilson proclaims America's neutrality and right to sell materials to any belligerent under the second Hague Convention.

August 22, 1914. Paul Koenig's notebook has entry saying he has been "intrusted with a certain investigation" by von Papen; and the sabotage bureau is now established.

August 26, 1914. Von Bernstorff and party reach Hoboken. That afternoon credits are arranged with New York banks and with G. Amsinck & Company.

September, 1914. Von Papen and Boy-Ed meet Mena Edwards and take her to 123 West 15th Street. Von Papen, Hans Tauscher, von der Goltz, and others plot expedition against Welland Canal in Canada.

October 8, 1914. Von der Goltz goes to Berlin and has audience with the Kaiser.

November 2, 1914. German General Staff issues order for sabotage in neutral European countries.

November 28, 1914. German Admiralty issues identical order and extends it to include United States territory.

DECEMBER, 1914. From von Bernstorff down to lowliest anarchist the sabotage plans and activities are perfected.

January 1, 1915. Incendiary fire at John A. Roebling plant, Trenton, N. J.

January 3, 1915. Mystery explosion in S.S. Orton in Erie Basin, New York.

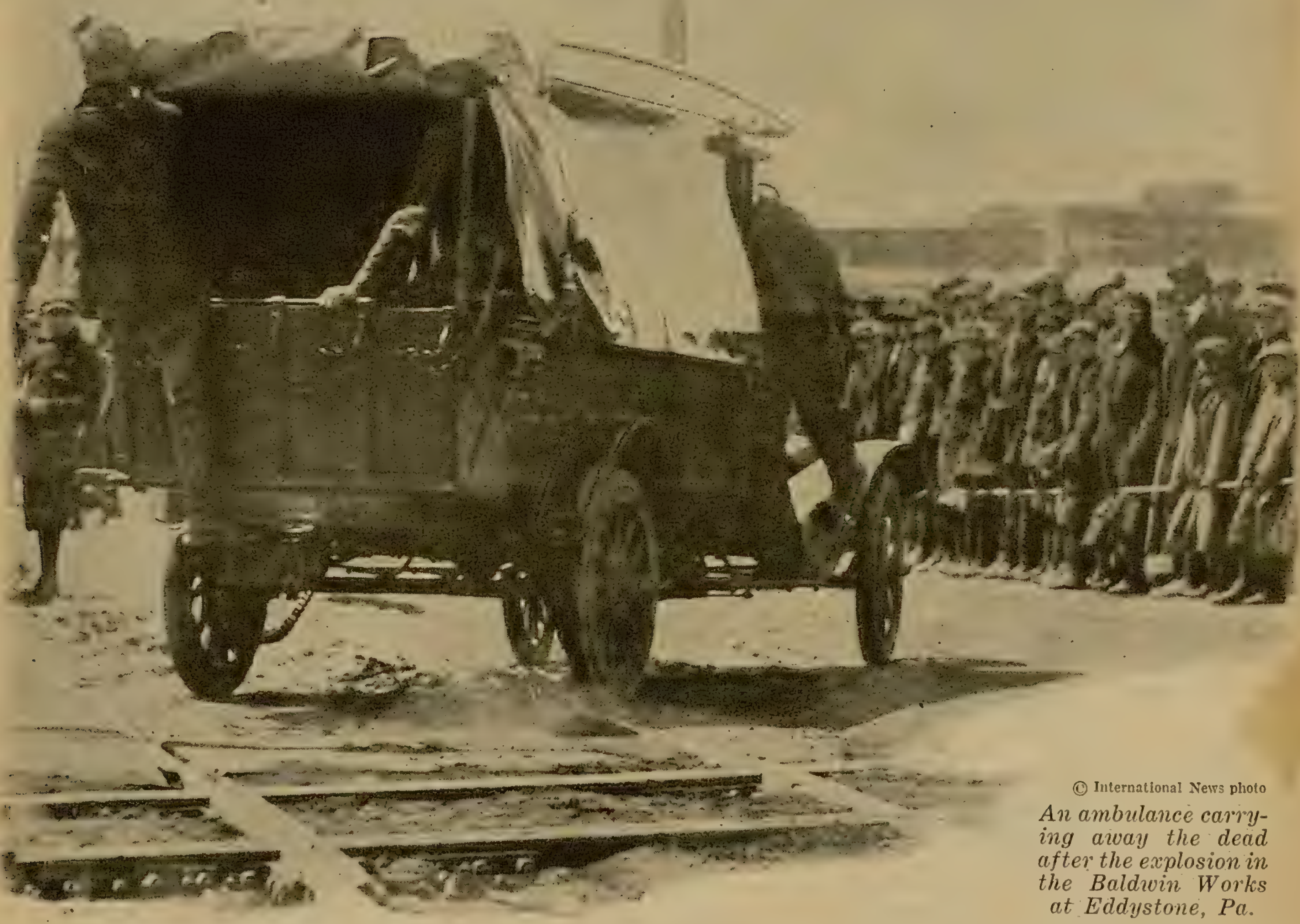
January 15, 1915. General Staff makes November 2, 1914, sabotage order specifically applicable to United States territory.

January 18, 1915. Von Papen pays Werner Horn $500 to destroy Vanceboro, Maine, bridge.

January 26, 1915. Zimmermann message to von Bernstorff quotes Sir Roger Casement as to three Americans who can furnish information about sabotage agents.

January 28, 1915. Von Papen writes $2,000 check for Albert Kaltenschmidt, later indicted for efforts to blow up Detroit Screw Works.

in America



© International News photo

An ambulance carrying away the dead after the explosion in the Baldwin Works at Eddystone, Pa.

February, 1915. Horn tries to blow up Vanceboro bridge. Is sent to Atlanta Penitentiary. Bomb found in cargo of S.S. Hennington Court.

February 23, 1915. Barthelm's circular to embassies and consulates in neutral countries orders new propaganda and sabotage campaign.

March 8, 1915. Agency of Canadian Car & Foundry Company incorporated in New York to assemble and ship munitions to Allies at Kingsland, N. J., plant.

March, 1915. S.S. Carlton takes fire mysteriously.

March 15, 1915. Explosion in Dupont plant at Haskell, N. J.

March 24, 1915. Von Bernstorff wires von Papen that Berlin approves plans to obstruct munition shipments to Allies.

April 1, 1915. Explosion in Equitable powder plant, Alton, Ill.

April, 1915. Von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert open new accounts for millions of dollars with New York banks.

April 4, 1915. Caps for shells mysteriously explode at Pompton Lakes, N. J. Captain Franz von Rintelen arrives in New York.

April 10, 1915. Von Rintelen orders Dr. Walter T. Scheele to construct time bombs.

April 23, 1915. Robert Fay reaches New York.

April 29, 1915. S.S. Cressington Court afire at sea.

April, 1915. Two bombs found in cargo of S.S. Lord Erne. Bomb found in hold of S.S. Devon City.

May 3, 1915. Three die in explosion at Anderson Chemical Co. in Wallington, N. J.

May, 1915. Von Papen crosses continent, reorganizing consulates.

May 8, 1915. Explosion in Dupont factory at Carney's Point, N. J.

May 11, 1915. Von Papen pays Franz Schulenberg $500 in Seattle.

May 13, 1915. S.S. Samland afire at sea.

MAY 15, 1915. Two explosions in Dupont factory, Carney's Point, N. J.

May 16, 1915. Von Papen gives Schulenberg $4,000 to buy arms for Hindus in America and Canada.

May 20, 1915. Barge of munitions blown up in Seattle harbor; watchman missing.

May 21, 1915. Bomb found in cargo of S.S. Anglo-Saxon.

May 25, 1915. Explosion in Dupont factory, Carney's Point, N. J.

May 30, 1915. Four bombs found in sugar cargo of S.S. Kiroswald.

June 2, 1915. S.S. Strathway afire at sea.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

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ICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-85, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. C.

[GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page sixty-seven]

June 4, 1915. Bomb explodes in S.S. Minnehaha at sea.

June 26, 1915. Incendiary fire in Ætna powder plant, Pittsburgh, Pa.

July 2, 1915. Eric Meunta explodes bomb in Capitol, Washington, D. C.

July 3, 1915. Meunta shoots J. P. Morgan in Long Island home.

July 7, 1915. Explosion in Philadelphia benzol plant. Explosion in Dupont factory, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

July 13, 1915. S.S. Touraine afire at sea.

July 14, 1915. New Jersey Central Railway grain elevator set afire.

July 16, 1915. Five men killed in explosion and fire at Ætna powder plant at Sinnamahoning, Pa.

July 19, 1915. Explosion in Dupont factory, Wilmington, Del.

July 20, 1915. S.S. Knutford afire at sea.

July 24, 1915. Five fires in hold of S.S. Craigside. Franz von Rintelen returns to Germany.

July 25, 1915. Trainload of munitions derailed at Metuchen, N. J.

July 27, 1915. Two bombs found in S.S. Arabic.

July 29, 1915. Incendiary fire in American Powder Co. plant, Acton, Mass.

August 1, 1915. No 60 Wall Street offices re-leased to May 1, 1916, for "advertising agency."

August 9, 1915. S.S. Asunción de Larrinaga afire at sea.

August 11, 1915. Incendiary fire in Westinghouse plant, Turtle Creek, Pa.

August 13, 1915. Bombs found in cargo of S.S. Williston.

August 27, 1915. Lighter Dixie catches fire while being loaded.

August, 1915. Train with 7,000 pounds of dynamite blown up at Pinole, Calif.

September 1, 1915. S.S. Rotterdam afire at sea.

September 2, 1915. S.S. Santa Ana afire at sea.

September 29, 1915. Bomb found on pier near S.S. San Guglielmo.

October 11, 1915. Incendiary fire and explosion in Baldwin Locomotive Works, Eddystone, Pa.

OCTOBER 24, 1915. Robert Fay arrested; says von Papen told him to keep quiet.

October 26, 1915. S.S. Rio Lages afire at sea.

October, 1915. Many other German agents arrested. Incendiary fire in Bethlehem Steel Company shops.

November 3, 1915. S.S. Euterpe afire after bomb explodes in hold.

November 6, 1915. S.S. Rochambeau afire at sea.

November 7, 1915. S.S. Ancona explodes at sea.

November 10, 1915. Incendiary fire in Bethlehem Steel Company plant at Bethlehem, Pa.

November 11, 1915. Fire in Roebling plant at Trenton, N. J.

November 18, 1915. Dr. Albert's account with G. Amsinck & Company, alone, since September, 1914, shows deposits of $13,000,000, to say nothing of accounts in other banks.

December 4, 1915. President Wilson demands recall of von Papen and Boy-Ed.

December 6, 1915. Two fires on S.S. Tynningham at sea.

December 8, 1915. Wilson tells Congress why he demanded recall of attachés.

December 10, 1915. Von Bernstorff, after argument with Lansing, tells him the Kaiser has recalled the two German officials. Dynamite found in coal tender of B. & O. munitions train at Callery junction, Pa.

December 18, 1915. Paul Koenig, Leyendecker, Metzler, Schleindel, and others arrested. Wolf von Igel succeeds von Papen. Dr. Albert writes his wife that his work "has increased rather than decreased" since von Papen's recall.

DECEMBER 21, 1915. Metzler and Leyendecker confess sabotage and second attempt to blow up Welland Canal.

December 23, 1915. After insolent statement asserting innocence, von Papen sails.

December 24, 1915. Dynamite in cargo of S.S. Alston at sea.

December 26, 1915. Fire in hold of S.S. Inchmoor. Fire in hold of S.S. Manchuria.

December 28, 1915. Von Rintelen indicted for "fomenting strikes."

December 29, 1915. Declining to see reporters, Boy-Ed sails for Germany.

January 2, 1916. British find details of sabotage campaign after searching von Papen's papers at Falmouth, England.

January 3, 1916. Zimmermann cables von Bernstorff to destroy Canadian Pacific Railroad at various points.

January, 1916. Berlin places $3,000,000 more to Dr. Albert's credit.

January 10, 1916. Explosion in Dupont factory, Carney's Point, N. J.

January 11, 1916. Explosion in Dupont factory, Wilmington, Del.

January 15, 1916. Explosion in Dupont factory, Gibbstown, N. J.

January 19, 1916. S.S. Sygna afire at sea. Explosion in hold of S.S. Ryndam.

January 22, 1916. Two bombs found in hold of S.S. Rosebank.

February 2, 1916. Von der Goltz, returning to America, captured in England, confesses details of sabotage in America.

February 3, 1916. Bomb found in cargo of S.S. Hennington Court.

February 12, 1916. Bethlehem projectile plant blown up.

February 16, 1916. S.S. Dalton afire at sea.

February 18, 1916. Nadolny and Marguerre order Fred Hermann, Paul Hilken, and Dr. Anton Dilger to hasten to America and commit sabotage; incendiary pencils given to Hermann.

February 19, 1916. Explosion in Union Metallic Cartridge Co. plant at Bridgeport, Conn.

February 20, 1916. Explosion in

Middlesex Aniline Company plant, New Jersey.

February 21, 1916. S.S. Tennyson explodes at sea, three men killed; bomb planted by German agent in Brazil.

February 26, 1916. S.S. Livingstone Court afire in Gravesend Bay, N. Y.

February, 1916. Fire destroys Houses of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada. S.S. Carleton afire at sea.

April 4, 1916. Cargo on S.S. Marta destroyed by time bomb.

April 13, 1916. Explosion in Dupont plant, Bluefield, W. Va.

April 18, 1916. Wolf von Igel arrested and indicted, and incriminating files confiscated. Von Bernstorff demands diplomatic immunity for him.

April 19, 1916. Robert Fay confesses and implicates von Papen.

May 1, 1916. Von Igel renews lease at 60 Wall Street for a year, still as an "advertising agency."

May 3, 1916. Von der Goltz, sent to America by British captors, confesses sabotage, and points out 123 West 15th Street as place where he and others stored explosives.

May 10, 1916. Atlas Powder Company plant destroyed.

May 14, 1916. Munitions cargo of S.S. California damaged by bomb. Fire in hold of S.S. Candahar.

May 16, 1916. Explosion in Dupont plant, Gibbstown, N. J.

May, 1916. Chemical plant blown up in Cadillac, Michigan.

June 7, 1916. Explosion in Dupont factory, Wayne, N. J.

June 30, 1916. Koenig pleads guilty and gets suspended sentence.

JUNE, 1916. Hundreds of thousands have been paid to Hindus and other Indian conspirators by von Igel, according to his files. Lothar Witzke reaches San Francisco and joins Kurt Jahnke and Consul General Bopp in sabotage.

July 22, 1916. Explosion in Hercules powder plant, Pinole, Calif. Preparedness Parade bomb in San Francisco kills ten and injures forty.

July 25, 1916. Witzke applies for citizenship in San Francisco. Mooney and Billings and others arrested for parade bomb.

July 26, 27, 28, 29, 1916. Michael Kristoff absent from work at Eagle Oil Works, near Black Tom.

July 27, 1916. Jim Larkin, radical labor leader, leaves Chicago for New York.

July 28, 1916. Dr. Albert's diary, rarely missing a day of social and business activities, is completely blank from July 28 to August 4.

July 29, 1916. No. 123 West 15th Street completes details of Black Tom explosion plot.

July 30, 1916. Black Tom destroyed at 2 A. M.; three men killed, damages estimated at $40,000,000. At 4:30 A. M., Kristoff returns home, agitated and nervous. Landlady tells police. He is arrested, but released when she uses to help prosecute. Later he

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Doctors approve it as safe: Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it. Money back if not delighted.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page sixty-nine

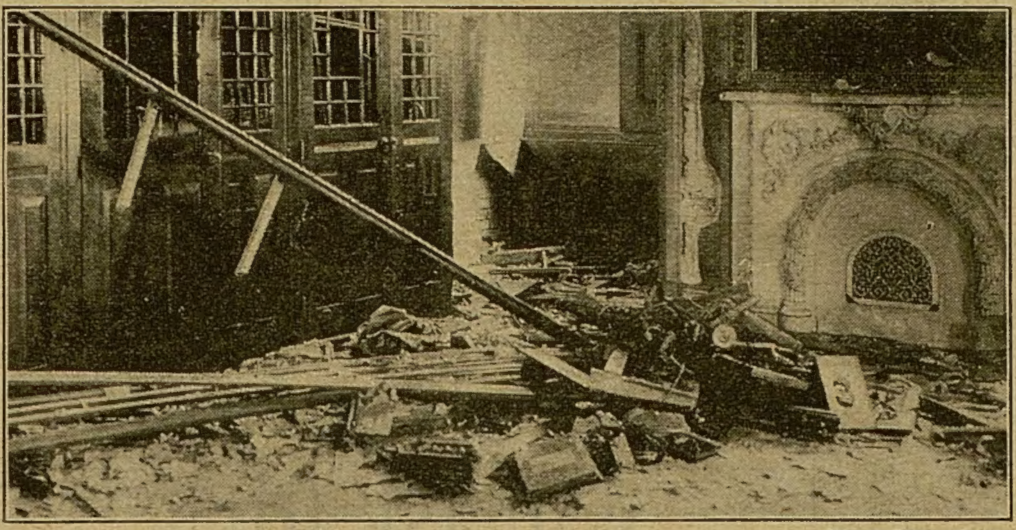
confesses to a Burns Agency detective that he and two Germans blew up Black Tom.

August 1, 2, 1916. No. 123 West 15th Street celebrates Black Tom blast.

August 18, 1916. Two explosions on piers of Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

August, 1916. Robert Fay escapes from Atlanta and goes to Mexico City.

October 2, 1916. Fire in hold of S.S. Philadelphia.



Brown Bros. photo

Germany's secret war reached the national Capitol—as this picture of the effects of a bomb, exploded by Eric Meunta, testifies.

October 8, 1916. Fire in hold of S.S. Antilla.

October 28, 1916. S.S. Chicago afire at sea and is towed to the Azores.

November 5, 1916. S.S. Ponus afire at sea and is towed to Falmouth.

November 21, 1916. Twenty bombs found in cargo of S.S. Sarnia; she is beached at Cherbourg and flooded.

December, 1916. Hermann plots with Hinsch, the anthrax and glanders germs inoculator, and Wozniak and Rodriguez to destroy Kingsland, according to Hermann's confession.

December 9, 1916. Explosion and fire wreck Midvale Chemical Company plant.

December 27, 1916. Explosion and fire destroy Bethlehem Steel Company's gas plant.

December 31, 1916. New York Times review of 1916 says incendiary losses for year are more than $25,000,000, which is $15,000,000 above normal. Figures don't include Black Tom.

January 10, 1917. Berlin cables Intelligence Center not to be in communication with Jahnke, Wunnenberg, and von Igel.

January 11, 1917. Kingsland destroyed. Damage estimated at more than $30,000,000.

February, 1917. Relations broken between Germany and the United States.

February 14, 1917. Von Bernstorff, Albert, von Igel, Woehst, and others sail for Germany on Scandinavian liner Frederick VIII, after destroying many documents.

ALTHOUGH the manufacture of munitions now increased tremendously in the United States and multitudes of inexperienced workers were swiftly hired, yet the explosions and fires immediately dropped to almost nothing.

The German agents who had been poured into America merely to *observe*, according to Germany, were now supposed to go into action against the new enemy, in obedience to the orders Berlin says they had.

Instead, they scurried out of the United States by every port, and there was no more sabotage and very little espionage of any value to Germany.

On April 2, 1917, President Wilson placed before Congress his war message, and four days later Congress declared that a state of war existed between America and Germany. The United States did not declare war on Germany—the President merely proclaimed that a state of war already existed. He merely called upon American citizens to defend their country against the warfare which Germany had been secretly waging against us for nearly three years!

In connection with the recall of von Papen and Boy-Ed, it is interesting to quote the President's views on Germany's agents and spies and saboteurs. On December 8, 1915, he explained to Congress why he had demanded the withdrawal of the military and naval attachés. In alluding to their criminal enterprises in this neutral country, he said:

" A little while ago such a thing would have been incredible. Because it was incredible we made no preparation for it. We would have been almost ashamed to have prepared for it, as if we were suspicious of ourselves and our comrades and our neighbors.

" But the ugly and incredible thing has actually come to pass, and we are without adequate Federal laws to deal with it. I urge you to enact such laws at the earliest possible moment . . . to save the honor and the self-respect of the nation. . . .

" They have formed plots to destroy property, they have entered into conspiracies against the neutrality of the government, they have sought to pry into every confidential transaction of the government in order to serve interests alien to our own."

On April 2, 1917, when recommending to Congress that it declare a state of war to be in existence, President Wilson again dealt with the subject of the German agents. He said:

" It is unhappily not a conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country, have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the government of the United States."

ON that note I end the story of the Kaiser's war on neutral America, which he secretly but officially declared in November, 1914.

I have probably not identified half of the agents who operated in this country, nor exposed a tenth of the damage they did, because I cannot, sixteen years after the events, hope to match my reportorial wits with complete success against the huge, complicated, efficient, and secret espionage machine which Germany created and maintained.

Nor have I gone into other phases of German publicity and hidden activities in neutral America, such as the purchase of American newspapers and the bribing of American editors with German gold, the flooding of the United States with anti-Allied and pro-German propaganda, and so on—first, because I have to stop the story somewhere, and, second, because the Allies were equally involved in such enterprises.

But I have told at length of the overt sabotage perpetrated by the German government and its agents, because they alone committed that form of crime against our laws and rights.

Summarized: Germany admits that she employed such agents; that they committed such crimes; the agents themselves either confessed their guilt or were convicted of it in our courts. Germany's sole defense is that these agents disobeyed her orders, and that these orders were for them to come to America, *observe* what was going on, but do nothing of a criminal character until we joined the Allies.

In view of the cablegrams I have quoted from the Imperial Government to her ambassadors and attachés and secret agents in every neutral country on earth; in view of the incendiary devices she supplied to those agents; in view of the payments she made to those agents at the time they were most active in sabotage; and in view of their confessions and convictions, and their instant flight from our territory to other countries the moment we entered the war, readers of this series of articles undoubtedly will be able to appraise at its true merit the contention advanced by Germany.

THE END

HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Wonderful, too, for
SORE MUSCLES
lamed by spring activities. Rub in for quick relief to tired, aching muscles. Soothing, refreshing.

LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." He doesn't like to think about it. It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget about it if he could, but it *intrudes*. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day for any man. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it actually thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" so that now you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says the San Francisco Examiner, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And The Scientific American reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, the U. S. Public Health Service reports that "*at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to *everyone.*

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

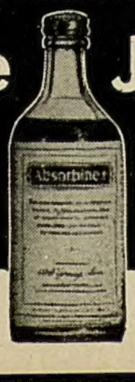
Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.*

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

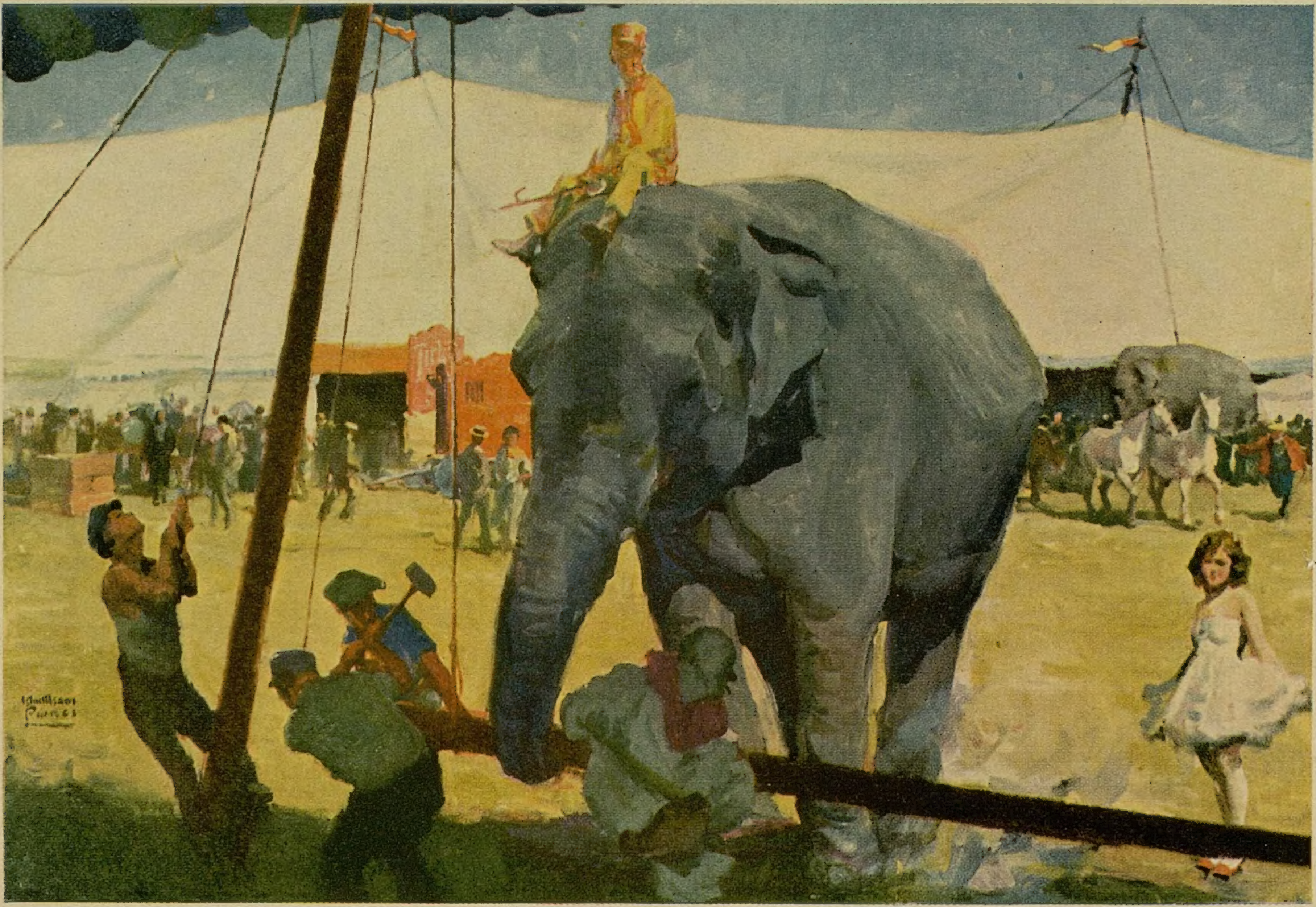


*** Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If case seems aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

"I've followed the 'Big Top'

—*says Chesterfield*



yet you'll find me at home with the folks"

Children or grown-ups, we swallow the circus whole—and like it. But ballyhoo has no place in cigarette choice. What counts in a cigarette is how it *tastes.* And that's first a matter of how good the tobaccos are. Chesterfield uses tobaccos of better quality—nothing else—and blends and "cross-blends" them to give you *more* taste, *more* aroma. And greater mildness too!

Chesterfield

They Satisfy
—that's Why!

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